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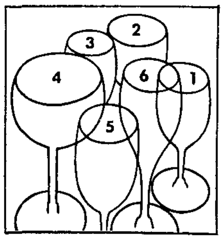

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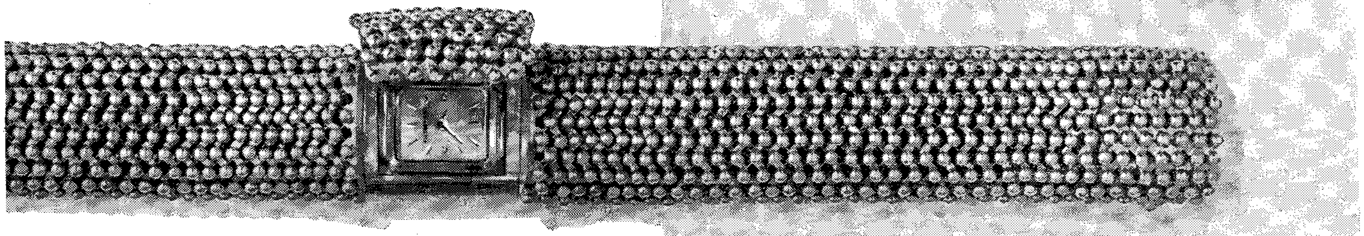

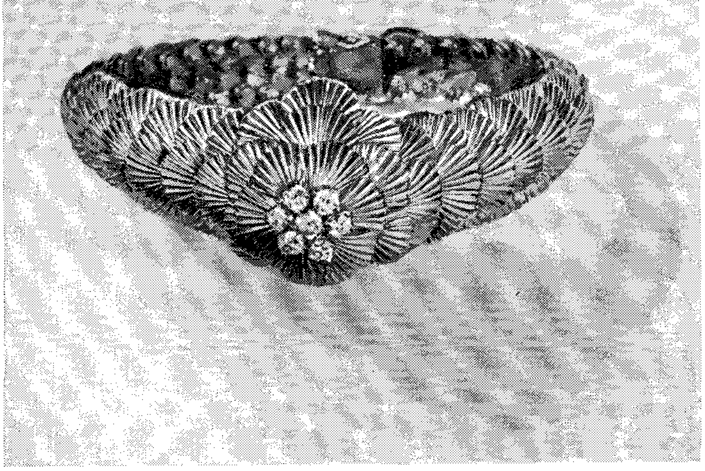

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cave Dwellers—William Saroyan's comedy about a group of derelicts in an abandoned theatre has some of the quality of "The Time of Your Life," but unfortunately there the matter stands. Carmen Capalbo directed a cast that includes Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, and Susan Harrison. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Compulsion—While this play, adapted from the Meyer Levin novel about the Loeb-Leopold case, has its telling scenes, it is all on a pretty primitive level. The cast of forty-four is headed by Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, Michael Constantine, and Howard Da Silva. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Country Wife—A revival of Wycherley's Restoration exercise, which demands quite an enthusiasm for the period from its audiences. The cast, led by Julie Harris, Pamela Brown, and Laurence Harvey, is for the most part British. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Moves on Monday, Dec. 23, to the Henry Miller, 43rd St., E., BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the season's most effective offerings. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Fair Game—There isn't much substance to this comedy by Sam Locke, which deals with a parcel of amorous garment-district denizens in hot pursuit of an upright divorcée, but Sam Levene is marvellously funny as the leader of the pack. He has the help of Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, but he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, ingeniously stripped down to its essentials. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are wonderful as the three most important characters in Ketti Frings' fine play. The sets, by Jo Mielziner, cannot be faulted, and in supplementary roles Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom are satisfactory enough. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nude with Violin—The stylish presence of Noël Coward does a lot to redeem this comedy of his about some dirty work in the world of modern art, but perhaps not quite enough. The cast, directed by the author, includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

The Rope Dancers—Morton Wishengrad's play, having to do with a woman obsessed by guilt, is honest and intelligent, but things get awfully murky from time to time. Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell, and Theodore Bikel are impressive in leading roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—This Anouilh comedy, about a splendid collection of lunatics and lovers, is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really superb in one of the leading roles. She is supported by a cast that includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**AUNTIE MAME:** An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Rosalind Russell is Auntie. Reopens Thursday, Dec. 26, after a week's vacation. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Eugene O'Neill's attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., are members of the haunted family. Reopens Monday, Dec. 23, after a week's vacation. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.) . . . **THE TUNNEL OF LOVE:** Tom Ewell in a comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings on in Westport. Reopens Thursday, Dec. 26, after a ten-day vacation. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET:** An account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard is the astral visitor. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	50
BOOKS	91
THE CURRENT CINEMA	75
MUSICAL EVENTS	84
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: CHRISTMAS GIFTS	76
THE RACE TRACK	83
A REPORTER AT LARGE	52
TABLES FOR TWO	46
THEATRE	42

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MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. E. Y. Harburg wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Fred Saidy on the libretto. The cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

West Side Story—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a little lacking in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Joyce Gladmond head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Julie Andrews in a musical version of something or other by Shaw. The cast also includes Viola Roache and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's musical, based on a story written by him and Franklin Lacey. Included in the cast are Robert Pres-

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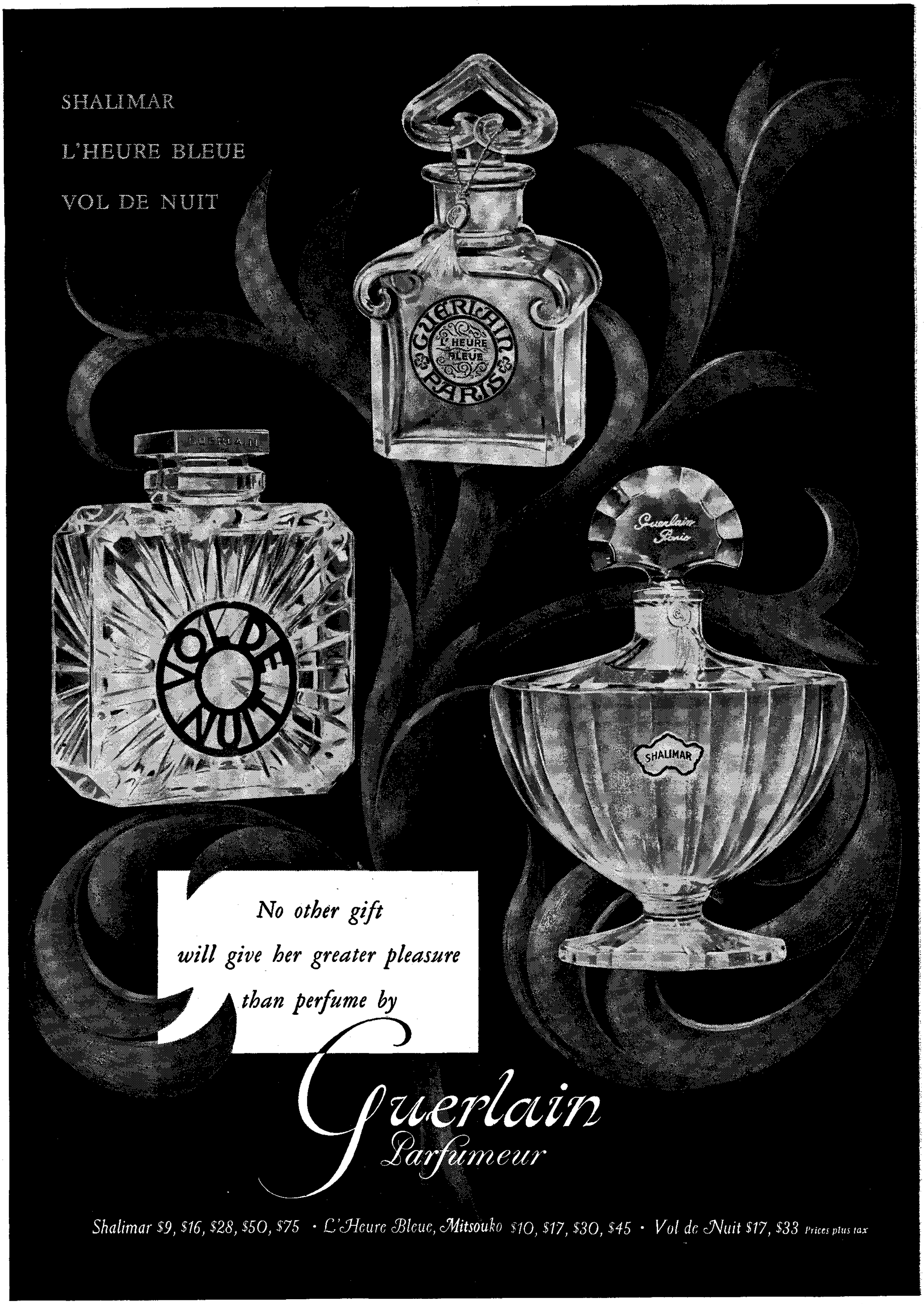
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ton, Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. Staged by Morton Da Costa and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden, in association with Herbert Greene and Frank Productions, Inc. Opens Thursday, Dec. 19. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Isobel—Shirley Booth in a play by Michael Plant and Denis Webb. Directed by Cedric Hardwicke and presented by Leonard Sillman and John Roberts. Opens Thursday, Dec. 26. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Brendan Burke. On Sunday, Dec. 22, Harry Bannister and Paul Shyre will return to the roles they originated, replacing the Messrs. Davis and Burke. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Circle in the Square—Henderson Forsythe and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 7:30.)

Cricket Theatre—Vicki Cummings in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a comedy written by Meade Roberts and directed by Warren Enters. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Gate Theatre—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With Eileen Ryan and James Patterson. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Heckscher Theatre—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of "Richard III," directed by Stuart Vaughan and with George C. Scott in the title role. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Closes Saturday, Dec. 28.)

Phoenix Theatre—Eileen Herlie in Karel Capek's melodrama "The Makropoulos Secret," adapted and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Renata Theatre—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with songs by him and David Martin, and with Melvin Stewart at the head of the cast. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clérambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shakespearewrights—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—"Tobias and the Angel," a play by James Bridie, directed by Bill Penn. Preview Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8:40. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 27. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Still Point," and "Square Dance."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30: "Con Amore," "Still Point," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30: "Interplay," "Souvenirs," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare."... ¶ "The Nutcracker": Monday, Dec. 23, at 12:30 and 5:30; Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 19.)

Geoffrey Holder—With his company, including Carmen de Lavallade. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Princeton Triangle Club—A musical revue, "After a Fashion," is this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE

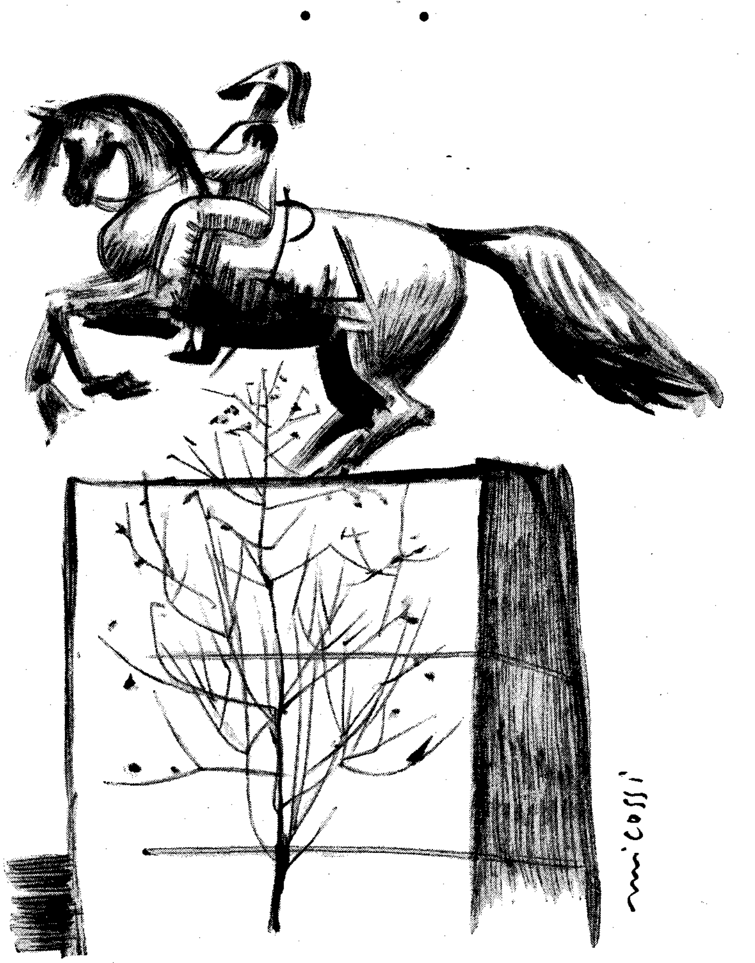
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last of the stately homes of Park Avenue, is playing it safe and sane; that is, dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Of necessity, through the years, the elder mimes in the interesting old morality play on view here have one by one dropped out, but the replacements are letter-perfect, and the play still has a message for each and every one of us. Freddy Alonso's rumba group and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably superogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is home base for a cheer-



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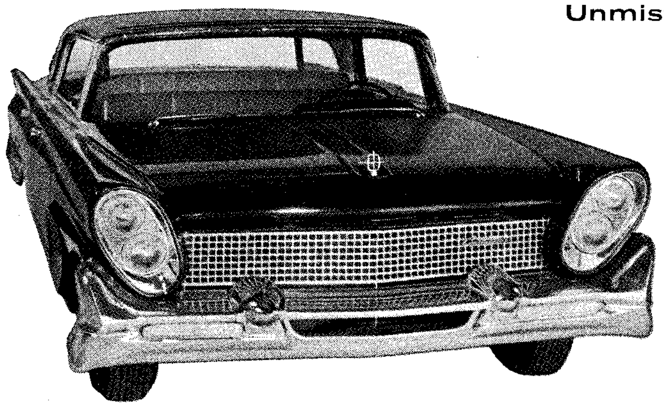

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ful dance orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel, and a large choir of violinists, who sometimes swarm all over the customers and sometimes just do waltz music. Closed Mondays.... ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Under the Persian Room's canopy of stylized stars, Ted Straeter's virtuoso band issues its engraved invitation to the dance. At dinner and supper, there's a session with Alma Cogan, a London singer who could double as an American girl-who-sings-with-a-band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, which start at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Guy Lombardo's orchestra, dreamily drifting along with the tide, which in this room never gets above a speed of four knots. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Paradise enow, always with a jug of wine (bottled at a good château, of course), is available in the Maisonette, where one can prance all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. The ritual is broken during dinner and supper when Julie Wilson, the Maisonette's decorative household pet, indulges in grown-up variants on an old nursery rhyme (boys are snips and snails and puppy-dog tails; girls are sugar and spice). Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—From time to time during dinner and supper, the whopping Café Rouge offers dance music by the band of Les and Larry Elgart, whose orchestrations are garden-fresh, not cold-storage. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Harry Belafonté and his vast entourage of singers and musicians present their final folk opera, part West Indian and part Tin Pan Alley, on Saturday, Dec. 21. They sound off at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keep the customers on the move in between. Monday, Dec. 23, will be visitors' day, for Guylaine Guy, a young soprano from Paris, will be arriving for a short stay, along with the Dornan Brothers, a pair of vaudevillians whose jokes have lived a long, full life. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's gang and Dick Farney's trio plunk down genuine, hand-made New York dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most coöperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Paul Morse, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Night owls feathering their nest with gags, gossip, and possibly a dash of gibberish. The professional part of the roundelay is Bud Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins and his Louisiana hay ride, which involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo and tandem) by the owner and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on when to handle love with kid gloves and when to handle it with pistols at ten paces. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans, a peer of his particular realm, during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten; the music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Eternal Rome, city of musicians, city of chefs. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuit*) is Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who go, go, go all evening, plus a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who runs a warm, nostalgic gamut from A (for Albéniz) to Z. His hours are nine to one. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The floor-to-ceiling carpet of oil paintings may be modern art *in extremis*, but the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon have the fine solid-mahogany air of the old-school barroom. His happy-go-lucky recital begins at eleven; Lee Evans' brisk trio sets to around ten. Mondays, a trio involving Denzil Best and Cecil Young is in charge, loosely and carefreely speaking.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Period-piece décor runs riot, but everything else is on the q. t., even the piano, violin, and voice. All this is available every evening but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A venerable institution revived in a nice new colonnade. The music—chamber, piano, voice—is always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A fine part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. There's rambling piano by George Feyer from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.... **NINO'S,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti offers hearts-and-flowers piano every evening but Sunday and Christmas, from five to ten.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.

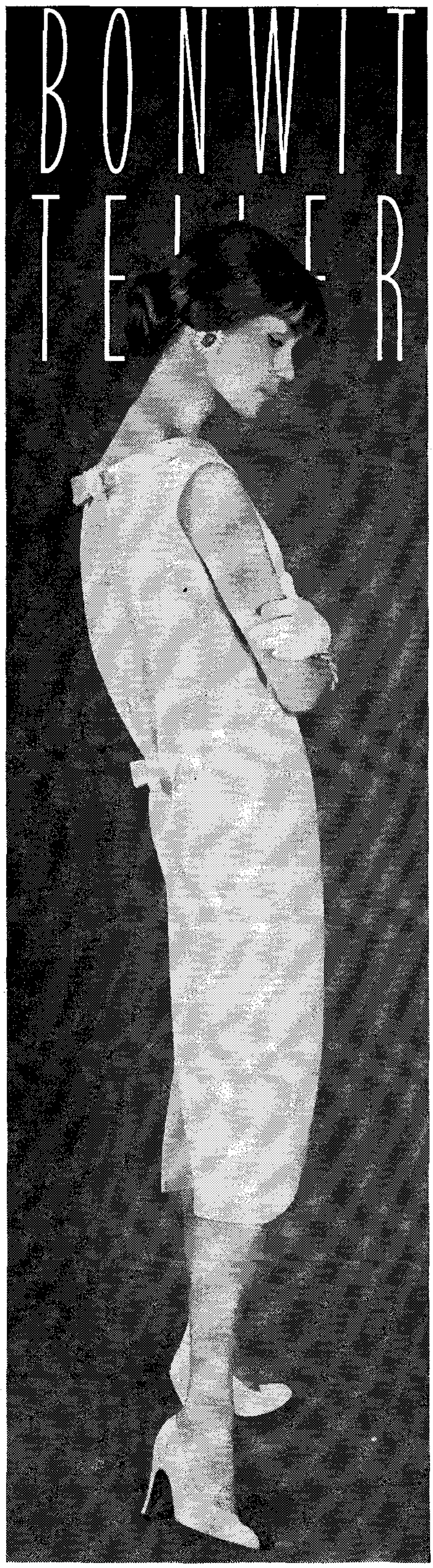
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Milton Berle, the most important guest here, can be an enormously comical man, despite the general hurly-burly, but some of his mots should be shaken (and by the scruff of the neck) before using. Dancing. ... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The biggest *brouhaha* in this cave of the winds is Louis Armstrong, who isn't always able to decide whether to be a hot trumpeter, a singer (rake on a gravel path), or a clown, though not really equipped to be the party of the third part. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Tom Lehrer, the mordant bard of Harvard Yard, is chanting his own limericks to his own piano—an old Christmas custom at the Blue Angel. There is further humor by Dorothy Loudon, a girl who takes fiendish glee in bringing out the worst in any popular song; Mike Nichols and Elaine May, the he and she of several practically Pulitzer Prize playlets; and even by Felicia Sanders, whose fervid ballads now carry not only a torch but a slingshot. The latter-day Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the pulsing background.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot of chips fall where they may as Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law, the inmates of Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue, take forty whacks at the pomp and circumstance that is often considered to be civilization. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The lost arts of conversation, relaxation, and *joie de vivre* brought to life again by the joint efforts of Lovey Powell, philosopher, fantasist, and nightingale, and three pianists—Hubbell Pierce and Warren Vaughn, who now and then sing at their work, plus Brooks Morton, who is also Miss Powell's straight man. Julius Monk, entrepreneur of the Downstairs Room, is master of these revels in his spare time. Closed Sundays and



BONWIT TELLER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Christmas. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jack Kerouac, novelist and knight of the open road, has bottled himself up in a cellar suitable for, among other things, the reading of contemporary verse. Also around are Beverly Kenney, young lady with a skylark voice; Ellis Larkin, one of our subtlest pianists, and his duo; and J. J. Johnson's quartet, which is not so modern that its music isn't music. On Sundays, there's a reprise at 4:30 P.M., as well as the usual soirée. The Johnson squad finishes up on Sunday, Dec. 22; next evening, the quartet of Lee Konitz, which has Billy Bauer on guitar, arrives. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard, whether myth or manic-depressive, is a wit with a wonderfully devious turn of mind. Her compatriots in this madhouse are the team of Tony and Eddie, loud-singing cuckoos not always aware of their own strength; Morgana King, singing jazz that's flavored with sugar and cream; the Three Flames, musicians specializing in all-out extroversion; and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. The room is closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is haunted by the bewitched face of Paul Mazursky, who must be on loan from the planet Saturn, to judge by the talks he has with Herb Hartig, his partner in prime gamesmanship. This pair, whose trade name is Igor & H., stay home Sundays; Betty O'Neill, the incumbent troupial, stays home Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, old movies, too; Mondays, amateur talent, too. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): This most recent of the small playrooms, which is belowstairs in the Hotel Duane, offers—along with spells of peace and quiet—country songs and country guitar by Odetta, hi-there songs by Isobel Robins, humorous conversation by Don Adams, and new-era music by Chuck Wayne's trio. Both décor and demeanor are exemplary. Odetta, by the way, bows out on Saturday, Dec. 21. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): At the bottom of this underground duplex, Abbey Lincoln, a statuesque Chicagoan, is putting the finishing touches on her series of song recitals, the last of which will occur on Saturday, Dec. 21. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Precisely the right kind of music for cats to meow to is being made by such Original Dixielanders and Chicagoans as Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Erwin, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; Monday, Dec. 23, the Hi-Five Band, Colgate undergraduates, will have a workout. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Those who believe that a high-toned baby grand is the epitome of jazz may profitably inspect the back room, where Billy Taylor, whose imagination and fingers run riot, and Bernard Peiffer, who has come to be quite at home with American music, are in operation. Both men have progressive trios. The Peiffers take Sunday off, and the Taylors are away on Monday. The Peiffer brood signs off as of Christmas; Mary Lou Williams' threesome moves in the day after. Johnny Mehegan, the prominent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are around from six to nine every evening but Saturday; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Big deal, big deal—Count Basie's big band, for which Joe Williams emits the deepest of blues, and the quintet called Les Jazz Modes; i.e., from jungle savagery to gentle persuasion. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Every night is lady's night, for the fastest hands on the piano inside the oval bar belong to Marian McPartland, a girl capable of expressing herself in up-to-the-minute patois. Her trio reports at nine-thirty; Dick Katz, the most recent keyboard soloist here, gets in earlier. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): After the dinner hour, Barbara Carroll is at the piano, proving beyond doubt that there's nothing like a woman's touch around the house. Her touch is modern, but never to the point of austerity. She and her trio are there every night but Sunday. Between sets, Oscar Nord sits in at the keyboard. . . . **CHERRY LANE,** 42 Commerce St. (OR 5-5310): Behind a gruff exterior, a small Byzantine palace, in the dining room of which a new triumvirate of prominent citizens—Dick Hyman, Vinnie Burke, and Joe Puma, who represent the brighter, brisker aspect of the new jazz—play after ten. From dinnertime on, Clyde Burke contributes handsome madrigals at the piano. Closed Christmas. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Silver tones among the brass when Bobby Hackett takes a solo flight on his trumpet. He is surrounded in this colossal drill hall of the Henry Hudson Hotel by such valuable assistants as Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, and John Dengler, who injects a rare note (tuba) into the Early Americana on display. They play for both listening and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Musicians dedicated to living in the past gather weekends to talk things over. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, there'll be a Christmas bonus—Jack Teagarden's sextet. Also expected at the speakers' table are Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not everyone comes here to stop talking and listen, so down front is the best (in fact, the only) vantage point. More's the pity, for Teddy Wilson, survivor of the Golden Age of jazz, is playing piano at the head of his trio, and Eddie Heywood is running another one. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Modernist musicians come and go, in accordance with a timetable inexplicable to mere mortals. Horace Silver's fivesome and Mose Allison's trio should be here through Sunday, Dec. 22; Reese Markewich's quintet, which is collegiate in origin, and Randy Weston's trio should arrive next evening. Or so says an informed source. Sessions every Sunday from five o'clock on. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The town's tiniest soapbox, in which the quintet of Charlie Mingus, rebel with a cause, states its uncompromising but plausible ideas about how modern music should be played. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will be closed Tuesday, Dec. 24, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—New paintings, of spiderlike delicacy in pattern, by a leading Italian abstractionist; through Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

ORNULF BAST AND JON ENGILBERTS—Sculptures by the first, paintings by the second, in a first New York showing of works by two Icelandic artists; through Dec. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Robert Cook—Figures, almost all of them in bronze; through Tuesday, Dec. 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Joseph Cornell—A new set of his always delightful shadow-box constructions; through Dec. 31. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Herbert Ferber—Welded-metal abstractions delicately designed; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Sam Francis—Brightly colorful abstract water colors, as well as a ten-by-sixteen-foot canvas; through Friday, Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Paintings by a young British modern. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Arshile Gorky—A memorial show of paintings by one of the forerunners of Abstract Expressionism; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Grover Wulvern Hendricks—Sculpture-constructions in glass, metal, and other materials. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Fernand Léger—Paintings and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

George Luks—Water colors done in the late nineteen-twenties and mostly of upstate New York scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Leo Manso—Abstract oils and collages; through Dec. 30. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Peter Todd Mitchell—Meticulously painted still-lifes and other oils, plus some drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Paul Mommer—Paintings, sombre in mood but solidly designed and dating from the nineteen-thirties to the present; through Jan. 11. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

William Palmer—Glowingly colorful, semiabstract landscapes, in his best show to date; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Germaine Richier—Semiabstract bronze figures by the French sculptress; through Friday, Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings by a French-Canadian who is one of the leaders of the Paris Tachiste school; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Landscapes and figures, in addition to two sculptures; through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Anne Ryan—A show of color prints, remarkable for their technical dexterity, by an artist who died in 1954; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Mario Sironi—Paintings, semiabstract in style, by a contemporary Italian. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

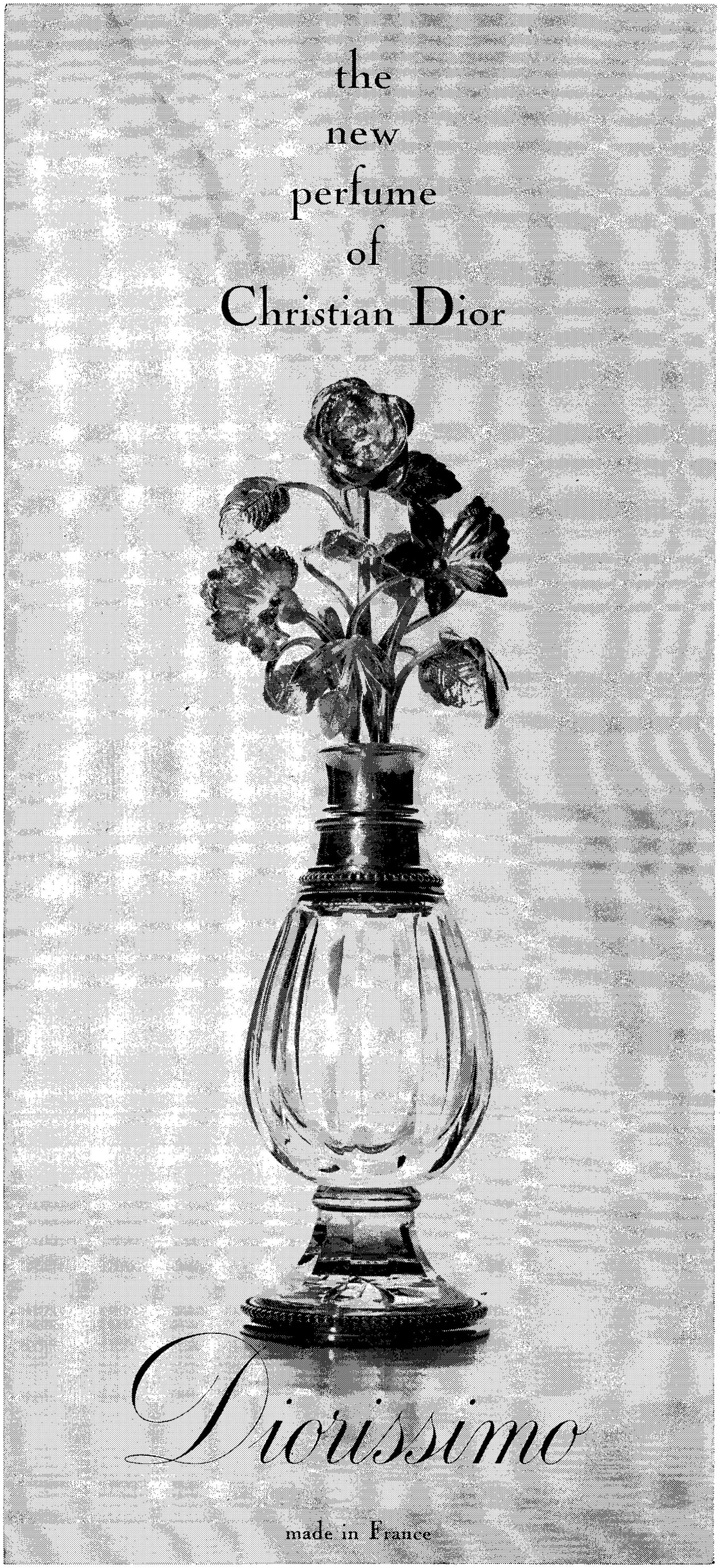
Richard Stankiewicz—Sculptures in iron and steel, many of them figures of birds; through Jan. 4. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Stephen Tennant—Water colors and drawings, including many studies of theatre interiors, by one of the British moderns; through Jan. 4. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Anthony Toney—City scenes and other subjects, all treated in a mixture of realism and allegory; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (A. C. A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Hugh Wiley—Wall reliefs, combining mosaics and colored concrete in interesting textural effects; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Stavros Niarchos Collection—Sixty-three paintings, including many purchased from the former Edward G. Robinson and Gladys Lloyd Robinson collection, by, among others, El Greco, van Gogh, and Gauguin. For the joint benefit of the Queen of the Hellenes'



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anything...
but give her

ARPEGE

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fund and the Hospitalized Veterans Service. Through Jan. 10. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Art Unites Nations—Raphael, Holbein, and Picasso are three of the thirty-one painters represented in a loan exhibition to assist the American Association for the United Nations; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (E. & A. Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hallmark Art Award—Fifty paintings commissioned by the well-known greeting-card firm in its fourth international competition. Edward Hopper is the first-prize winner. Through Jan. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces, dated 1880-1957, by Picasso, Jacques Lipchitz, David Smith, and others; through Jan. 18. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Persian and Indian Paintings—Fifteenth- to eighteenth-century miniatures; through Jan. 4. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Christmas Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and constructions ($20 to $2,000) by, for instance, Reuben Tam, Marca-Relli, and William King; through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Oils, water colors, collages, and prints ($4 to $200) by Hugh Messibov, Claire Mahl, and others; through Tuesday, Dec. 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Ellen Craig, Bernt Balchen, and Gordon Grant are among the large group of artists whose paintings and sculptures are on view ($100 to $750); through Dec. 31. . . . **hervé**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings ($2,000 to $10,000) by such French artists as Lorjou, Antoni Clavé, and Zao Wou-ki; through Jan. 8. . . . **meltzer**, 38 W. 57th St.: Toulouse-Lautrec, Lyonel Feininger, and William Zorach are represented in a selection of thirteenth- to twentieth-century works in various mediums ($25 to $1,500); through Jan. 6. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Marsden Hartley, Jules Pascin, Ben Benn, and others ($100 to $400); through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Charles E. Martin, Lawrence Kupferman, and others have paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints on exhibit ($25 to $200); through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **note**: Six downtown galleries are participating in a Christmas show offering American works in a variety of mediums by their own younger artists and by established artists, nearly four hundred in all: The **brata**, 89 E. 10th St.; $50 to $250. (Weekdays, noon to 6.) **camino**, 92 E. 10th St.; $50 to $750. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) **fleischman**, 227 E. 10th St.; $50 to $900. (Sundays through Fridays, 1 to 7.) **james**, 70 E. 12th St.; $75 to $1,200. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) **march**, 95 E. 10th St.; $40 to $300. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) **tanager**, 90 E. 10th St.; $30 to $300. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: An invitation show of paintings and sculptures by living artists (Esteban Vicente, Richard Lippold, and Milton Avery, to name a few), selected by private collectors; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, except Tuesday, Dec. 24, from 11 to 6.) . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Art Our Children Live With," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures, dating back to the eighteenth century, loaned by Town School parents and including works by Edward Hicks, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and David Smith. For the benefit of the school's scholarship fund. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **greenwich**, 71 Washington Pl.: Drawings and water colors by, among others, Milton Avery, Nicolai Cikovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30 and, except Tuesday, Dec. 24, from 8 to 10.) . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and water colors, by Winslow Homer, Stephen Etnier, Ogden M. Pleissner, and others; through Dec. 31. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils, chosen by Edwin Dickinson, Walter Murch, and Grace Hartigan; through Jan. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **parsons**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Review 1957," a display of paintings and sculptures by Calvert Coggeshall, Enrico Donati, Marie Taylor, and others; through Jan. 4.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: Fifteenth- through nineteenth-century drawings by, among others, Piranesi, Delacroix, and Pissarro; through Dec. 30. (Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.) . . . **fried**, 40 E. 68th St.: Fifty paintings and drawings by twenty-three modern masters, including Gris, Schwitters, and Nicholson; through Dec. 31. (Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.) . . . **kleemann**, 11 E. 68th St.: Such Expressionist and contemporary German artists as Nolde, Kandinsky, and Baumeister; through Jan. 4. (Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.) . . . **new gallery**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Drawings and water colors, from Tiepolo to Picasso; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Tuesdays, except Dec. 24, through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Chagall, Utrillo, Pascin, and others; through Dec. 31. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fourteen oils by Braque, Vlaminck, and other French artists, plus a single sculpture by Modigliani; through Friday, Dec. 20. . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by fifteen twentieth-century artists, among them Léger, Gleizes, and Severini; through Jan. 18. . . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works by Brancusi, Gauguin, Rodin, and other painters and sculptors; through Jan. 25.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts (by Raphael, Rembrandt, Goya, Degas, and others) from the Edward S. Harkness, the J. P. Morgan, the Felix Warburg, and other private collections that have been given to the Museum; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent acquisitions, including American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures by George Grosz, Giorgio de Chirico, Reg Butler, and others; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A Marc Chagall exhibition celebrating his seventieth birthday. It consists of oils and water colors, designs for the ballet "Aleko," and about a hundred etchings and dry points for La Fontaine's "Fables," the Bible, and so on. Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ A display of photomurals, drawings, casts of architectural details, and even furniture, all illustrating the work of the Spanish architect Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926); through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ "Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through Feb. 2. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—A special exhibition of the fifteenth-century triptych called the Merode altarpiece, recently acquired by the Museum. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Thirty-seven oils and drawings by Piet Mondrian, in a show stressing the earlier (1904-20) years of his career; through Jan. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings by Adolph Gottlieb; through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States, a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller, and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except Christmas, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A selection of painted figures, masks, ritual vessels, and ceramics from the New World, Africa, and Oceania, in an exhibition pointing up the use of color in primitive art;

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Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Rhys Caparn, Sidney Gordin, and Louise Nevelson are on the roster of fourteen sculptors responsible for some eighty works in a show celebrating the Museum's twentieth anniversary; through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1957 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, oils, and water colors, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and eighty-six artists; through Jan. 12. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Cesare Bardelli, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Thelma Votipka, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 23, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 8: "La Traviata," with Victoria de los Angeles, Daniele Barioni, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8:15: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Emilia Cundari. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, and Cesare Valletti. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Flaviano Labò, and Frank Guarrera.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

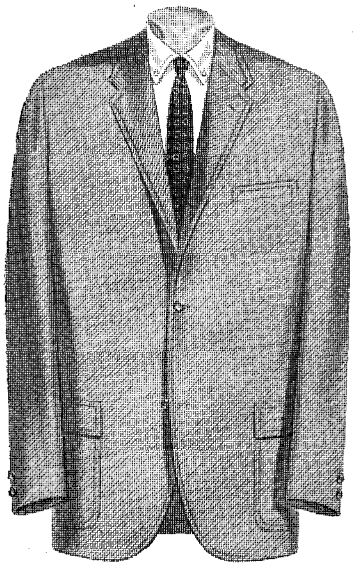
New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Fernando Previtali conducting on Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program on Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:45 (with Eugene List, piano). . . . ¶ Fernando Previtali conducting on Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ On Monday, Dec. 23, the orchestra starts a brief vacation, resuming its regular series of concerts on Thursday, Jan. 2.

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting the third annual chamber-orchestra concert, with Patricia Neway, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Frances Bible, soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Jan Rubes, bass; and the American Concert Choir. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas-carol concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Smith College Glee Club and Hamilton College Choir—A joint concert, with Iva Dee Hiatt and John Low Baldwin, Jr., directing a Christmas program. (St. Thomas Church,



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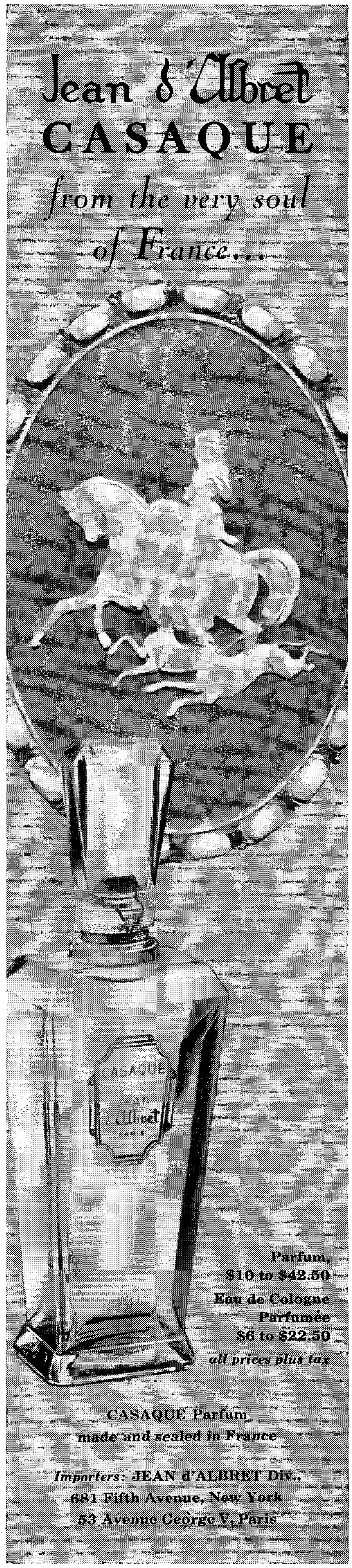

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Interracial Fellowship Chorus and Orchestra—Harold Aks directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 5:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Gerhard Track directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

Note—On Sunday and Monday, Dec. 22-23, at 5:30, about a hundred choristers, directed by John R. Jones and assisted by a bell choir, will take part in the annual candlelight concerts of Christmas music in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

RECITALS

Eugene Istomin and Pierre Fournier—A program of Beethoven sonatas for piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Leonard Hungerford—Piano, in a recital postponed from Friday, Oct. 25. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley, Ivan Langstroth, and Robert Russell Bennett, performed by Benar Heifetz, cello; Anton Kuerti, piano; the Guilet String Quartet; the Randolph Singers, directed by David Randolph; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mahalia Jackson—Gospel singer, in a Christmas program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 8:40.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Jimmy Archer vs. Gale Kerwin, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 22, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

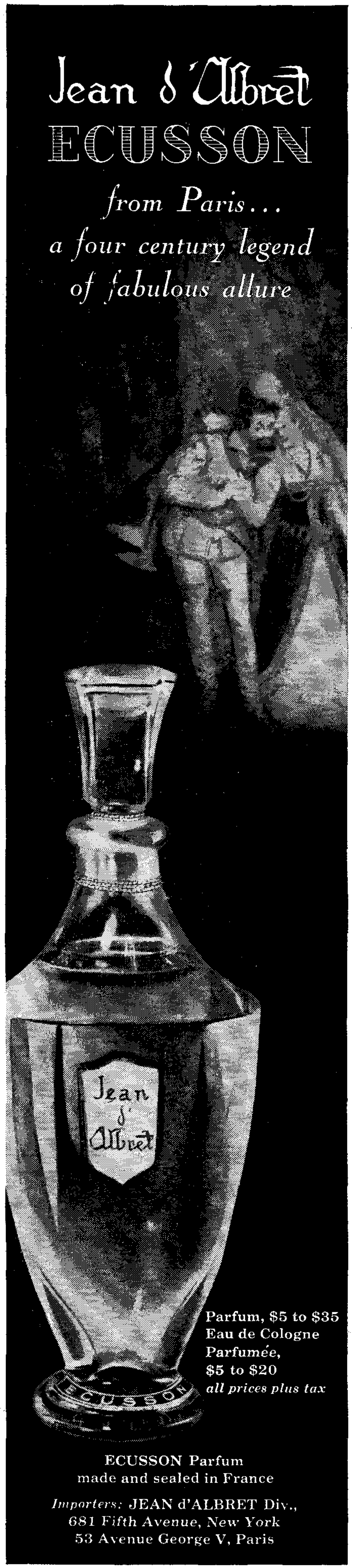
Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 27, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Detroit.

FOR CHILDREN

Plays—By the **THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** "Taming of the Shrew," a musical play, Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ "Treasure Isle," a musical play, Saturday, Dec. 28. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 11.) . . . **EDWIN STRAWBRIDGE PRODUCTIONS:** "Dick Whittington's Remarkable Cat." (Junior Museum Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 11 and 2:30.) . . . **ACTORS PLAYHOUSE:** "Does Poppy Live Here?," a musical play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturday, Dec. 21, through Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Afternoons at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Pied Piper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 2:40.)

Marionettes—The Marionette Theatre of Braunschweig presenting "Dr. Faust," plus other



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selections. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, Dec. 23, at 8; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24-25, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1 and 3:30; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 10:30 and 12:45.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—The opening exhibition in the new Junior Museum is entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel" and is equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The December show, "The Christmas Star," deals with man's search for an astronomical explanation of the star of Bethlehem and depicts traditional Yuletide scenes. Through Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, at 2 and 3:30; Christmas at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)...¶ Every night except Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-25, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—At the **trans-lux 85th street theatre**, Madison Ave. at 85th St. (BU 8-3180): Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Saturdays at 11.)...¶ "The Adventures of Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. A benefit for the Open Door Child Care Center. (Friday, Dec. 27, at 10.)... **new-york historical society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A Christmas program, comprising "The Toymaker," "Town Musicians," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "On the Twelfth Day." (Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday, starting on Saturday, Dec. 21, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next six weeks; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

Prose Readings—Truman Capote reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:40.)

Central European Manuscripts—Sixty-four religious and secular manuscripts, dating from the eighth through the seventeenth centuries and including works by miniaturists, scribes, goldsmiths, and artisans of Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Hungary; through April 12. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5.)

Theodore Roosevelt Manuscripts—An exhibition of Roosevelt's literary manuscripts (among them "The Rough Riders," "The Winning of the West," and "African Game Trails"), together with photographs, cartoons, and illustrations for his books, and various other bully mementos of his writing career; through Jan. 5. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 2 to 5.)

Christmas Exhibition—A display of dolls in five Christmas scenes from fifty or sixty years ago; through Dec. 29. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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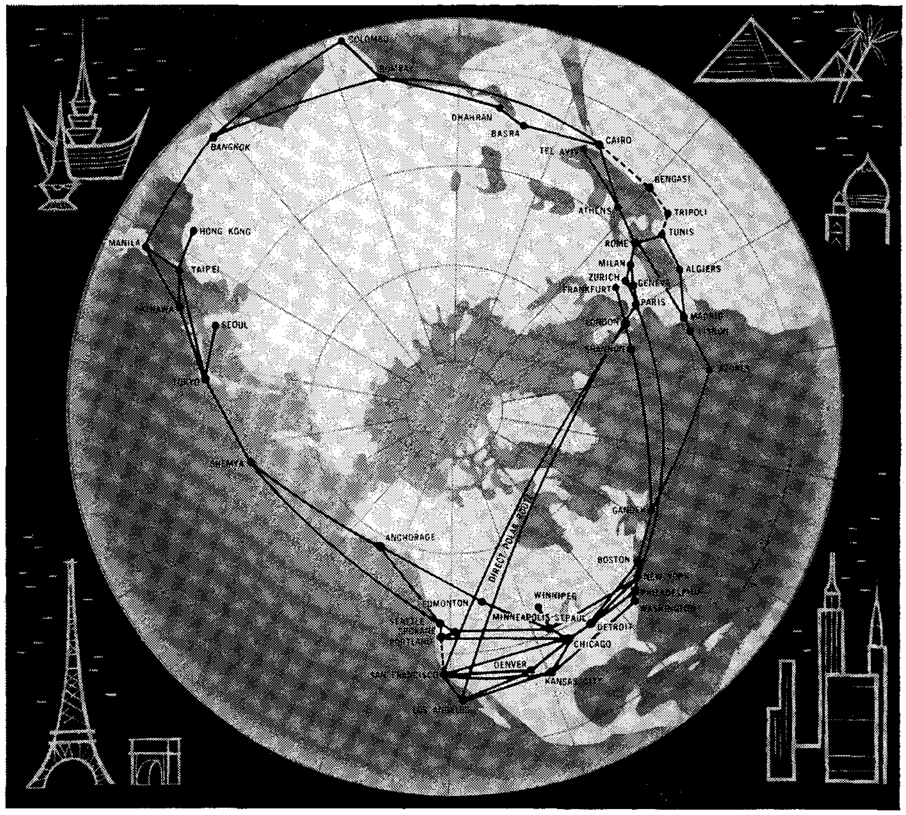

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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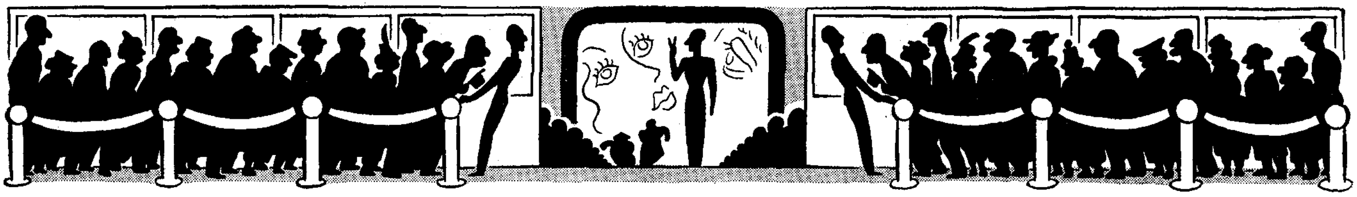

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny run-through of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-25, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Love in the Afternoon—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he does not have the stamina and she gets him in the end. A great deal of the film takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Dec. 19.)

Operation Mad Ball—For a change, a really comical military film. Some soldiers attached to a medical unit stationed in France after the Second World War are distracted by the presence of a group of handsome nurses, and their method of impressing them—which includes pilfering practically everything that isn't nailed down from the mess of their outfit—is funny indeed. The highly skilled cast is headed by Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Dec. 24.)

The Red Balloon—In this charming fantasy, written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, we follow an adventurous small boy as he wanders about Paris, pursued by a balloon that has adopted him as its master. The young one is portrayed by Pascal Lamorisse, the director's son, and he makes you wish the picture would go on for longer than the half hour it takes to unravel. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Dec. 25, tentative.)

Sayonara—Marlon Brando plays a heavily accented Air Force major from the South who, while on leave in Kobe during the Korean War, suddenly goes wild about a well-constructed Japanese hoofer (Miiko Taka) and gets chock-full of racial tolerance. Puccini handled the theme much more resourcefully, but, even so, the film is diverting. Directed by Joshua Logan. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Sun Also Rises—Perhaps more fiestas and bullfights than are quite necessary, but Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Ava Gardner, Eddie Albert, and many others contrive to turn the book into an impressive film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 22-24, tentative.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Christmas at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 19.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 25.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 25.)

The Emperor's Nightingale (1951)—A film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 25.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris, as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 25.)

Jour de Fête (1952)—A French film about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 19.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 24, tentative.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 21, tentative.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Dec. 25, tentative.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Dec. 20.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 21, tentative.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Dec. 21: Part I of "Olympia" (1936-38), with English dialogue. . . . ¶ Dec. 22-24: Part II of "Olympia." (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Christmas Eve, when the only showing will be at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1. The Museum will be closed on Christmas.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Franciosa.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Dec. 20: "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak.
From Dec. 21: "Legend of the Lost," John Wayne, Sophia Loren, Rossano Brazzi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SAYONARA.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Bridge on the River Kwai," William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Dec. 24: "Eighteen and Anxious," Mary Webster, William Campbell.
From Dec. 25: "It's Great to Be Young," John Mills, Cecil Parker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

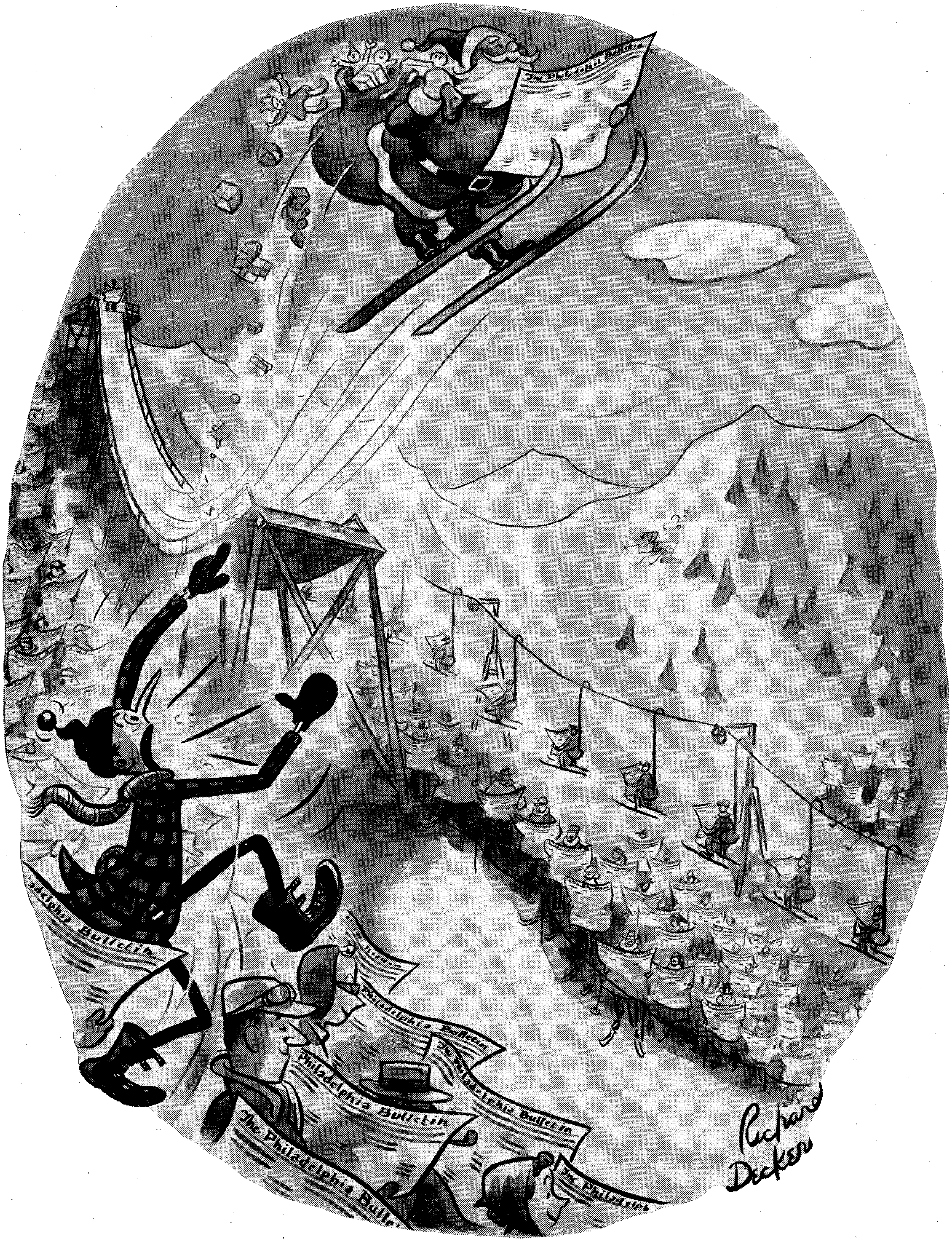
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
From Dec. 19, at 8:15: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Dec. 24: **OPERATION MAD BALL.**
From Dec. 25: "Paths of Glory," Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Special performance Christmas at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.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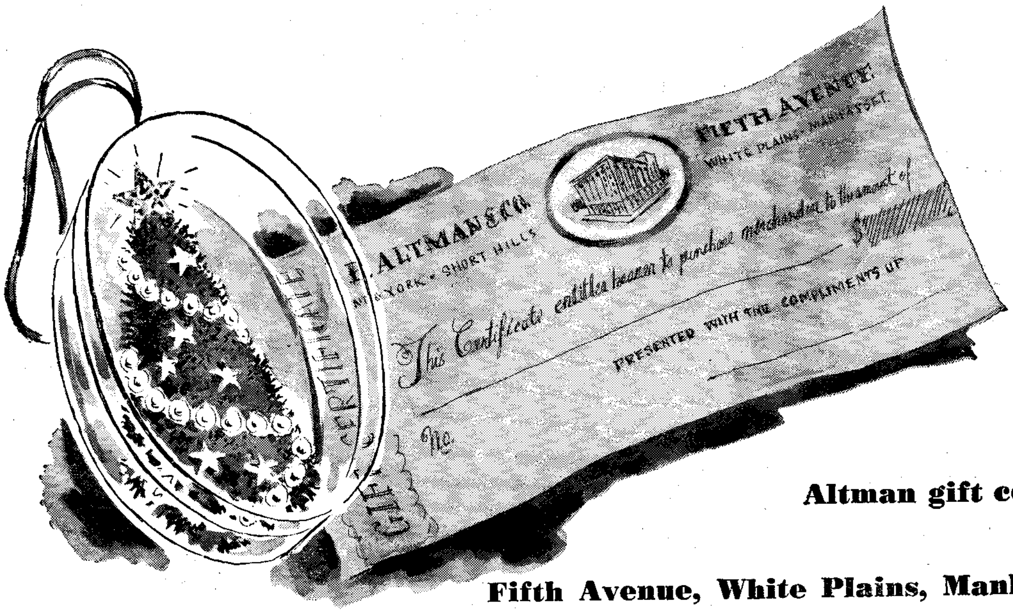
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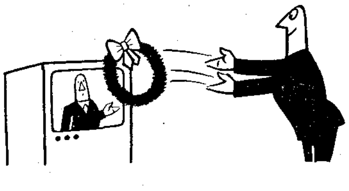
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

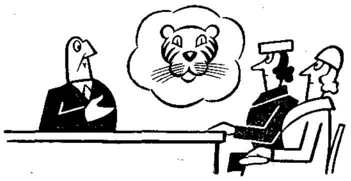
AS Christmas approaches, we send heartfelt greetings to the twelve reindeer who, on arriving here from Lapland the other day, were summarily thrown into the jug—or at any rate into a quarantine station in New Jersey. We hope they get sprung before the twenty-fifth; this country has suffered enough propaganda setbacks as it is. Merry Christmas to Mike Quill, who can probably stand a consoling word after expressing confidence that the threatened subway strike was just a bluff. Merry Christmas to all uneasy bluffers everywhere whose bluffs have recently been called. Merry Christmas to the heads of Macy's and Gimbel's, who during the strike demonstrated anew how crises bring out the brotherhood of man by taking a subway ride together, and who were pictured by the *Times* sitting down together in the subway and by the *Tribune* standing up together in the subway. Merry Christmas to whoever it was that Macy's and Gimbel's gave their seats to. We wish an especially Merry Christmas to the advertising executive whose agency lost a toothpaste account because he said on a television program that all toothpastes are pretty much alike. Merry Christmas to everybody who says what he means even though it hurts. This being a time of universal good will, Merry Christmas, too, to a fellow who seems like a real potential troublemaker—that men's outfitter in Italy who made Khrushchev a matching costume of maroon suit, maroon hat, and maroon shoes. And, before we forget with what wondrous awe we watched him, Merry Christmas to an employee of the Century Club who was busily engaged the other morning in sweeping snow off the sidewalk and into his own building. Merry Christmas to all law-abiding eccentrics, on the sidewalk and off. Merry Christmas to Santa Claus himself, and may he prove, come Wednesday morning, that St. Nick can still circumnavigate the earth more rapidly, and more benevolently, than any sputnik.

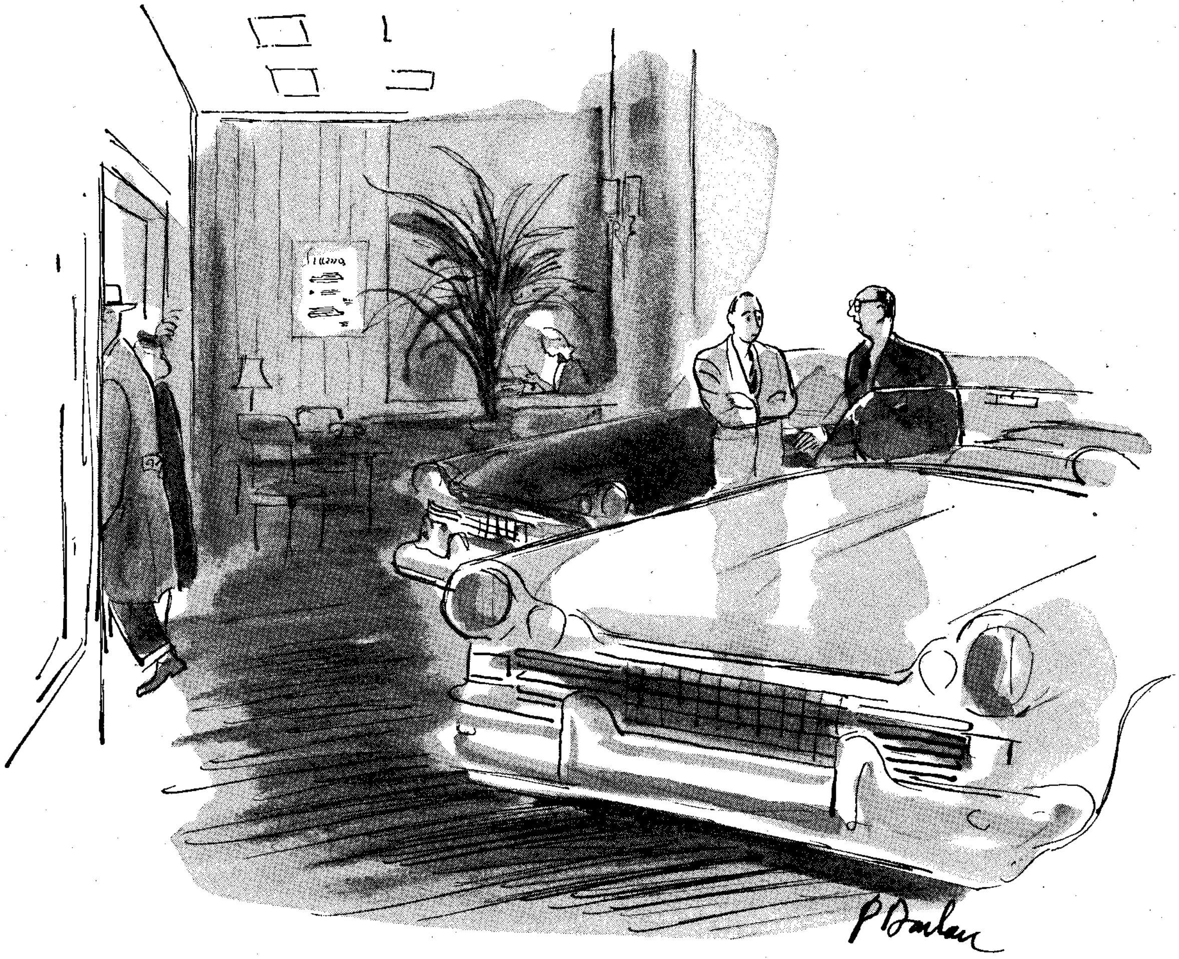


Inside

HERE'S a nice, old-fashioned American success story, and since it involves a peculiar object that a lot of children will be hoping to find among their presents on Christmas morning, this is as good a time as any to be telling it. The peculiar object, known to the Patent Office as a Jungle Rug, is a sort of sleeping bag resembling, in shape and color, a tiger's or leopard's hide and topped off with a nearly life-size head, which serves as a pillow for the occupant. Jungle Rugs, currently enjoying a great vogue among the three-to-ten-year-old set, are said to be ideal for taking naps in, for lying on the floor and watching TV in, and for just plain dressing up and roaring and growling in. They are the invention of Mrs. Dorothy Michelson Stevens, a pretty, dark-haired, self-astonished lady who lives in a pleasant brownstone at 209 East Seventy-second Street and has never before invented anything. With a friend, Mrs. George Sutton, formerly treasurer and business manager of the Museum of Modern Art, she now presides over Stevens Industries, Inc., of the above address. It was there that we realized, not for the first time, that caprice is the mother of invention.

"Four years ago, when my daughter Trixie was six, I decided to make her a sleeping bag," Mrs. Stevens told us. "For some reason, it occurred to me to make the bag look like a tiger. Trixie loved it, and so did all her friends, and somebody said I ought to show it to Schwarz. I felt very foolish walking into the shop with a tiger under my arm, but the Schwarz buyer said it was the best new toy idea he'd seen in years, and immediately ordered seventy-five tigers. I was dumfounded. And dismayed. I had no notion what to do next. With the help of Ione—Mrs. Sutton—who had joined forces with me, I set about filling the order, not knowing how much those first tigers would cost, or even where to get the materials for them. We thought the tiger should have whiskers, and we thought perhaps they should be of nylon, so we telephoned du Pont. Two unknown, embarrassed women trying to do business with one of the biggest companies on earth! To our relief, the du Pont people were charming. A very impressive executive in a perfectly vast office welcomed us and said, 'Well, now, ladies, would you like a whisker nine-thousandths of an inch in diameter or ten-thousandths of an inch? And how many pounds of whiskers do you have in mind?' We said we'd like to buy five pounds of whiskers in either diameter. Later, we found that the nylon whiskers were brittle and broke too easily, so we gave our business to a brush manufacturer, who sells us synthetic bristles that work just fine. We began with tigers, then added leopards. The rugs come in two sizes and in two kinds of material—corduroy and plush. The head is stuffed with quick-drying, non-allergenic plastic foam, and the eyebrows, nose, tongue, and claws are also plastic, so the whole thing is easily washed. This Christmas, we're selling in major cities all over the country, and we're in the Miles Kimball catalogue—that's





"When you have to refer to them, refer to them as 'the so-called low-priced three'—you know, with a sort of a sneer."

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the third-largest mail-order house in the country. I've learned enough about business not to give away trade secrets, but I *can* say that we're selling way up in the thousands."

At the start of their joint career, Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Sutton used to hunt about for small manufacturers to turn out batches of Jungle Rugs for them, and delivered the orders themselves; now a factory in Pennsylvania makes the rugs and delivers them, and the ladies devote their business hours to bookkeeping and cogitation. "We plan to add a polar bear to our line, and a lion with a really woolly mane," Mrs. Stevens said. "So far, we haven't spent a penny on ads; we just go on expanding willy-nilly. I haven't thought much about the psychological implications of our bag—I mean whether it represents a back-to-the-womb movement, or anything like that. I should think its popularity is wholesome enough, as long as it's limited to children. A couple of months ago, Hammacher Schlemmer asked us to make up a tiger for a man six feet tall. We had to charge a fearful price for it, and we haven't heard yet whether the customer was satisfied. I sort of hope he wasn't."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On the main street of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, there's a shop that advertises "Genuine Driftwood, Factory Prices."

Gastronomic Tour

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, reviewing Max Lerner in the *Times*, says that nationalism is on its way out, historically, or historiographically, speaking, but as far as the midtown restaurant business is concerned, it's booming. Look at the new, all-American Stouffer's, with its regional mince pies, its George Innesses, and its Thomas Coles, which we reviewed last month. Look at the Sheraton-McAlpin's Gate of Cleve, "respectfully patterned after the internationally famous eating place in Amsterdam, Die Port van Cleve," with its Dutch murals, its copy of a Louvre portrait of Anne of Cleves executed by Holbein for Henry VIII, its coats of arms of Dutch cities over the bar, and its waitresses done up in Dutch bodices, white eyelet bonnets, and green skirts with white aprons. We missed the Gate's mid-November "Opening Feest," for which beer was respectfully imported from Holland and Lucius Beebe from Nevada, but Miss Del Kokot, one of the hotel's officials, has since had us in for a splendid Low Country, high-spirited lunch. A *Spijskaart*, or bill of fare, in hand, we were soon deep in *Sterkedranken* like Geneva, or Holland, gin and Heineken's and Amstel beer; *Voorgerechten* (appetizers) like *Hollandse Haring; Soepen* like *Erwten Soep met Worst en Kluif* (pea soup with sausage and pig's knuckle); *Specialiteiten* of the house like *Hollandse Biefstuk;* and *Toespijzen* (desserts) like *Strudel* and *Appel Pannekoek.*

"What a change from the old Marine Grill, which had been here for forty-three years when Sheraton took over, in 1955," Miss Kokot said. "Sheraton likes to make its restaurants interesting. The trend is toward replicas of famous foreign restaurants. We have the Cheshire Cheese Room in Philadelphia and the Café Bonaparte in Chicago. We thought of turning the Marine Grill into a Calypso Room, but we settled for Holland. I think the whole idea of Dutch costumes intrigues the waitresses. As a matter of fact, three of them *are* Dutch. They really speak the language, and the others are picking it up from the menu. I shouldn't use that word 'Dutch;' it's a corruption of '*Deutsch*,' or 'German,' and most Hollanders don't like it. Our chef is Wilhelmus J. Schalkwijk, who was born in Rotterdam and has worked there, in The Hague, and in Amsterdam. He's a whiz at *Hutspot*—boiled beef with potatoes, stewed carrots, and onions. I'd like to have you meet him."

She left us with a glass of Bols Advocaat Met Slagroom, a sweet cordial, and soon returned in the company of Mr. Schalkwijk, a mountain of a man, who said that his father, now a lively ninety-five, had been head carpenter of the Furness Lines. "I myself worked for the Holland-America Line at one time," he said, "and was here between 1919 and 1926, mostly at the Vanderbilt and the Crescent Athletic Club, in Brooklyn. I was interned by the Japanese during the war, when I was chef at the Harmonie Club, in Batavia. They made me build dikes and railroads. I have three Holland cooks here with me. My wife and I live in Hoboken. She cooks for me at home."

"My name is Polish," Miss Kokot said. "I have some Mongolian blood. I was born in Romulus, New York, and went to Nazareth College, in Rochester."

LATER in the week, up fourteen blocks we went, and back two thousand years, to the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, which has just opened in the United States Rubber Building, on West Forty-eighth Street. Mosaics teeming with gladiators, aqueducts, and Roman baths; waiters clad in imperial-purple jackets; portraits of the Twelve by Camillo Procaccini, a sixteenth-century Italian painter.

"Julius Caesar through Domitian. Procaccini studied Michelangelo and Raphael but was more influenced by Parmigianino," said Mr. Joseph Baum, our host and the director of operations of Restaurant Associates, in whose crown, also studded with Riker's, the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, and the Newark Airport restaurant, the Forum is the brightest gem. "William Pahlmann, our decorator, got the portraits for us. Thematically, we're ancient Rome—the golden age of Rome, a time of lusty elegance, with a feeling in great measure like that of New York today, in which the good things of life are presented to the leaders of the world."

He handed us a menu, and we plumped manfully for oysters of Hercules, essence of pomegranate, venison Diana, the Great Forum artichoke, truffles Herculaneum, and a Nubian chocolate roll.

"Ancient Rome!" Mr. Baum said. "Jerome Brody, our president, and I went to Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, and the idea sort of grabbed us by the tail. The society of ancient Rome was very much like ours; it drank the best of Gallic wines, smoked and marinated some of its dishes, cooked game in clay in special ovens, cultivated asparagus, imported oysters from Britain, crayfish from Egypt, and lovebirds from Africa, cooked and served its vegetables whole, and liked food that was basically cosmopolitan. But don't think we're going to be a museum. You can still get a hell of a steak here—sirloin Julius Caesar. We're a club of Roman emperors—Rockefeller Center Roman emperors—enjoying the lusty splendor of that period. It's a shame Rome is under that cloud of 'decline;' it's all the average guy thinks about."

We were joined, *in medias ostreas*, by Mr. Brody and Mr. Philip Miles, vice-president in charge of public relations.

"The project actually had more and more meat as we got into it," Mr. Brody said. "These guys made the calendar. They introduced the first bill of fare. They synthesized other cultures. They had the dough. The money."

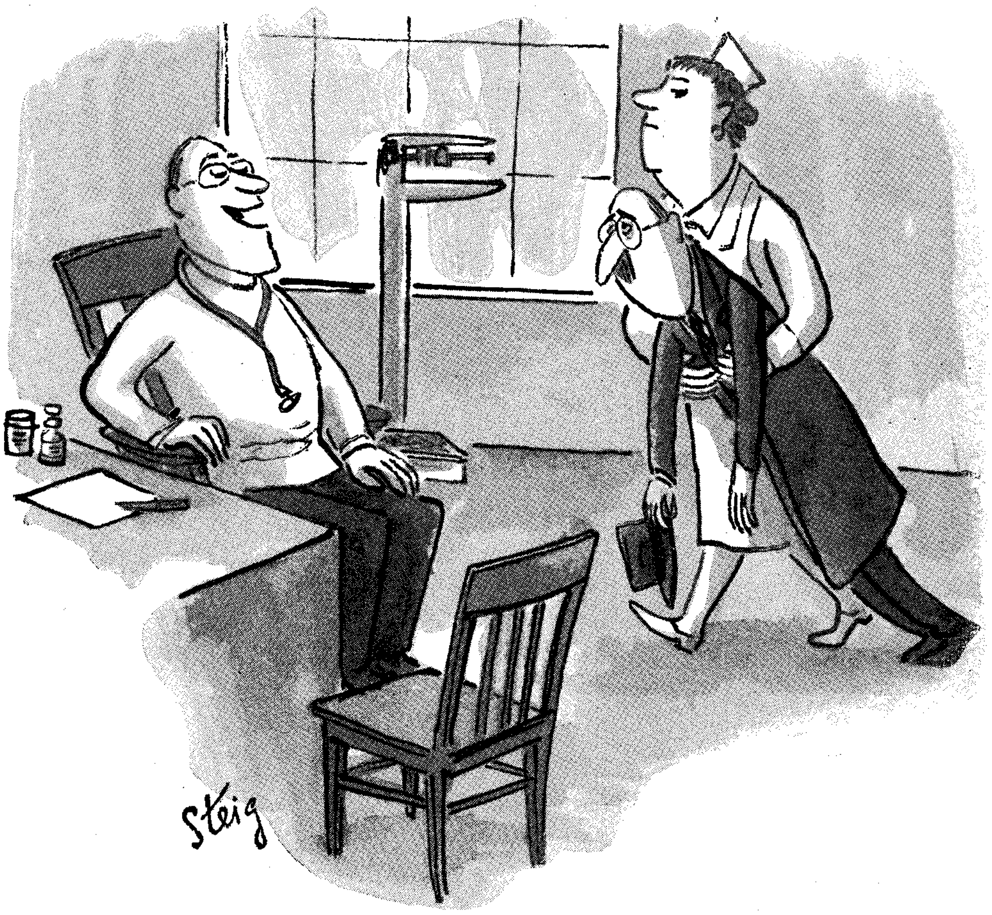
"The denarii," said Mr. Miles. "We've studied up on this thing."

"We've copied the Appian Way in our vestibule," Mr. Baum said. "Our linen was homespun in Belgium, our utensils and tableware were made in Milan. We've studied Suetonius and Apicius, and we've been briefed on Roman culture by Dr. Frank E. Brown, professor of classics at Yale, and Dr. Harry Levy, of the Classics Department of Hunter College. Dr. Levy has lectured to our staff. We want to be real. We want to have some depth."

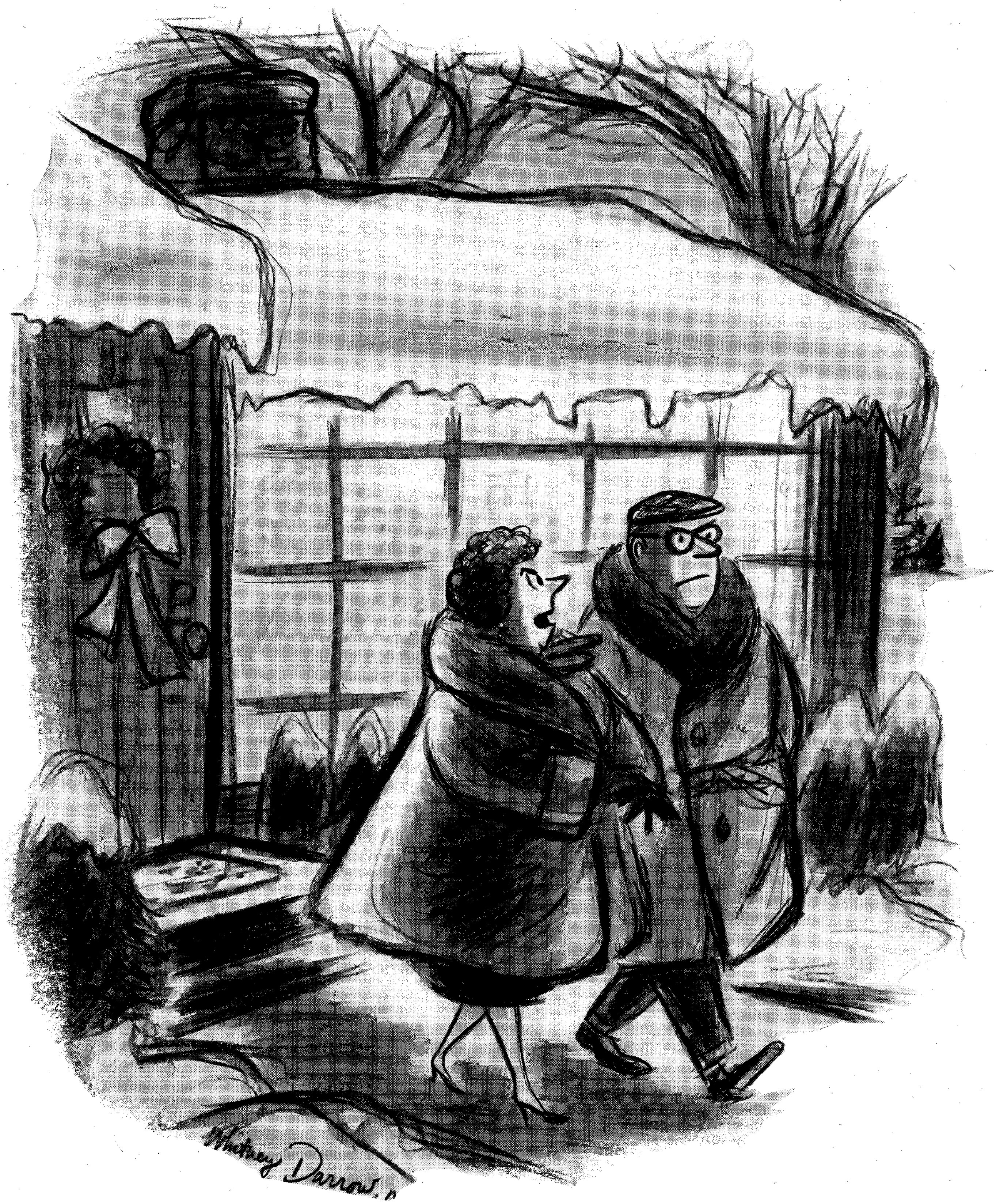
"Oh, man, this has been like taking a cram course!" Mr. Miles said. "We've run through the Public Library. We've talked to Gilbert Highet. Our waiters are pretty well indoctrinated now."

"We're having fun with the menu," Mr. Baum said. "Pheasant in terra cotta. Caesar salad. Fiddler crabs à la Nero—flaming, of course—and . . ."

"TART MESSALINA!" Mr. Miles said triumphantly, and, travelling north a day or two later, where should we find ourself but in far-off Japan, courtesy of the Saito Restaurant, a newcomer to West Fifty-fifth Street. A crescent-shaped bar where tempura is whisked direct from boiling vegetable oil to the customer's plate; a big dining room with Western-style, or regular-height, tables; seven smaller, Japanese-style alcoves, with shoeless guests sitting on pillows on a floor covered with straw mats, and eating off low tables. We greeted Leonard Lyons as he made for one of the alcoves, his laces already loosened, and ourself settled, parochially, in the big room, where we sampled sea food sukiyaki, pronounced it excellent, and, seeking background in-



"Well, what seems to be the trouble, Mr. Sims?"


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"And it certainly wasn't very Christmassy the way you stood there scowling and picking the cloves out of your mulled wine."

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formation, were directed by our waiter to Miss Mitzi Kinoshita, in an office on the mezzanine. She took us to the sixth floor of the Hotel Devon, of which the Saito is an architectural component, and, in an apartment full of Japanese furniture, introduced us to Mrs. Moto Saito, a tiny lady with a merry, vivacious expression.

"I will be your interpreter," Miss Kinoshita said. "Mrs. Saito doesn't speak a word of English. She is very plucky to start an American restaurant under these conditions."

"I have a restaurant in Tokyo, too," Mrs. Saito told us, through channels. "We opened here in October, and I am most happy to see many people not demanding a fork but venturing to use chopsticks. You eat Japanese food with your eyes, rather than your stomach, so I have tried to have nice-looking tableware. Oh, the breakage, with American-born help! I hope to get some Japanese workers, who are more careful. I think Americans *like* to take their shoes off and sit on the floor. It relaxes them, and this makes me happy."

JADED with the exotic, we concluded our tour by paying an afternoon visit to the Café Chauveron, a new French pleasure dome in the East Fifties. Red banquettes, white damask walls, forks galore. "My family has been in the restaurant business in the Dordogne for three hundred years," said Mr. Roger Chauveron, over a brandy and an Upmann. "I worked at Prunier's, came to America in 1923, and was a waiter at many hotels and restaurants here, including the Ritz. My customers gave me not only tips but tips on the stock market, and by 1929 I was worth fifty thousand dollars. Everything went up. Then everything went down, and I lost it all. By 1935, I had saved some more, and, with two friends, started the Chambord. In 1950, when I inherited some farmland in France, I sold the Chambord and went home. But you can't live happily in Europe once you've lived here. I sold my farm in 1955, and here I am! Maud Chez Elle says we have the best food in New York. What do you think of that? I live in Jackson Heights, with my family—my wife and I have a daughter of twenty-one, a son of ten, and a daughter of eighteen months—and every day my son, André, calls me up after school to see how many customers I had for lunch. Then he says 'Bravo!' or 'No good,' as the case may be. I have a capacity of ninety, and today I served a hundred and ten at lunch and turned twenty away."

"Bravo!" we said.

Eupeptic Need

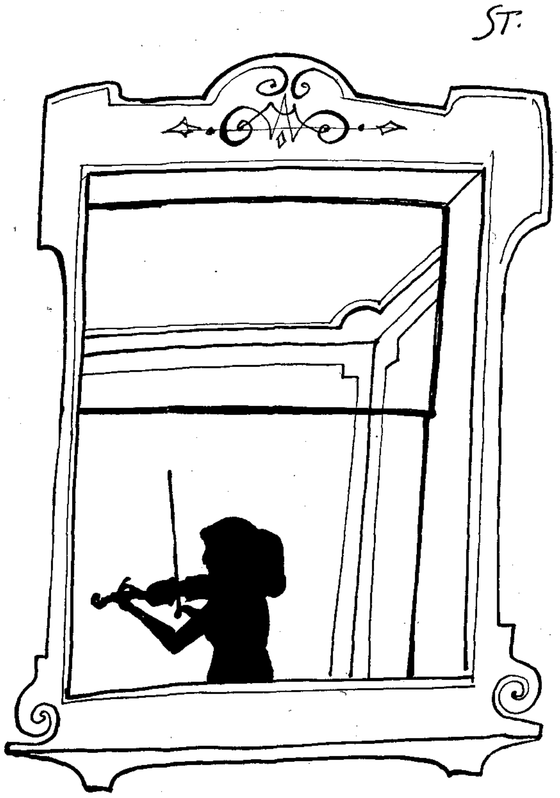
WE observed a lady looking over get-well cards in a stationery store down on University Place the other day. Finally, after a good deal of fumbling about, she gave up and approached the proprietor. "Don't you have," she inquired, "a card suitable for duodenal ulcer?"

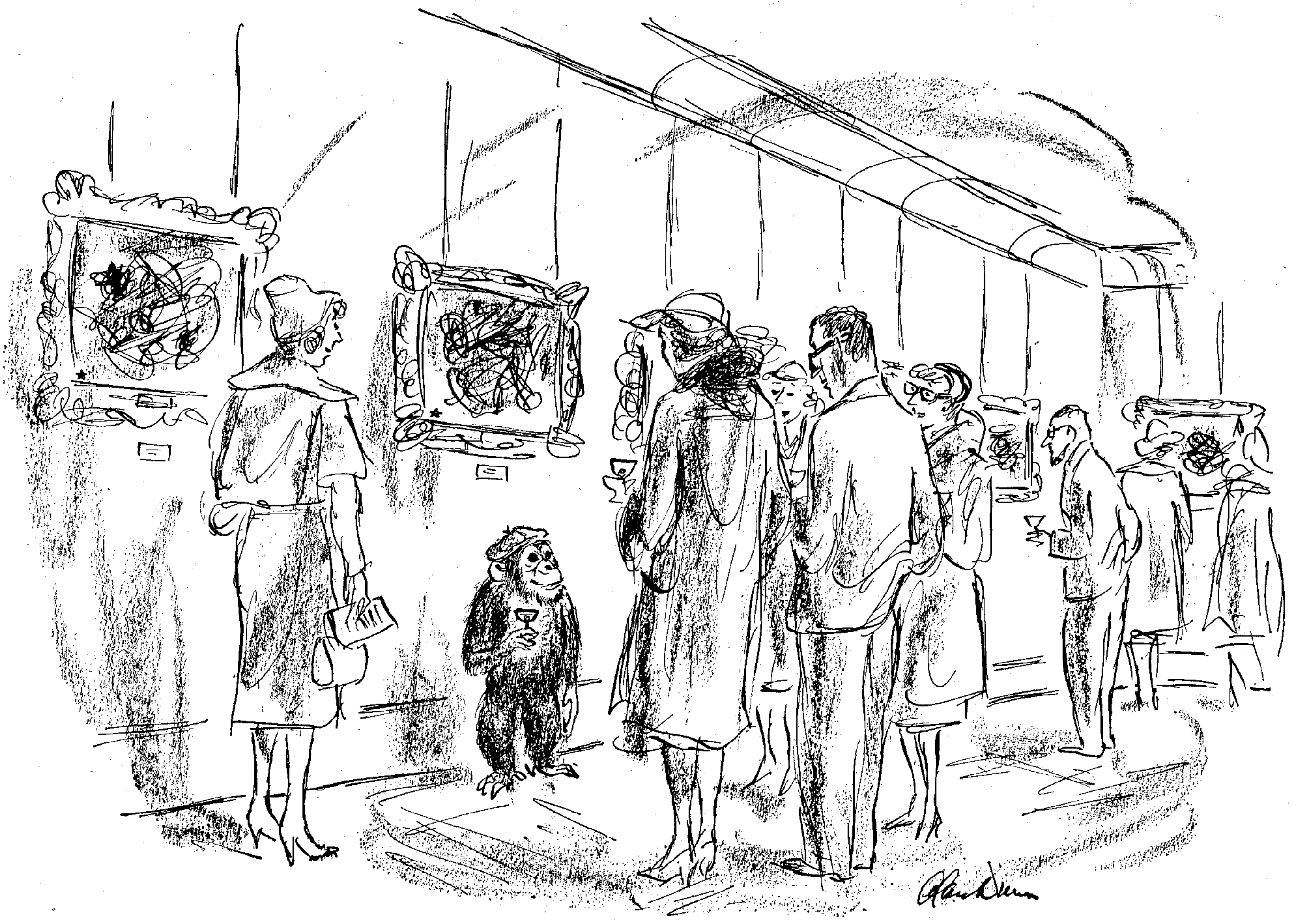
Torrance Triumphant

UNTIL the other morning, the last time we'd seen Henry Torrance, the athletic octogenarian of East Seventeenth Street, was in the summer of 1956, when he was a callow eighty-six. He had been averaging an hour and a quarter of calisthenics before breakfast every day, and he had still been chortling over his canoeing feat of the previous summer: a hundred and forty and a half miles, from the Interstate Boathouse, near Dyckman Street, to Albany, in four days—thirty-six and a half hours' paddling time. Has Torrance flagged in the interim? Not a particle. "I've taken up Indian clubs and stepped up my calisthenics to two hours a day," he said when we called on him at his apartment, "and this year I've done more paddling than usual. In September, I traversed Lake George from the south end to the north—alone, with a double paddle—and shortly before that I paddled four days up the Hudson with Marc MacCullom, a young friend of mine who used to publish *Gas Age*. He's only fifty-nine. We started on Saturday, August 10th, from Dyckman Street, where I'd parked my canoe in the Hudson River the day before. We'd been watching the weather for two or three weeks in order to catch a prevailing south wind. We met at 4:30 A.M. at a Horn & Hardart on Forty-second Street, had breakfast and bought some sandwiches, took a taxi to Two Hundredth Street, and launched the canoe at five-thirty-five, just as dawn was breaking. Within an hour, rain came up, and the wind changed to the north. That was a bad blow. No, it wasn't so bad; it was just a breeze. We made the Tappan Zee Bridge in very good time, and there, to our great surprise, we found a strong wind from the northwest. We had to buck a wind and big rollers. We landed at Ossining at twelve-twenty and had our sandwiches on the dock. Then we aimed for the corner of Croton Point, and, after that, right—northeast—for Peekskill. Small waves but a heavy north wind. We got to Peekskill at five after five, and went up the hill to a motel. You might say it was a handsome outfit. Double-decker. Fourteen dollars for the night. We paid a good price for supper, got to bed at nine, and were off the next morning at seven."

Mr. Torrance got up from his chair, danced a jig, and resumed his narrative. "It was calm for two hours, and then there was a bad wind against us," he said. "I was in the stern. We reached the Poughkeepsie Yacht Club at five on Sunday. Lots of motorboats. All the way up the Hudson, I was surprised to see the number of people joy-riding in modern motorboats! We paid eleven dollars for an air-conditioned room at the Nelson House, and were off the next morning at seven. It was calm for two hours, and then it began to rain. At eleven-thirty, it commenced to get black. I said to Mac, 'We're in for a storm. We'd better land,' so we did, at noon, as a northerly gale struck us. After a while, I decided we could hug the shore, so we did. We had light plastic raincoats and were perfectly snug. At Red Hook, we were blocked completely by the gale. We landed at the yacht club there at two-forty-five. We got a hitchhike and went to the Red Hook Hotel. Up at six Tuesday morning, taxi to the canoe, and off at six-thirty-five. It was calm for two hours, then moderate-to-heavy winds. Wind and tide were both against us. We'd hoped to make Albany, as we had in 1955, but at Hudson a man on a dock we passed shouted, 'They're dredging the river past Stuyvesant!' So at 4:50 P.M. we stopped at Stuyvesant, eighteen miles south of Albany, parked the canoe at a private house, and took the train back to New York. Elapsed time, eighty-four hours and twenty minutes. Paddling time, thirty-two and a half hours. Miles run, a hundred and twenty-six. Average speed, three point eight seven miles an hour."

We were joined at this juncture by a pretty lady with a pretty figure. "My sister Ethel," Mr. Torrance said. "She's only eighty-one. My sister Bertha—





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Mrs. George Hamilton—is ninety-six."

"I'm the baby of the family," Miss Torrance said. "I'm no account at all. I live in Colorado Springs, and have just got a new bicycle. I've bicycled since 1895. I go only three miles at a time, because my French poodle, who follows me, won't go more than three miles."

"I picked up my canoe at Stuyvesant later on, put it on my car, and drove to Lake George," her brother said. "I've paddled the length of the lake several times in as little as eight and three-quarters hours, but last summer it took me eleven and three-quarters. Paddling time. I took two hours out for a rest. I ran into a wind from the northwest, which was a great disappointment. The Lake George Chamber of Commerce wrote me a letter of congratulation. I wasn't a bit tired at the end. I've kept in good shape. Look."

He handed us some notes, written in ink, which were headed "Athletic Program, Sept. 1956 thru Aug. 1957," and we read:

Paddling & Rowing

1234 miles figured @ 4 miles per hour (average is lower on account of wind).

Skating

Brooklyn Rink closed, distance cut to 100 to 200 miles. Hope to do more at Lake Placid in '57 & '58.

Walking & Skiing

Some walks in Minnewaska, & skiing at Lake Placid, but only when skating is bad. I don't use bus for short distances, probably average 2 miles per day.

Glasses

Can still read all ordinary print without glasses including newspaper in a good light. In fact I don't use glasses at all except to keep out dust or sun.

Hearing

Pretty bad but has not changed in 20 years.

Stomach Ache Caused Deafness

Stomach ache due to Florida fruit caused bile to affect nerve. It could have easily been avoided if I had known the risk of too much fruit.

Alcohol & Smoke

None except a little beer.

Colds

I avoid colds by not sitting still in a draft or with a damp skin. When weather gets sticky or you come in hot with heavy clothes & get a perspiration, even slight, keep moving till dry, or change clothes.

Business

A man usually moves & phones & generates gentle heat inside which prevents colds. If I walk fast on a cold day I take off coat a block away from objective, so I won't start a sweat entering a hot office after a fast walk.

Railroad

If I walk with a suitcase along a hot station, I take coat off. At Grand Central, long aisles, I even take off my jacket & stand in shirt sleeves, before entering car (short time, 2 or 3 minutes) so skin will be dry & stay dry as I take my seat. It is evaporative cooling of insides by perspiration that makes the trouble. Slight dampness and draft will start a cold. Microbes are not needed.

Alcohol

It is O.K. if you don't drink more than you can digest & turn into sugar. The quantity depends on the exercise you take. You don't need more as you get older, you need less & can digest less.

We took off our coat and left, perspiring gently.

Subliminal

A FRIEND reports that she braved last week's concatenation of rain, struck subways, and pre-Christmas crowds to take her four-year-old daughter to Macy's for her first visit with a Santa Claus. The interview over, she asked her little girl what Santa had said to her, and was told, without a second's hesitation, "Buy toys at Macy's."

ANNOY KAUFMAN, INC.

FOR some time now, I have suspected the existence of an organization whose scope and energies are so enormous that they stagger the imagination. I am not prepared to say with certainty that such an organization exists, but there are various recurrent phenomena in my life that can be explained only by the theory that a major plan is in operation—a plan so vast and expensive that it is almost impossible to envision it.

The organization that carries out this plan must spend millions of dollars annually to achieve its object. It has—it must have—great suites of offices, and thousands upon thousands of employees. On a guess, I would put its running cost at ten million dollars a year; if anything, the figure may be higher. With some presumption, I have christened it Annoy Kaufman, Inc., though I will admit that I cannot find that title in any lists of corporations.

But the facts are incontrovertible:

First, there is the matter of going to the bank. Let us say that I have run out of money and am required to cash a small check. Now, no one knows that I am going to the bank on that particular morning. There is nothing about it in the papers. I am not immodest, and I know that, at best, such an announcement would get only a few lines on a back page: "George S. Kaufman is going to the bank this morning to cash a check. We wish him all success"—something like that.

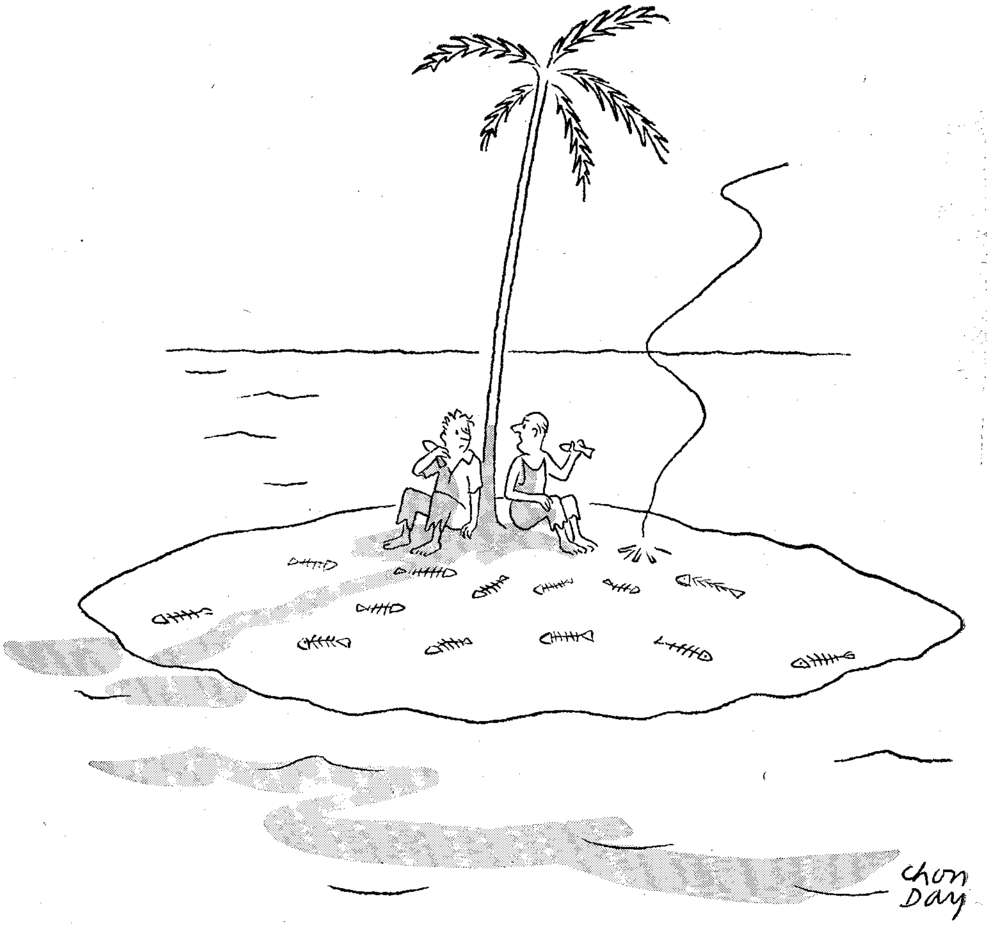
But not a word is printed. No one knows about it. As a matter of fact, I have probably not made up my mind to go until about eleven o'clock. Yet the organization is prepared. It immediately arranges that half a dozen big companies should be drawing their payroll money that morning, and that each of them should send a clerk to the bank with a list of payroll requirements—so many five-dollar bills, so many dollar bills, so many quarters, dimes, nickels, pennies. Next, it is arranged that all these people should get to the tellers' windows just a few seconds ahead of me.

Now, this takes doing. Remember, the organization has not known just which morning I was planning to go to the bank, so for weeks and weeks these clerks have been held in readiness somewhere. And suppose I stop to talk to a friend and arrive five minutes later than expected. Obviously, several relays of clerks must be kept in reserve in a corner of the bank, awaiting a signal.

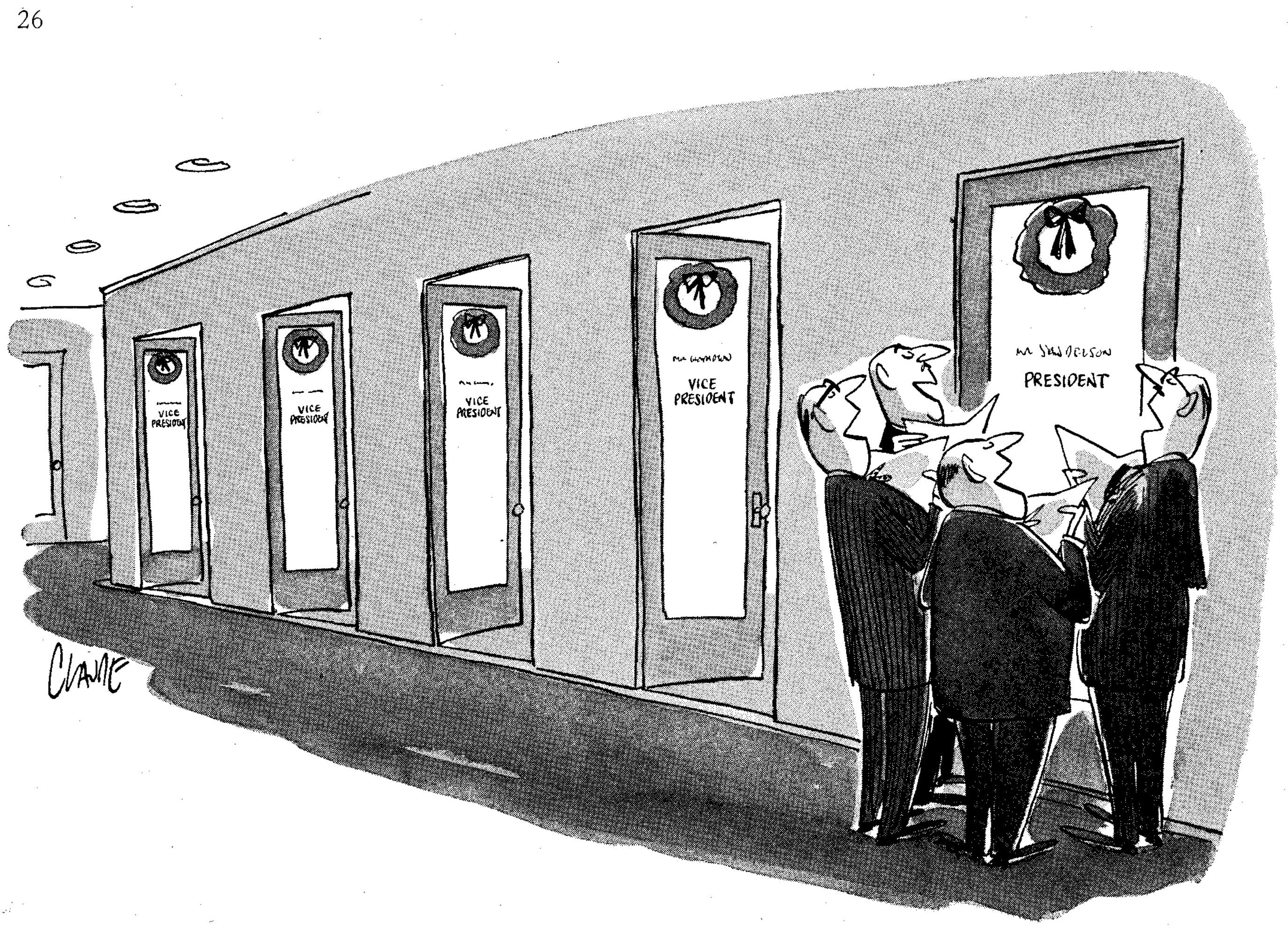
Moreover, these are not people who are just pretending to be cashing payrolls; the bank would never stand for that. No, they are people from real companies—companies founded by the organization and kept in business for years and years, probably at an enormous loss, just so that their representatives can get to the bank windows ahead of me. And it is not always the same people who stand in front of me; it is different ones. This, in turn, means a large number of separate companies to maintain. These companies run factories, keep books, pay income taxes, hold board meetings, advertise on television, pension their employees. Surely this side of the enterprise alone must run to a pretty figure.

MY next example may sound like a simple and inexpensive thing to manage, but it isn't. It has to do with the engineer's little boy, Danny. Danny is six years old. In fact, he has been six years old for the thirty-five years that I have been making overnight train journeys. (I suppose that, actually, they keep on having an engineer's little boy born every year, but even that takes planning.) Anyhow, for years and years Danny has been begging his father to let him run the locomotive some night. For years and years, his father has been saying no. Then, finally, the night comes. "Can I run the engine tonight, Daddy?" asks Danny, who is too young to know about "can" and "may." And his father says, "Yes, Danny, boy. We have just got word that Kaufman will be on the train tonight, and he is very tired and needs a good night's sleep, so you can run the engine." So Danny runs the engine, the result being the neck-breaking stops and starts that keep me awake all night.

The organization has, of course, the incidental expense of maintaining Danny in Chicago or Pittsburgh or Cleveland, as the case may be, until I am ready to make the return trip. (Danny's father obviously cannot wait over to take care of him; he must go back to running the engine properly on the nights when I am not travelling.) So the organization must keep branch offices in Chicago and Pittsburgh and Cleveland (and wherever else I may go), and provide someone to take care



"Well, we haven't any tartare sauce, so shut up about it!"



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of Danny, and schools for him to go to, and somebody to make sure that he doesn't practice, and so learn how to run the engine better, before I make my return trip. This seemingly small part of the business can run to fantastic sums over the years.

BUT the bank and Danny are, after all, relatively minor matters. Once done with, they are over till the next time. I come now to the major opus—the basic activity for which Annoy Kaufman, Inc., was founded.

Years ago, when I moved to New York, I noticed that a little man in a gray overcoat was watching me closely as I took the ferry from Jersey City to Twenty-third Street. I don't know why, but I think his name was Mr. Moffat. At all events, Mr. Moffat was the first person off the ferryboat when it docked. Hurriedly joining his pals in a midtown office, Mr. Moffat reported as follows: "Boys, he's here. We can take out incorporation papers in Albany tomorrow and go to work. In a day or two, I'll have all the dope for you."

Now, you may think it arrogant of me to claim that the entire rebuilding of New York City, at present in full bloom, came about solely as a result of my arrival here, but I can only cite the facts. No sooner did I move to a given neighborhood than the wreckers were at work on the adjoining building, generally at eight o'clock in the morning. The pneumatic asphalt-ripper, with which we are all now familiar, was first used early one morning as a weapon against the slumber of none other than myself. The first automatic rivet came into existence to be the destroyer of my sleep. (All dates and names of streets are on file in the office of my attorney.) Naturally, I kept moving to new neighborhoods in quest of peace, but the boys were always ready and waiting. Can you blame me for feeling that it was I, and I alone, who unwittingly charted the course of the city's onward sweep?

Only once, in all these years, did they slip up. Acting without sufficient research, they put up Lever House just to the south of me, unaware that my bedroom was on the other side of my apartment. Discovering their error, they, of course, bought the property to the north and went quickly to work. Well, sir, heads rolled in the office that morning, I can tell you. Mr. Moffat, I like to think, shot himself, but I suspect he was immediately succeeded by his son, and since then the organization has functioned so efficiently that I am now exactly thirty-seven years behind on sleep, with only an outside chance of making it up.

WITH all that on their hands, you wouldn't think they'd have time for Congressional lobbying, too, would you? This ultimate move came to light during a visit of mine to Washington a few weeks ago. Having been made suspicious, over the years, by my dealings with the Internal Revenue people, I went to the trouble of looking up the original text of the income-tax law, as filed in the Library of Congress. Sure enough, there it was—Paragraph D, Clause 18—just as I had suspected: "The taxpayer, in computing the amount of tax due to the Government, may deduct from his taxable income all legitimate expenses incurred in the course of conducting his business or profession—except," it added, "in the case of George S. Kaufman."

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

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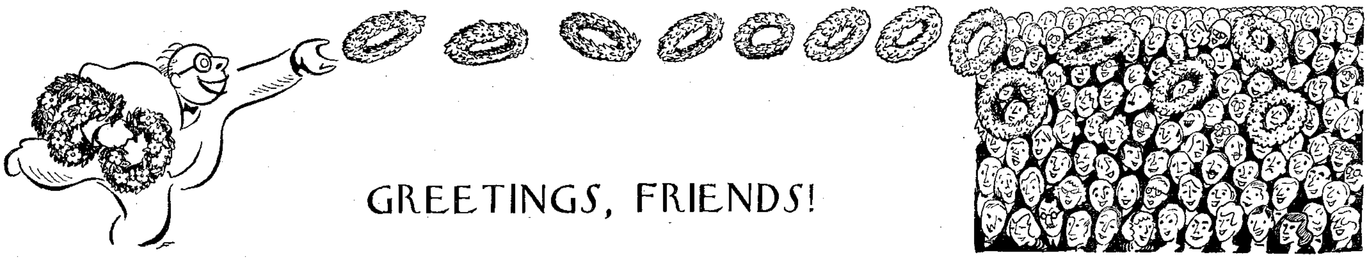
Mrs. Hammond attended the Shipley School. Mr. Last, who served as a captain in the Air Force during the Second World War, is an alumnus of New York University and is now studying for his father's degree at Columbia University.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

One of those close families where everyone pitches in.



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

The début of this Christmas stanza,
This annual Yule extravaganza,
Took place in 1932,
So silver greetings, friends, to you,
And frankincense and myrrh and nard
From your aging but still frisky bard.
For Ike, three rousing Christmas cheers
And vigor through the coming years.
A New Year bow to Borden Deal,
Edith McCarty, and Howard Keel.
We'll roar out a couple of gladsome staves
To whoop it up for the doughty Braves,
And hymn the glory of Fortune's Pet—
Who else but Selva Lewis Burdette?
Charge your glasses and drink to the health
Of Good Queen Bess and her Commonwealth!
Nab the nearest Christmas mummer;
Get him to mum for Christopher Plummer,
And do his stuff for Dick Surrette,
Romney Brent, Carol Burnett,
Ruth Anderson, Niels Bohr,
Ted Atkinson, and Senator Gore.
Minnesingers, sound your A!
Launch a paean for Dorothy Day,
For Ed Wynn, Carmel Quinn,
Ellin Berlin, and all their kin;
And add a toast to all the kith
Of Master Joseph Michael Smith.
Noël, Noël to Coco Chanel,
Hunt Bradley, Maria Schell,
And a bend of the knee from this genuflector
To Captain and Mrs. William Waechter.
Peace to thee, O Matt McDade!
Joy to Banker Katie McQuade!
Minstrels, raise a stout hosanna
For Herbert Erb and Charlie Manna;
Sing noisily, yet civilly,
For Saul Bellow of Tivoli;
And belt out a carol for Buff Donelli,
For George Hemstead and his consort, Ellie,
For Polly Hanson, Frank Lary,
And the *Atlantic*, on its centenary.
Buon Natale, Carmen Basilio!
Long may you champ it, *mio figlio!*
Nancy Walker! Jane Morgan!
Love from me and Paul Horgan!
Peace to tycoon Cyrus Eaton,
Cantinflas, and Cecil Beaton!
Wassail to Borough President Cashmore,
Arkansas Editor Harry Ashmore,
And a genial, cozy, cricket-on-the-hearthy
Kind of Yule for Kevin McCarthy.
Tootle an anthem for Conrad Janis,
Edmund Gilligan, and Marya Mannes;
Trill a Christmas obbligato
To serenade Jockey Frank Lovato;
And sound the rebeck and the hautboy
For that old reliable rider No Boy.
Sing tooraloo for Shirley MacLaine;
Sing hi-de-ho for John Ruane,
Terry Brennan, Eddie De Hass,
Lester Pearson, and Peggy Cass.
Vintner, spike the Christmas brew
For Stork Sanford and the Cornell crew;
Pass the port to Ezra Benson,
Harold Craig, and May Swenson.
We'll dance the lancers with Jo Van Fleet,
Gargle a brandy with Cabell Greet,
And with seasonal zeal we'll ululate
For Pauline Sadlon, Sam Slate,
Percy Waram, Jane Greer,
And Altrincham, the Prickly Peer.
We'll sing in praise of Nigel Dennis;
We'll ascertain where Leo Penn is,
And crack a bottle of rare champagne
For Leo, and for Eddie Lane.
Thomas Chalmers, of Firenze—
Love from me and Gisele MacKenzie!
Gerald, Constance, and Archie Moore—
Love to you from Charlie Poore!
Bake a Christmas cake for Quincy Porter;
Send a Christmas tie to Enos Slaughter;
Send opulent gifts to Anthony Quayle
And a Broun by the name of Heywood Hale.
Choir, please warble a New Year glee
For André Laguerre and Nathalie,
And lift your voices in sweet accord
To gladden the spirits of Benson Ford.
A Merry Christmas to Dorothy Quick,
To Connie B. Gay, of Lizard Lick,
And the dolciest kind of *far niente*
To Bambi Linn and Tony Parenti.
Now let us sit with Rudolf Bing
And tell glad stories of Nicholas King,
And raise a glass of vintage hock
To the *Herald Trib* and Ambassador Jock.
We'll paint the town with Frank Lloyd Wright
From New Year's Eve until Twelfth Night;
We'll go on a high old Yule carouse
With Kathy Crosby and her spouse,
With Sterling North and Anthony West
And Gerald Green and Denzil Best.

The year is going. Let it go.
It hasn't brought us much but woe—
Khrushchev, Faubus, flu, and frights,
Inflation, Nasser, satellites,
And other plagues from Pandora's box.
But are we therefore on the rocks?
Not so, my hearties! With cautious tread
We'll enter the year that lies ahead,
Not elated, not downcast,
Glad to be rid of the year that's past,
Hoping the coming year of grace
Will bring Peace on Earth and Peace in Space.

—Frank Sullivan

A COUPLE OF NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

IN Father Urban's days of glory on the road, it had been his custom when he arrived at a place to attend to the details of billeting first. Early in his career, this had been a matter of self-preservation; in recent years there had been less to worry about. Pastors had put themselves out for Father Urban, not because he represented the Order of St. Clement—which, as a minor-league outfit near the bottom of the standings, didn't open many doors—but because he was famous in his own right, as a preacher. Accidents would happen, though, and if Father Urban chanced to draw a bad bed in a rectory where better ones were to be had, he might mention—his manner was laconic—that he was going to a hotel to sleep. Or if he struck a rectory where the food was *too* bad, he might arrange to eat most of his meals out, sometimes taking the pastor with him—if the fault lay there, rather than with a woman in the kitchen—and thus heaping coals of fire on the man's head. It wasn't that Father Urban had "exaggerated ideas of the material side of life," as one old desert rat of a pastor had tried to tell him. Father Urban could rough it as well as the next one if that was called for, but he saw no merit in encouraging poor hospitality. In a small way, Father Urban had done for the rectories of America what Duncan Hines did for restaurants and motels.

But Father Urban had become too successful for his own good—or so he sized it up—and had aroused jealousies in the Order. This, he believed, was why he had been taken off the road and assigned to St. Clement's Hill, as they were now calling the Order's retreat house near Duesterhaus, Minnesota—and there he had done little. His will, it seemed, had been affected by his transfer and immobilization; he was being made to stand in the corner. His old shock tactics were just not suited to his situation. His mood was strange to him. He didn't like his narrow iron bed at Duesterhaus, and he knew that better beds were to be had even there, but he wasn't doing anything about it, or about the almost total absence of heat in his room.

"Goodness! The 'Herald Tribune' never used to have such crabby editorials."

Father Wilfrid, the rector, was pursuing a strategy that Father Urban understood the reason for—economy—but didn't comprehend in detail. Some rooms were heated not at all, and some only part of the time, depending on the sun and changes in the weather and wind. The dining room was the one place in the big old house where you could really be out of the weather. In the evening, there was a brief interval when the room wasn't occupied. This was after Brother Harold, who did all the dirty work, had retired to the kitchen with the dishes, and the three resident priests had gone their separate ways. (In outer Minnesota, the winters—and the summers, too, with their mosquitoes, deer flies, and nosee-ums—play hell with that traditional feature of life in a religious community, the after-supper stroll.)

One evening late in December, Father Urban had gone up as usual to his cold room to get cigars; Father Wilfrid to his cold office to get cigars; and Father John to the chapel, which was also cold, for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. (Jack had been assigned to Duesterhaus at the same time as Father Urban, but probably for the opposite reason: lack of success.) Soon the three priests would be together again in the dining room, the heart of the little community at St. Clement's Hill.

The dining room lay directly over the furnace, and was warmed by the kitchen fires and, sometimes, by the afternoon sun. In view of these facts, Father Wilfrid had had the thermostat controlling the furnace moved there. Father Urban had got the impression that Wilf expected to be remembered for this as another man might be remembered for his converts or his work among the poor. "Sure—I could've left it in the office, where it was, and I'd have kept warm," Wilf would say. "But why heat the whole house just to keep one man warm? I'm not the only one."

To this, Father Urban, on his arrival at Duesterhaus, had responded "Good idea," or something like that, but he had since become aware of a serious flaw in Wilf's argument, and, hearing Wilf on the subject nowadays, Father

Urban would say to himself, "Yes, and if he'd left it where it was, *we* might've kept warm, too—in our rooms and in chapel."

Visitors were sure to hear about the moving of the thermostat, and even when the four Clementines were sitting around by themselves, Wilf would work it into the conversation. He might break the silence of the evening with it, as if he had intuitive knowledge that one of those under him was about to entertain a doubt as to his fitness for the rector's job. Father John seldom complained, and was not the kind of man, anyway, that Wilf had to trouble himself about, and Brother Harold, whatever he might think—and he wasn't so dumb—was loyal to the rector, so it was probably for Father Urban's benefit that Wilf alluded to the moving of the thermostat. Father Urban reflected that he might indeed lack the virtues of Brother Harold and Jack, but what were virtues in them would be something else again in a man of more vision. Weakness, he thought. He regarded cheeseparing and ineptitude as the special vices of the Clementine Order, and did not suffer them gladly.

FATHER URBAN was thinking along these familiar lines when he entered the dining room for the evening. He went over to the Christmas tree and plugged in the cord, which Wilf, doubtless, had been the one to pull out a few minutes earlier. The tree bloomed—red, green, blue, and yellow—in only eight places. Father Urban plugged in the electrified crib that stood under the tree, and slowly oxen, sheep, and shepherds appeared and disappeared, going around and around the Holy Family and the Three Kings. Maybe the animals and shepherds were, as Jack said, a little like ducks in a shooting gallery, but Father Urban had never before seen a crib like this one, nor had any of the others. The crib had been sent by Billy Cosgrove, one of Father Urban's hottest "connections" back in Chicago. In the short time they'd known each other, Billy, who was in real estate, had provided the Order with an excellent address (offices and living quarters) on the Near North Side, and had shown signs of being just what the Clementines needed—a really big benefactor. He had taken Father Urban's transfer badly, calling it "one hell of a way to run a railroad," and what could perhaps have been a mighty river flowing to the whole Order's benefit had been reduced to a trickle of small gifts. Billy was responsible for the large hamper of food and liquor that was also under the tree.

There were many presents there, most of them sent by Father Urban's admirers all over the country, and from among them he had selected his gifts to Jack, Wilf, and Brother Harold. In other years, at the Novitiate of the Order, near Chicago, where he had usually spent Christmas, Father Urban had always received gifts enough to go around, and much appreciated they were by those to whom he passed them on. Christmas just wouldn't be the

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same at the Novitiate with Father Urban gone. At Duesterhaus, with only the four of them there, Father Urban was being lavish; most of what he got was junk, of course, but Jack, Wilf, and Brother Harold would all be wearing, eating, smoking, or otherwise using it in the months ahead.

Nearly all the packages had been forwarded from the Novitiate, for few of Father Urban's admirers knew his present whereabouts. In his Christmas cards, he had made no mention of his new assignment; it would just seem that he had mailed his cards from some stopping-off place, as he often had in the past. There was no point in going into the details of his life with everybody who sent him a card or a gift, and maybe in another year he'd be back on the road, where he belonged. And, anyway, he was trying not to think about his hard luck during the Christmas season.

Father Urban liked Christmas—receiving and giving, and having a tree. Until that morning, however, there had been no tree, though the woods were full of them. There would not have been one then, either—a real one—if Father Urban hadn't acted. Father Urban, when he saw Wilf removing a little wire-and-paper one (apparently the traditional tree at Duesterhaus) from a box, had taken to the woods with an axe. He had operated on the old seminary principle of don't-ask-unless-you-can-take-no-for-an-answer. Once the deed was done, what could Wilf say? When Father Urban came into the dining room with his tree, a seven-footer, Wilf had said "Well!" but he hadn't gone on. Maybe he'd recognized only that it was too late to do anything about the tree, and maybe he'd recognized more. "Makes mine look sick," he had said eventually, surrendering the single cord of lights. The question was, of course, whether Wilf had disposed of the artificial tree or had stored it away for another year. But to Father Urban, who had expected real trouble, the incident was hopeful.

"Balsam," Wilf said now, entering the dining room. "You wouldn't get that nice clean smell with spruce. Cigar?"

"I've got one here somewhere," Father Urban said. He wasn't so hard up yet that he had to accept one of Wilf's cigars, but he had been at Duesterhaus long enough to know that it was a mistake to offer one of his to Wilf. There was a box of cigars waiting under the tree for Wilf, from Father Urban—not the kind Father Urban could use but several cuts above what Wilf ordinarily smoked and was in the act of touching off.

"Nice," Wilf said through the smoke.

Father Urban looked sharply at Wilf, but he was referring to the electrified crib. "Yes," Father Urban said. "I wonder where Billy got it."

"I wonder if it shouldn't be in the chapel," Wilf said. "It and the tree."

Father Urban moved around to the other side of the tree, controlling himself. He wanted the tree to be where he could enjoy it.

"I guess one tree wouldn't be enough in the chapel," Wilf said.

Father Urban said, "That's right." Wilf had anticipated what would have been his first argument—that they ought to have a number of trees in the chapel if they were going to have any at all.

"Of course, if we had retreatants here now we'd need trees there," Wilf said.

"Oh, yes," said Father Urban. Who ever heard of retreatants at Christmas? The trees were safe in the woods, and Wilf knew it.

"I guess the good Lord will understand," Wilf said, and went to his chair.

"Who better?" said Father Urban. The good Lord knew what it was like at Duesterhaus. And there were others who knew. When Father Urban had been at Duesterhaus a week or so, he had received a bogus CARE package.

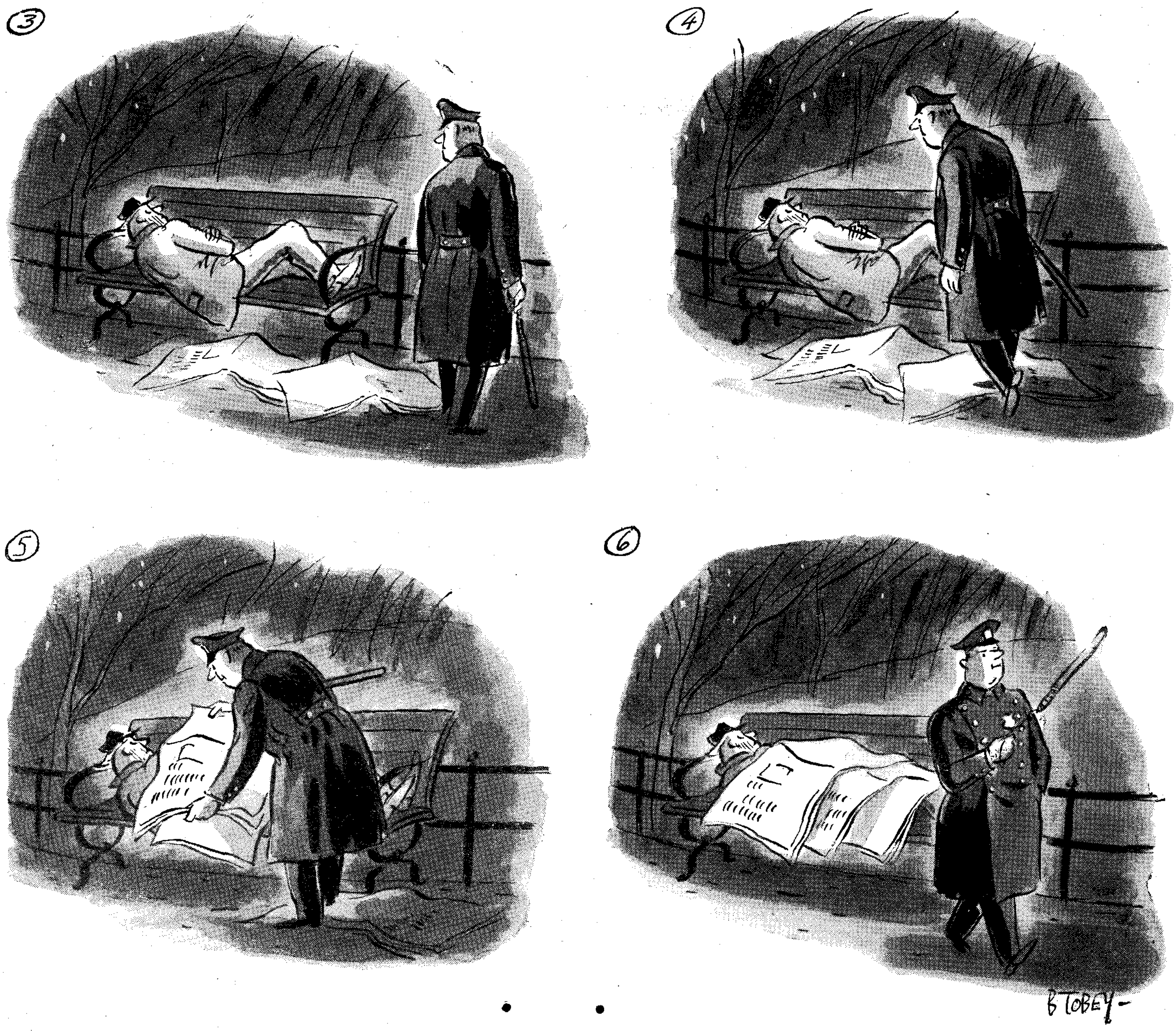
"Very funny," Wilf had said at the time. "You know who did it, don't you?"

"No." Apparently Wilf regarded the package itself as legitimate, so Father Urban had said nothing to spoil the illusion.

"Well, if you don't know, I won't tell you," Wilf had said.

Father Urban, going by things that had been said before, guessed that Father Louis had sent the package. Father Louis had done time under Wilf at Duesterhaus, was one of Father Urban's few friends in the Order, and—knowing Father Urban and knowing Duesterhaus—had probably thought such a joke would be worth the trouble.

JACK, usually the last of the three priests to arrive for the long evening in the dining room, came in and stood by the tree. Father Urban toyed with the idea of waiting him out, making him ask for what he wanted. Jack wouldn't ask, though, and he wouldn't use his eyes on you, like a dog, though that was what he was like—a dog that always



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wanted you to go for a walk. In Jack's case, it was checkers.

Father Urban decided to get it over with. Since he had to play, he would seem to do so willingly. "Care for a game?" he inquired. "Or don't you?" He was being cruel to Jack, in a mild sort of way, making it harder for him just when the end was in view. Father Urban felt justified because Jack didn't realize he was being teased, and he ought to have to pay in some way for being such a nuisance about checkers.

"Whatever you say, Urban."

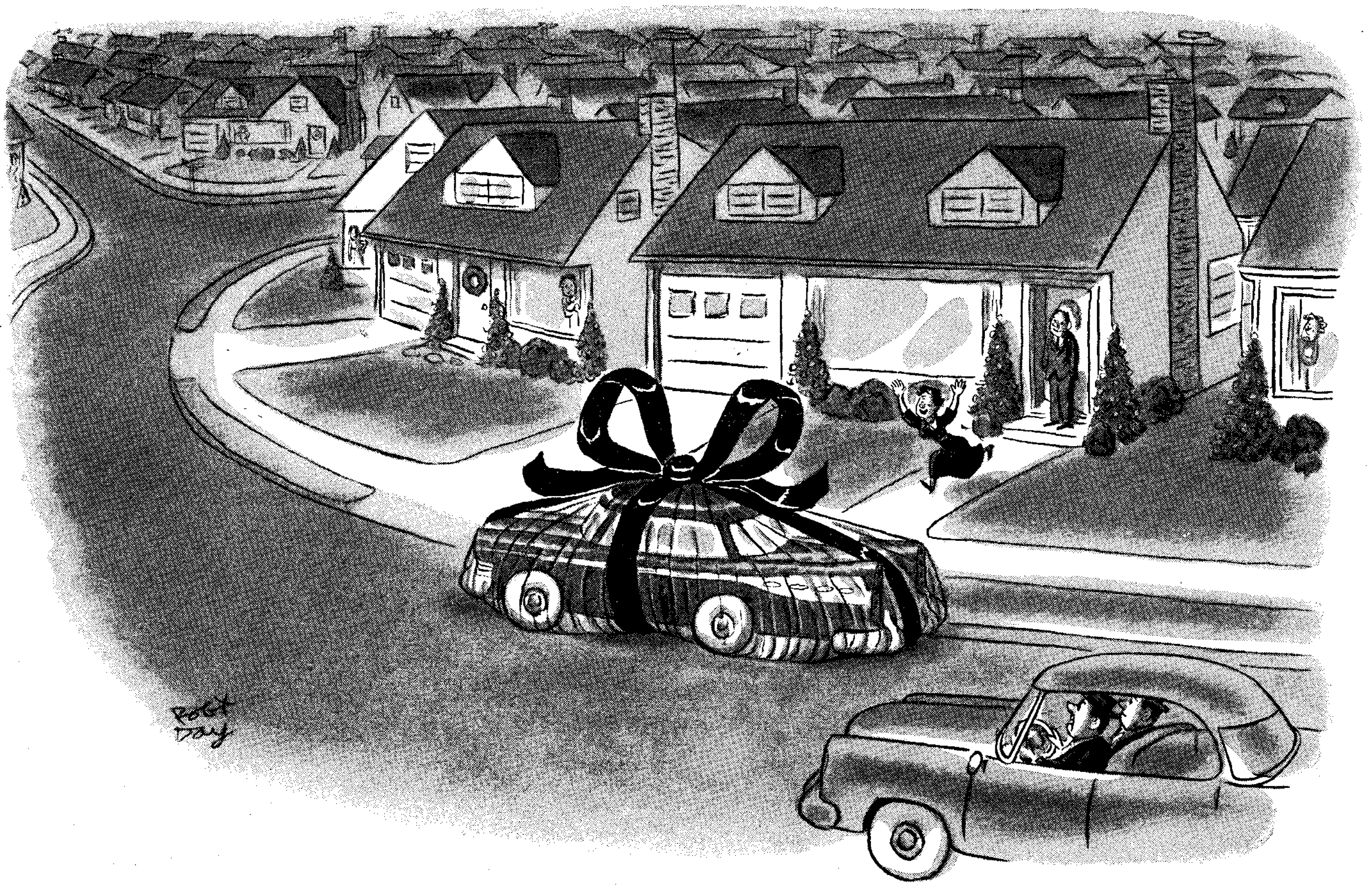
"Well, frankly, I'd like to play."

"Good," Jack said.

When they had first got out the board, several weeks back, Wilf had played, but either he didn't like the game or he didn't think it looked good for him to be beaten, as he was by Jack, and he no longer played. He sat in his chair, with his breviary on the table beside him, and read the paper. If asked to play, he'd answer, "I have some office to say." Later, asked again and still reading the paper, he'd say, "Maybe after a while." You understood by now that he had some office to say.

For Father Urban, the really annoying thing about this ruse was that it apparently went down with Jack. Or maybe it didn't, and Jack just preferred playing with Father Urban. This was a pleasing thought to Father Urban, but only up to a point. Even if he didn't discover something better to do in the long evenings, he could just get tired of checkers, couldn't he? The only light in the dining room came from the chandelier, by which he and Jack played checkers at the card table and Wilf read the paper hour after hour. Father Urban wished that it were possible to spend more time in his room—awake, that is. It was cold there—cold beyond endurance, to say nothing of comfort—and Father Urban didn't want to fall into the practice of going to bed directly after supper. It just wouldn't look right, and he might ruin his health—or if not that, exactly, so habituate his body and mind to sleep that he'd *never* be any good after supper. This could seriously impair his usefulness if he ever left Duesterhaus.

"Hey, take it easy!" said Father Urban. Jack's right leg, which had a tendency to vibrate during play, had suddenly swung out of control, jarring the card table. And now, with his leg still going, Jack was inching forward, advancing in his chair as his checkers advanced on the board. When he moved, his fingers flew off his men as if he were a virtuoso of the piano. He made one more move and sat back. Sometimes Father Urban could tell



"Now, there's a guy who's ruined Christmas for every other man in the neighborhood."

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more about the game from Jack's position in the chair than from the checkers on the board. Usually, when Jack retreated in his chair, it meant that the turning point had been reached. This time, though, it seemed to Father Urban that Jack was a little premature. Father Urban made one of his unorthodox moves. It then became clear to him that the decisive action had already taken place on another part of the board and that the game was all but over. They played it out, of course, and Father Urban took his defeat gracefully. It was just a game, wasn't it? And he didn't blame Jack for getting excited over checkers. What else, when you got right down to it, could Jack do well? "Yes, I think this is your game," Father Urban said.

He watched Jack setting up for the next one. Poor Jack! He had once had something of a reputation as a writer, but there hadn't been a new pamphlet from him in twenty years. In that time, the Order had employed him first as a teacher and then as a preacher, like Father Urban, on the road. Jack had just got by, even by Clementine standards. It really came down to checkers for Jack. Of course, his spiritual life was good.

"What do you know about this game chess?" Jack asked.

"I doubt that you'd do so well at chess," Father Urban said, thinking *he* would be better at that.

"Chess is a very old game," Wilf informed them, from his chair.

Father Urban looked over at Wilf in annoyance. A remark like that was actually meant to be instructive.

"Ever play it?" Jack asked.

"No, and I don't intend to," said Father Urban.

"Well, we don't have a board," Jack said, as if to reassure him.

From the other side of the newspaper, which cloistered him from them but did nothing of the sort for them, Wilf said, "Your board's the same, but your counters are different."

"Is that *so*?" said Father Urban.

"Oh, yes. Altogether different. It's a different game," said Wilf.

That was the kind of thing that made Father Urban want to *fight*. "I'd say the principle is the same," he said.

There was a slight delay before Wilf's reply was transmitted over the paper wall. "*I'd* say the principle is the same in all games."

Father Urban couldn't think of an exception to this rule. He moved a checker—into danger, he saw too late. He turned again to Wilf, as to a lesser tormentor, and noted the full-page "Season's Greetings" advertisement by the merchants of Minneapolis. It had candles and reindeer in it; no camels, no crib. Even about Christmas, Father Urban and Wilf had differed. Fire and water. Father Urban ordinarily thought of himself as the fire, but in the matter of Christmas observances he had been the water.

WILF had been active locally in a crusade to decommercialize Christmas. This Wilf and his collaborators hoped to do by getting people to go to church more and by having merchants emphasize the true meaning of Christmas in their store windows and advertising. Signs and slogans played a big part in the crusade, as they did in Wilf's own life.

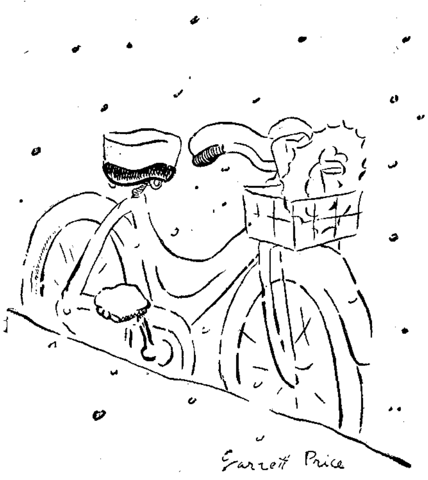
For Wilf to associate with a lot of screwballs was one thing, Father Urban believed, but it was something else again for Wilf to associate the poor Order of St. Clement and the struggling retreat foundation near Duesterhaus with a dubious cause. Father Urban believed that the avowed ideals behind the crusade were best left to the proper authorities; if these ideals deserved dissemination, the hierarchy would know it, and whatever was done, or not done, should be done under their auspices. If Wilf had expected Father Urban and Jack to follow in his steps, he must be badly disappointed. They had taken no part in the crusade. For this reason, perhaps, it had never been discussed at Duesterhaus. Father Urban had stayed clear of the whole business until the very last.

But he had recently gone to Olympe, a town of fifteen thousand, to address the Lions Club on another subject, and there, during the question period, he had been asked about the crusade. In reply, he had said that he found Christmas as it was celebrated nowadays still pretty much to his liking. He felt that merchants, to mention only one group, were doing honor in the way best suited to them and their talents. He cited the example, from literature, of the mute tumbler whose prayer took the form of acrobatics before the altar of Our Lady.

This had gone over very well with Father Urban's commercial audience. He had been asked, however, if his position wasn't the opposite of that held by the man in charge of St. Clement's Hill—and if so, how come? Father Urban had got out of this rather nicely by saying that what the questioner referred to as his position was hardly a position; it was simply an *opinion*, as, indeed, was the contrary view. There had always been differences of opinion in the Church, and, indeed, such could occur in any organization, and perhaps even in the best-run families, between husband and wife—so he had been told.

This had got him a laugh. Then, with the audience on his side, he had become serious. He was not saying that differences of opinion were a good thing in themselves, but he did think there was much to be said for taking them for what they were—healthy manifestations of the democratic process. If his audience thought the difference of opinion in question was bad, they should hear of some of the others that arose between "the man in charge" and himself. For example, the foundation had been known as the Retreathouse of the Order of St. Clement, and when they were renaming the place—which he hoped his audience, Catholic or not, would find time to visit—the man in charge had been in favor of calling it Mount St. Clement, whereas Father Urban had wanted it to be St. Clement's Hill, and they had called it the latter. Here Father Urban did a double take and said, "I wonder how *that* happened!"

They had loved him in Olympe. He had sunk his teeth into a real audience again, and it had tasted good to him after more than a month of confinement at Duesterhaus. This was the sort of thing that had kept him going in the past. At Duesterhaus, without it, he would waste away, he feared. But oh, he had checked Wilf's fire, and, what was more important, he had taken the heat off the Order—off St. Clement's Hill. In fact, he had put the place on the map for a lot of people who mattered in the area. Unfortunately, although his remarks about Christmas were fully reported in the Olympe daily paper and reprinted in the Duesterhaus weekly, Father Urban hadn't been picked up by the Twin Cities papers, in one of which Wilf had been described as a purist about Christmas, the scourge of Santa Claus and all his works. Father Urban sent Billy Cosgrove the accounts from the Olympe and Duesterhaus papers—just for the laughs, he said—but in truth he was rather pleased with his remarks and imagined that Billy would be.



JACK was setting up the board for another game.

"Say," said Father Urban, and, hav-

ON FALLING ASLEEP BY FIRELIGHT

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall be the serpent's meat.—*Isaiah 65:25.*

Around the fireplace, pointing at the fire,
As in the prophet's dream of the last truce,
The animals lie down; they doze or stare,
Their hoofs and paws in comical disuse;
A few still run in dreams. None seems aware
Of the laws of prey that lie asleep here, too,
The dreamer unafraid who keeps the zoo.

Some winter nights impel us to take in
Whatever lopes outside, beastly or kind;
Nothing that gibbers in or out of mind
But the hearth bestows a sleepy sense of kin.
Promiscuous hosts, we bid the causeless slime
Come in; its casualness remains a crime,
But metaphysics bites less sharp than wind.

Now, too, a ghostly, gradually erect
Company lies down, weary of the walk—
Parents with whom we would, but cannot, talk,
Beside them on the floor their artifacts:
Weapons we gave them, which they now bring back.
If they see our privilege, they do not object,
And we are not ashamed to be their stock.

All we had thought unkind were all the while
Alike, the firelight says, and strikes us dumb;
We dream there is no ravening or guile
And take it kindly of the beasts to come
And suffer hospitality; the heat
Turns softly on the hearth into that dust
Isaiah said would be the serpent's meat.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

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ing said that much, didn't know how to go on. Luckily, Brother Harold entered the dining room, his kitchen chores completed. "Say, maybe Brother, here, would like to take my place," Father Urban said.

"No, Brother's got his work to do," Wilf said.

"I thought so," said Father Urban.

He watched Brother Harold, who was studying showcard painting by mail, go over to the sideboard and get out his equipment. His work hung over every door—literally every door—in the house: "CLOSET," "TOILET," "ATTIC," "ROOT CELLAR," and so on. He had labored all through the autumn on signs for Wilf's crusade, and he was now working on a commission from Wilf's brother, who ran a variety store in Berwyn, Illinois. Brother Harold hoped to break into the sacred-art field later on. Wilf had promised him the chapel when he was ready for it.

"If you'd rather not play," Jack said to Father Urban.

"Not at all. I just thought I'd give somebody else a chance. Go ahead."

"Go first?"

"Why should I go first? You won the last game, didn't you? The one who wins goes first. Let's play the game." Father Urban was sore. It was getting pretty bad when Jack, of all people, could condescend to him, and when it was assumed by everyone that he had nothing better to do with his time than play checkers—unlike Wilf, with his paper, and Brother Harold, with his work. It was only out of consideration for Jack that Father Urban played checkers at all. He didn't like the game, and he wasn't much good at it—though this was maybe the fault of the game itself. He was suspicious of checkers as a game. He wondered if its complexity might not be an illusion, if, in fact, there was much more to checkers than there was to ticktacktoe, and if Jack (because he got to move first each time, and made no mistakes) could ever be beaten again.

A few minutes later, Jack suddenly sat back in his chair, abandoning the game. He said that a long-distance call for Wilf had come in that afternoon. The caller had been a reporter. For Father Urban, this was the absolute limit; he couldn't recall anything like this—Jack talking to someone else in the room while a game was in progress.

"From the Twin Cities?" Wilf asked. He had let down the wall, the better to talk to Jack.

"Yes, but I don't remember which paper," Jack said.

"Did he say he'd call again?" Wilf asked.

"No, he didn't."

"And probably won't now," Wilf said. "Too late. Probably had to make his deadline."

"I'm sorry," Jack said.

"Not your fault," Wilf said, and to Father Urban he didn't seem as disappointed as he should have been at missing a call from a reporter.

Jack was worried. "I told the operator you weren't here, but this fellow told her he'd speak to anybody."

"Sounds like a deadline to me," Wilf said. He either was or thought he was familiar with newspaper parlance and practice. "What'd the fellow want—another statement on the campaign?"

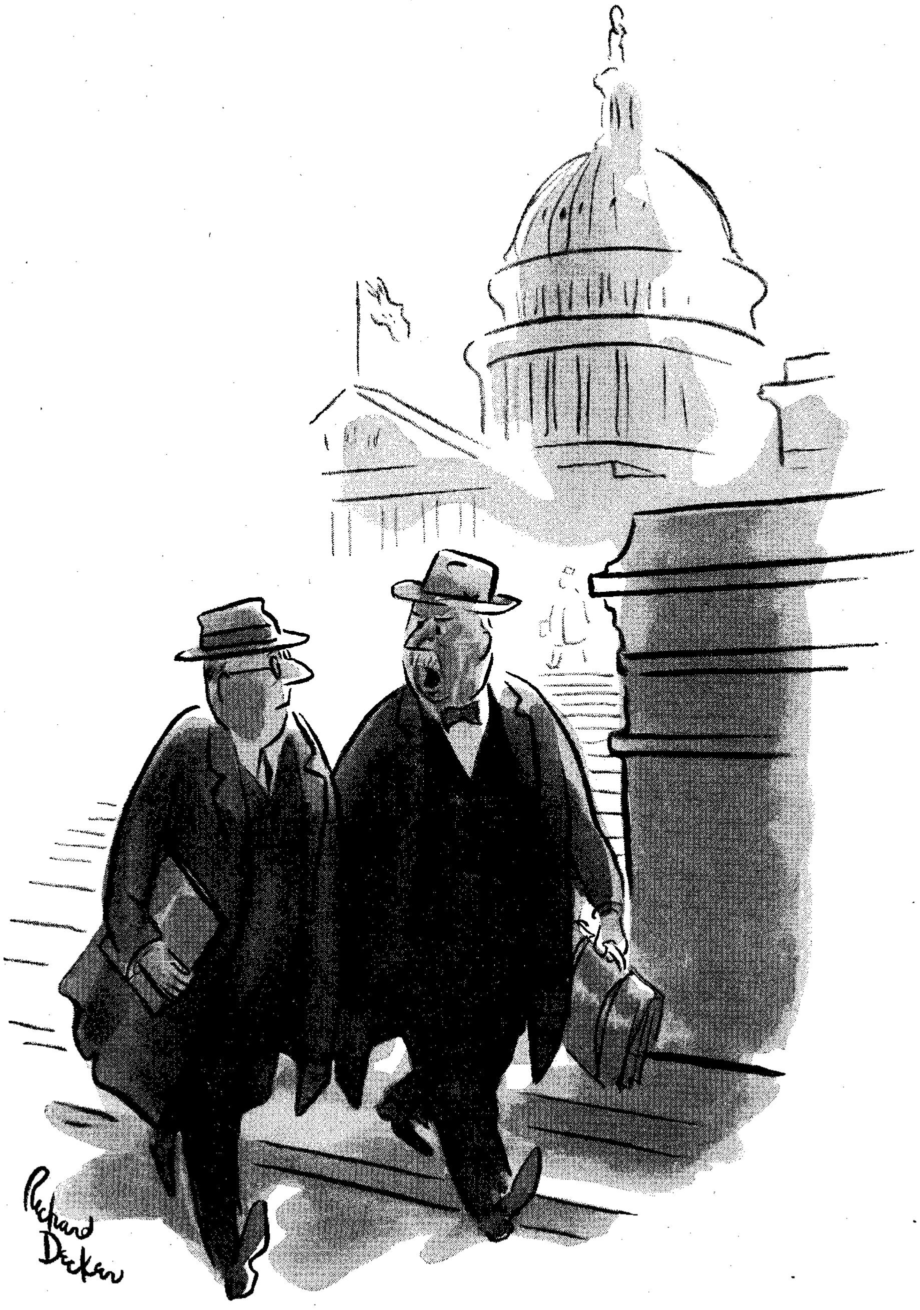
"Yes," Jack said. "I didn't have anything to say. I realize now the call was simply a waste of the paper's money."

Wilf nodded gravely. "I only hope the fellow didn't take it amiss."

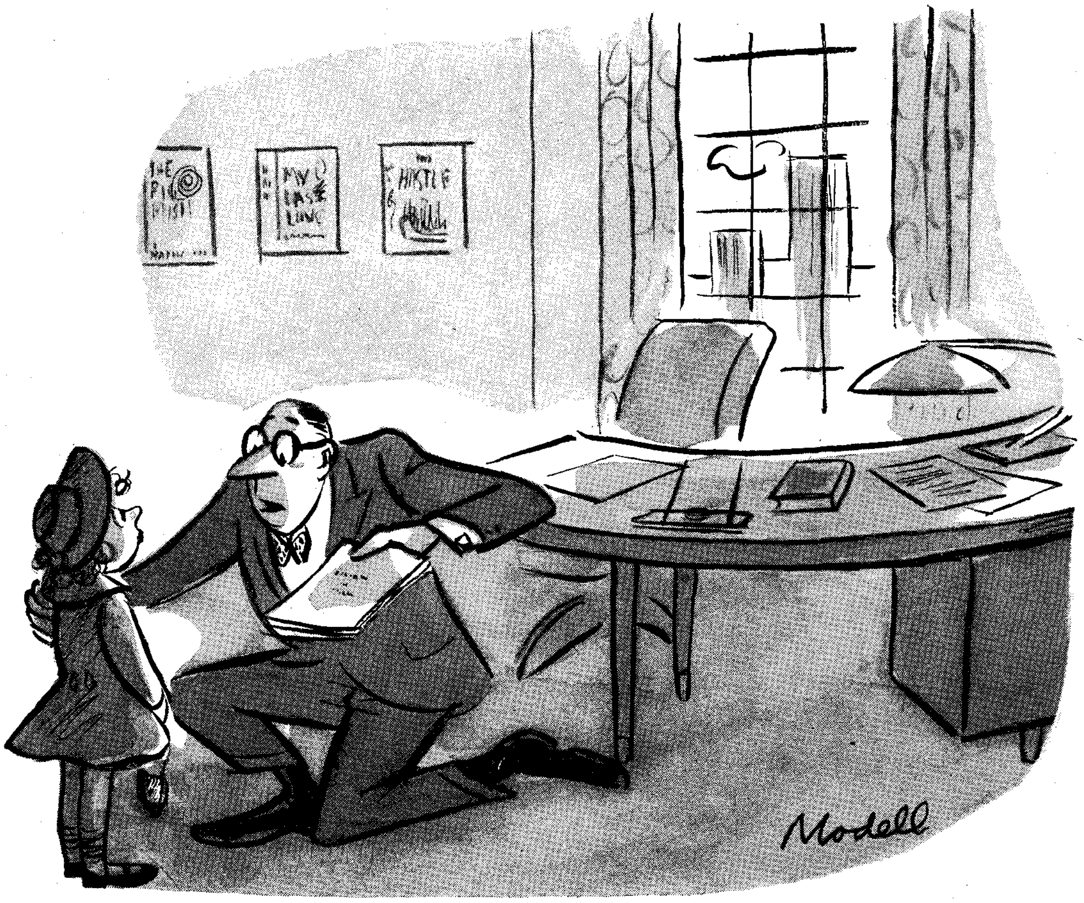
"He didn't seem to," Jack said.

"I hope not," said Wilf. He put up the wall again. "You never know when we'll need those fellows in our work."

Here Father Urban—who felt Wilf had implied that if Jack had seen fit to make a statement it would have been in support of Wilf's cause—intervened. "In my opinion, Jack did the right thing," he said. "He didn't have anything to say, so he didn't say anything.



"That's just the trouble. I can't lick them and they won't let me join them."



"*Cross your heart and hope to die, you wrote this novel all by yourself?*"

I'd say you can do a lot worse than that."

Wilf made no reply. And Father Urban believed he knew why. He believed that Wilf wanted out of the crusade but had seen no honorable way out until Father Urban spoke to the Lions. Wilf, he thought, now realized that by accepting Father Urban's view (the essence of which was charity, rather than holier-than-thou singularity) he would not be going back on his cause but going beyond it, and so, in a larger sense, on with it. Wilf, whether he liked it or not, had had a lesson from Father Urban in what the Episcopalians called churchmanship.

"Take your time," Father Urban said to Jack, who was meditating his next move, and stood up to stretch. He looked at the tree and then went over to it and squatted down. There was something wrong. The inside of the stable was rather dim, because Father Urban had chosen to illuminate it with a dim blue bulb, but he could see that the bambino wasn't in its place. It hadn't fallen out of bed from the vibration of the turntable. It wasn't lying on the floor of the stable. The bambino was gone.

Hearing the paper crackle in Wilf's hands, Father Urban turned around—just too late, he thought, to catch Wilf observing him. Father Urban stood up. "I don't think that's funny," he said. Jack looked up from the checkers. Brother Harold, at the dining-room table, glanced up from his work. "The bambino isn't in the crib," Father Urban explained.

Jack came over to the tree and got down on all fours. He started to put his hand inside the crib.

"Look out!" Father Urban said—barely in time, for Jack had his hand in the way of the moving animals and shepherds. "You can see he's not there. You don't have to go poking around. He's just not *there*—and I want to know why."

Brother Harold bent to his work. Wilf rattled his paper, taking a fresh grip on it, and settled deeper in his chair. He sent a message over the wall to them: "*He's not born yet!*"

Father Urban had anticipated this answer, and was not amused. Nor, apparently, was Jack. Stiff in his joints, he was slowly rising from the floor, rearing up the last few inches to more than his full height, then settling down to it. He made his way back to his chair and checkers. He looked worried, as well he might; Jack hated trouble.

Father Urban stood his ground, by the tree. "All right, Father," he said. "You've made your point." His tone was threatening—the undisguised, true voice of his feelings.

Wilf was silent and invisible. Father Urban wavered. Should he make a stand? "It's my crib," he could say. Or should he go off to bed? He glanced at Jack, who was staring down at the checkers. Why didn't Jack say something? Jack was chicken. Father Urban glanced over at Brother Harold. He felt that Brother Harold was against him.

He went to his chair and sat down. He now knew what he had to do—*nothing*. It wasn't necessary to make a stand or to go off in a huff. He had Wilf where he wanted him. As long as the situation remained unchanged, each passing moment would redound to Father Urban's credit and to Wilf's shame. It was Wilf's move.

But it was Father Urban's move in the other game—the one he was playing with Jack—and he made it: a bad one. Jack, of course, showed him no mercy. Father Urban sniffed. He wondered if Jack's whole personality might not have been different—aggressive—if checkers had not become his only accomplishment. Jack certainly got back at the world in checkers.

Something was coming over the wall: "Hospital nun I once knew in Omaha, she used to take all the baby Jesuses out of the cribs. You know—every floor had its tree and crib. She put them all back on Christmas morning."

Not good enough, Wilf, thought Father Urban, holding to his strategy of silence. He had Jack guessing, too. Jack still expected him to fly off the handle. Jack's right leg had stopped vibrating.

More was coming over the wall: "It focussed people's attention on the real significance of Christmas. The idea of *waiting*, if you know what I mean."

Jack dutifully faced the wall while Wilf spoke, but he didn't comment. Father Urban's eyes were on the checkers.

"It's still Advent," Wilf murmured, turning a page.

Father Urban sensed that Wilf, turning the page, had stolen a look at him. Jack cleared his throat and, in a tone even more timid than was customary with him, said, "I see what you mean, Father, and I grant there's a lot in what you say. But I've been wondering if the shepherds themselves should be present yet. Or even Mary and Joseph. In the attitudes we see them in, I mean. And the Three Kings. The animals—yes, they would be there, of course. Not running around in circles, though, as they are in this particular crib."

"He's right!" Wilf cried.

He had thrown down the paper and was on his feet; he was confessing the error as his, but not *all* his. He offered no apology to Father Urban, and thereby indicted him—made it appear that, on the authority of Jack's sound doctrine, they had both been wrong, and that he, at least, was ready to admit it. That was the impression Wilf was giving, and it infuriated Father Urban. He had come a long, long way. He who had preached to the world, and, you might say, won, now contended with fools in the wilderness, and lost. What star had led him to this?

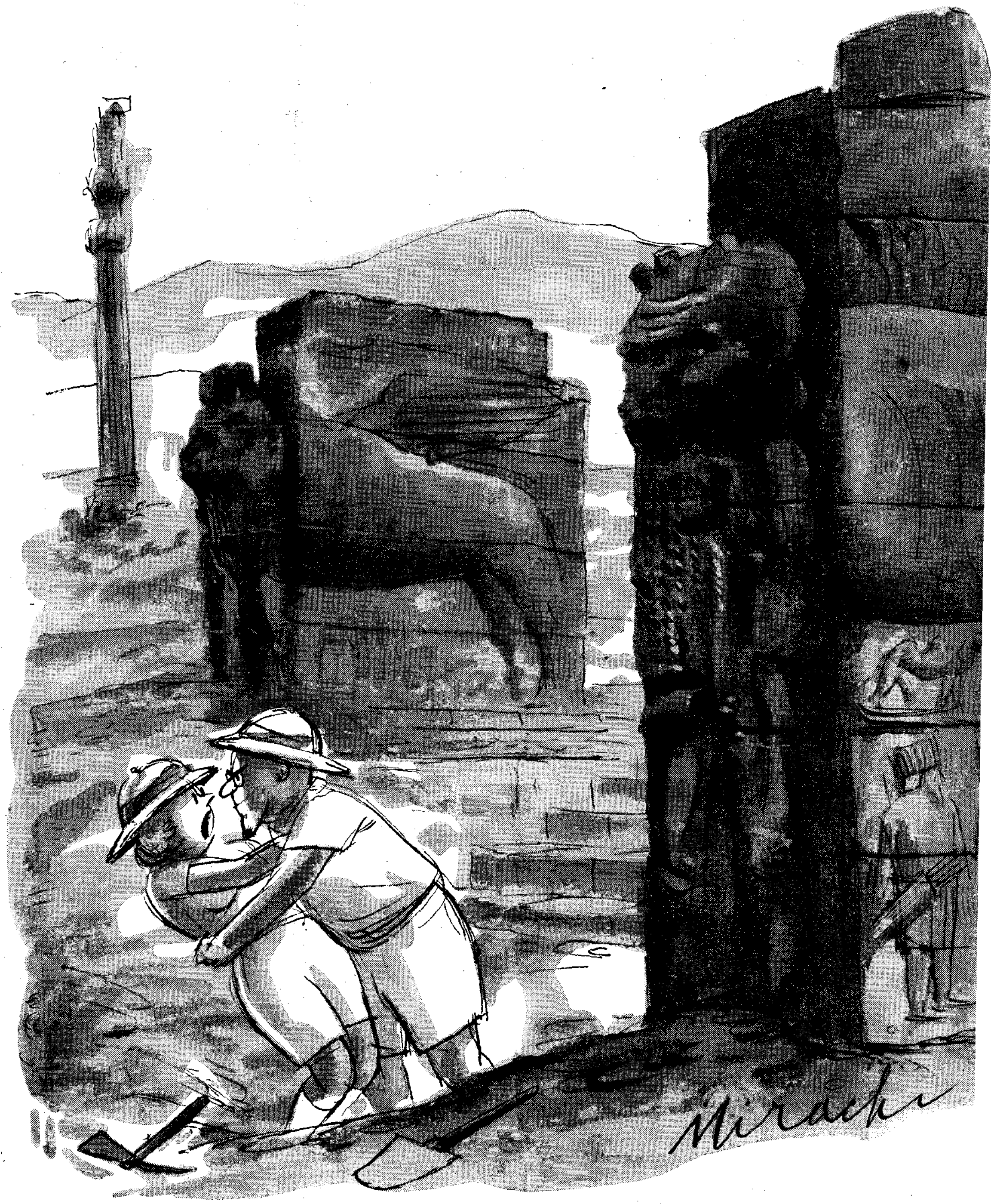
He watched Wilf go over to the crib, not sure what the man would do next but determined to stop him if he laid a finger on the other figures. When this happened, Father Urban would make the stand he should have made earlier. Wilf, however, was taking the bambino out of his pocket. He disconnected the crib, knelt, and extended his hand to put the bambino back in the simulated straw.

This was the moment, the move, that Father Urban had been waiting for. "*Thanks*" was all he'd say. "*Thanks*" said as Father Urban could say it would be enough to show that he considered that Wilf had bowed to him. Doubtless Jack expected Father Urban to do something of the sort.

But then Father Urban didn't take the opportunity, after all. He let it pass. He decided that if Wilf would just leave it at that, so would he. He would have taken great pleasure in asserting himself, in demanding and getting simple justice, but he was gaining more this way. And wasn't that what it all came down to? Christmas meant peace—not to men but to men of good will. It was hard, though—very hard—to see someone like Wilf having it both ways, and at Father Urban's expense.

WILF, having restored the bambino to the straw, plugged in the circuit that lit the blue bulb and started up the animals and shepherds, and then he went back to his chair. He picked up the paper, and, boldly meeting Father Urban's gaze, he said, "Just shows how wrong we can be sometimes."

We! This was too much for Father Urban's good will. There were worse things than war. He glared at Jack—



"Please, Professor Jenkins! Forty centuries are looking down upon us."

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EAU DE COLOGNE POİVRÉE DOUCE A LA PEAU
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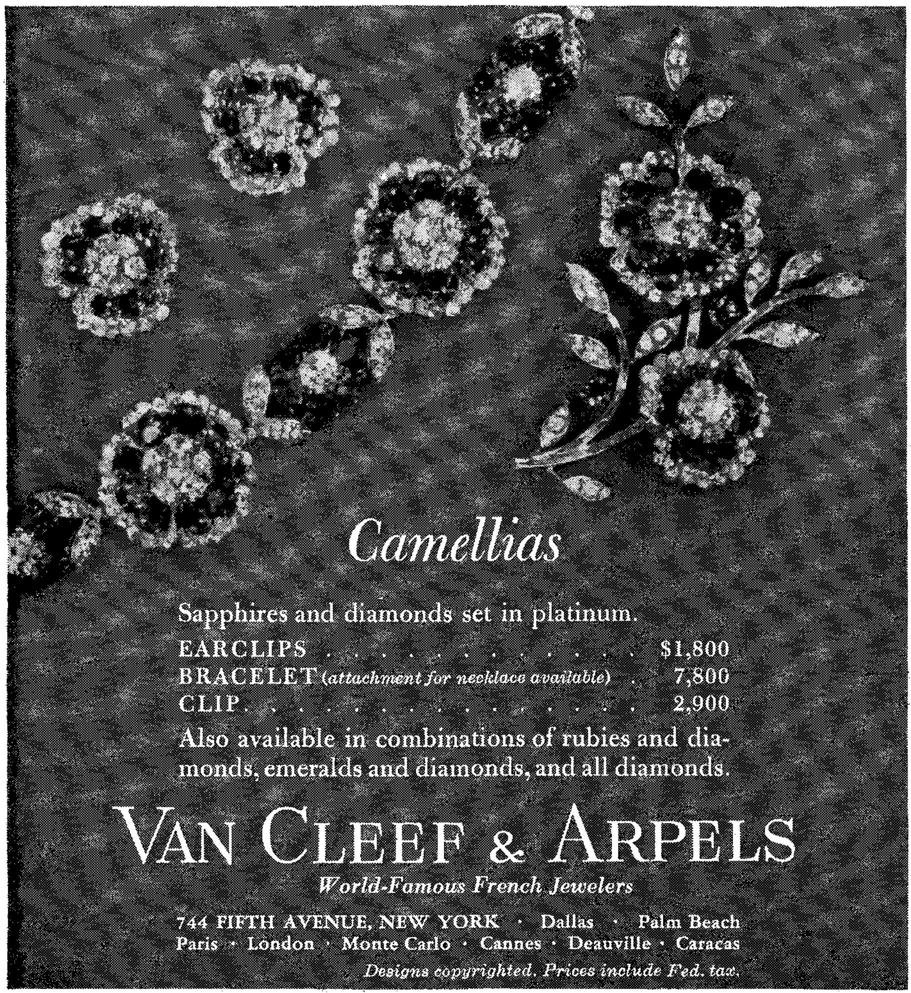

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the peacemaker, who looked at him now—staring Jack down, his eyes following Jack's back to the checkerboard. There he saw a surprising opportunity, and he decided to deal with Jack first. With his only king, Father Urban jumped this way and that, taking a dreadful toll. He had won the game.

"Why didn't I see that!" From the way Jack said it, Father Urban knew that Jack had seen it all, had offered himself and his checkers for sacrifice. Thereupon the desire to deal with Wilf died in Father Urban.

Father Urban, and perhaps Wilf, too, sensed the rare peace now reigning among them, but Jack rejoiced in it visibly. Still, a moment later, it was Jack who broke the spell. "You know, Urban, I don't feel right about those animals," he said—not, Father Urban knew, to be critical but just to be saying something. For a moment, they had all been lifted up, and this was Jack's way of letting them down lightly to earth. "I've always understood that what heat there was at Bethlehem came from the animals. By rights, they should be closer to the Holy Family. Of course, I realize that's impossible in this particular case."

Father Urban looked over at the tree, at the hamper of food and liquor. "Let's open one of Billy's bottles," he said. —J. F. POWERS

•

HORTA—The new volcanic isle off Capelinhos disappeared into the sea after a short-lived existence above water. Governor Freitas Pimental has advised refugees to return to their homes.—*Rome (Italy) Daily American.*

An Aqua-Lung and a cheerful spirit will do it.

•

Suppose your child, 3, dislikes peas. Don't put a spoonful of peas on his plate or try to push a big portion of them into him. Put two or three peas on his plate, with nothing else. Don't tell him he must eat them. Just say he can't have any other food unless he does.—*El Paso (Texas) Times.*

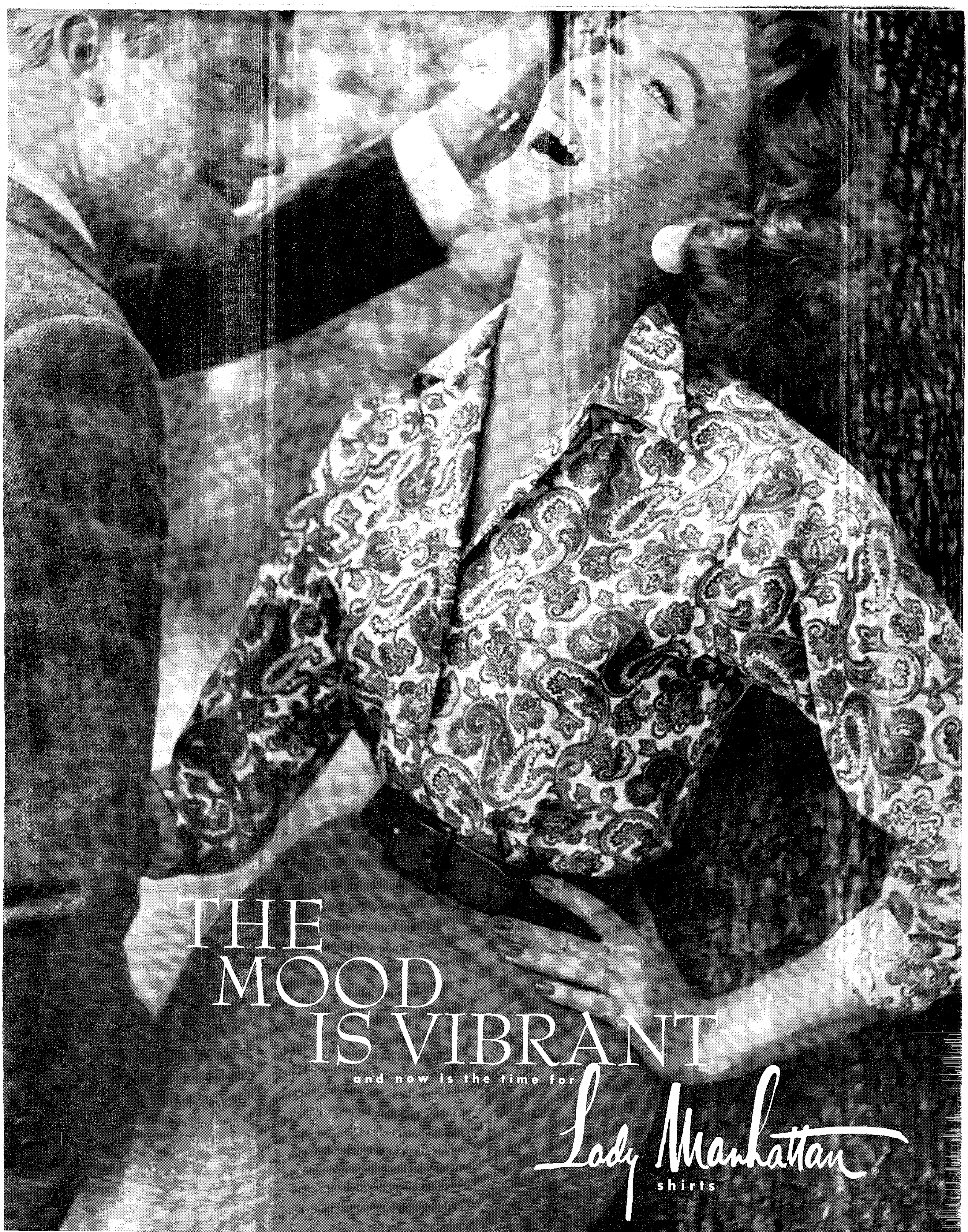
Suppose he's impervious to shades of meaning. What then?

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

Q: A player pulled his drive into the rough and hit an orange tree. The force of the ball was responsible for the latter entering an orange, which dropped to the ground and rolled along with the ball inside. What is the ruling?—*United States Golf Association Journal & Turf Management.*

Pick the ball out of the orange, put your clubs away, and come back North.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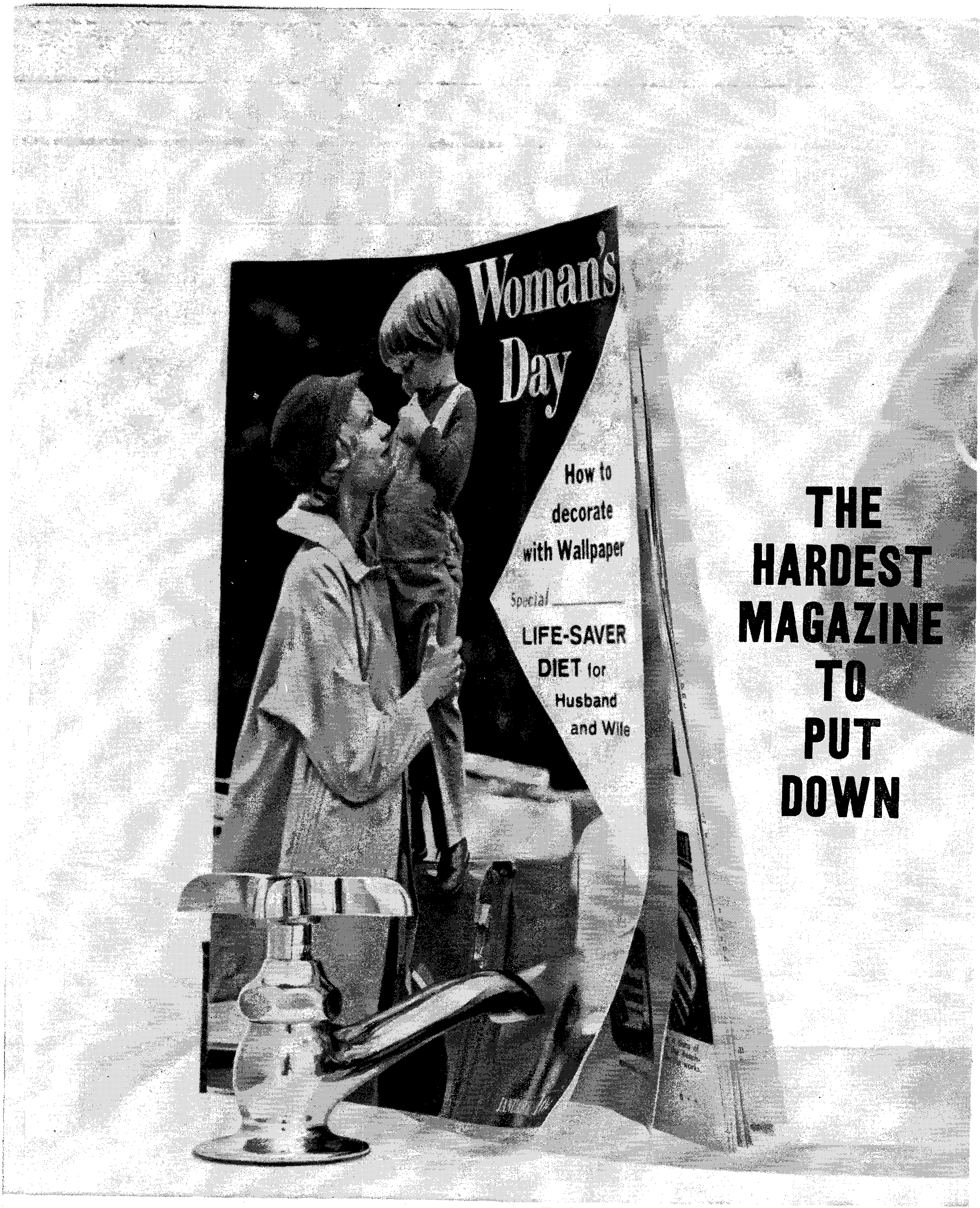
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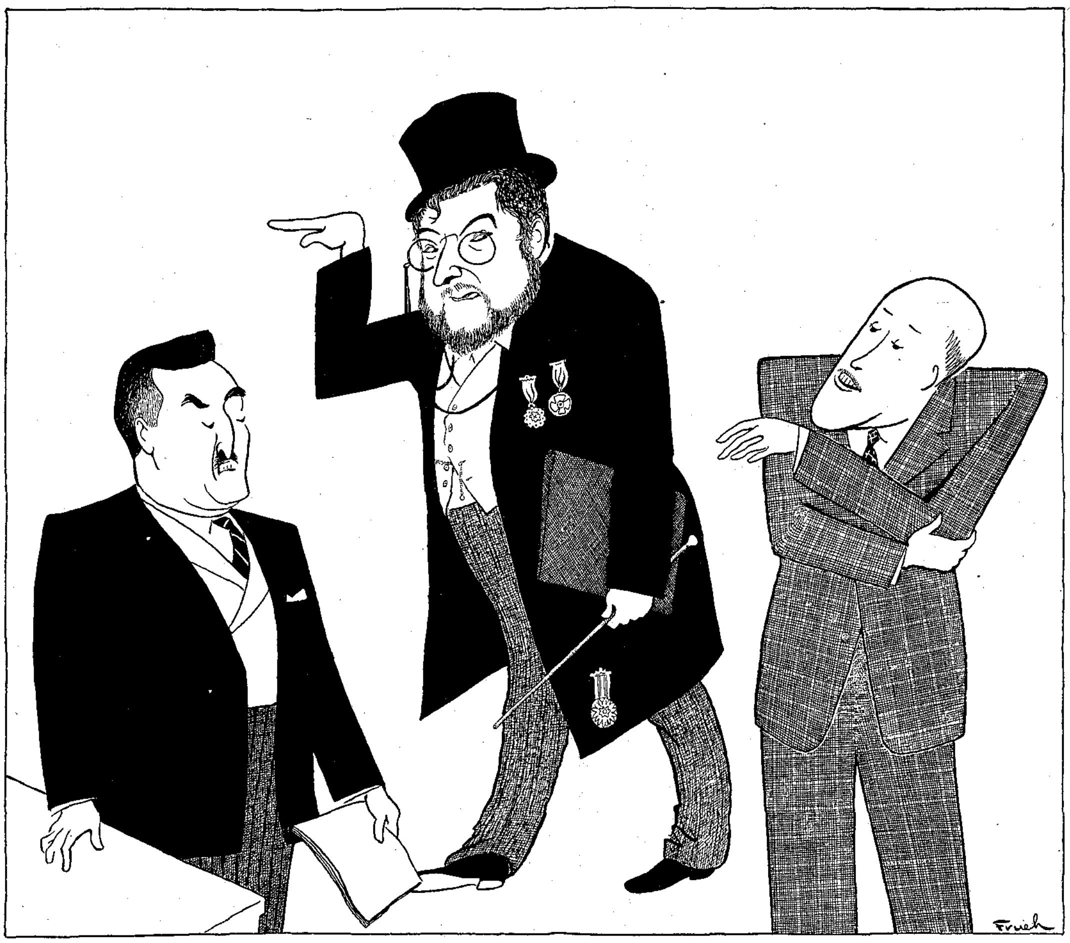
THE THEATRE

RESEARCH AND REWRITE

THERE are several odd things about Sol Stein's composition called "A Shadow of My Enemy," which was acted, or declaimed, last week on the stage of the ANTA Theatre. One is that the characters in it are given fictitious names, though the profusion of specific references to Woodstock typewriters, film-bearing pumpkins, and senior editorships of *Time* leaves no conceivable doubt as to their real identities. Another is that the entertainment has the general form of a courtroom melodrama but, inscrutably, one in which the accused misses no opportunity to inform the audience, coldly and explicitly, of his guilt. A third is contained in a program note, in which the author remarks, "The mystery confronting us . . . is why the kind, decent, generous, educated people who so readily understood the meaning and danger of Fascism and Nazi barbarism are not able to react with the same perception and feeling where Communism is involved"—an observation, I should say, of almost spectacular naïveté. And a fourth oddity is that a substantially unedited transcript of the evidence in the Hiss-Chambers hearings should be regarded by anyone as likely to rivet the attention of audiences who can hardly have avoided being familiar with every word of it.

I have the greatest respect for Mr. Stein's sincerity as a propagandist, along with considerable admiration for his industry as a researcher, but I have only the faintest idea of what he imagines he is up to as a playwright. It can be objected, I suppose, that the two recent offerings called "Inherit the Wind" and "Compulsion" were similarly fictionalized treatments of celebrated trials, and that, whatever their merits, they were not without dramatic interest, but I doubt if there is much in this point. In the first place, both Scopes and Leopold and Loeb were in the news so long ago that at the time the plays were written they survived in the public consciousness as little more than names; and, in the second, which is far more important, both plays were frank and free dramatizations of their material. The authors, that is, created incidents from the barest hints, gave characters a picturesqueness that it seems unlikely they had in life, and even altered the recorded testimony to suit their theatrical purposes. While this process may do a certain amount of violence to history, it strikes me as a more rational technique for the stage than that employed by Mr. Stein, which, in the main, consists of supplying actors with newspaper clippings and causing them to recite from them at the top of their lungs.

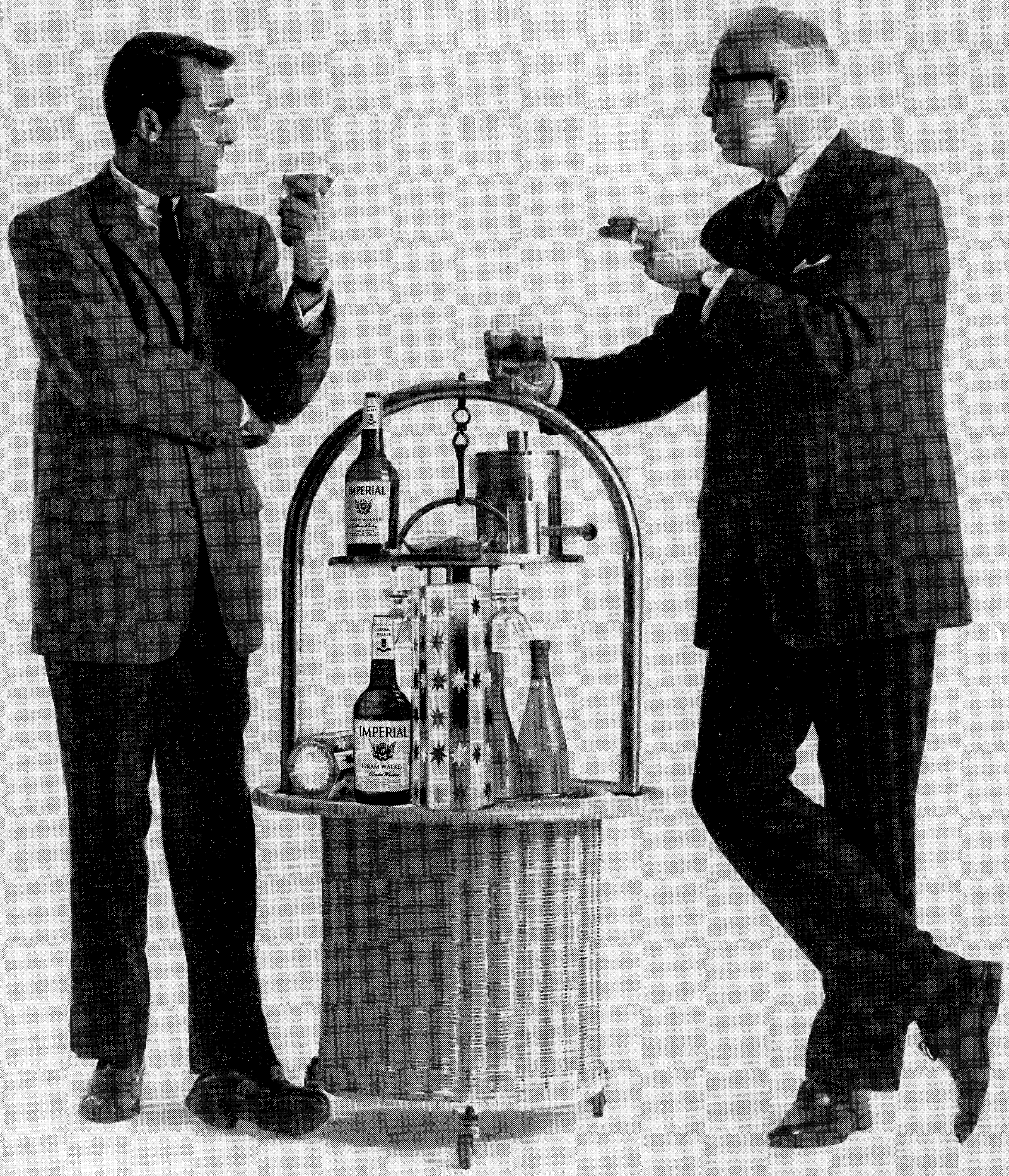
I write "in the main" because there are some sequences, having to do with what is going on in people's heads or else with presumably private recriminations between the two principals, that the author must necessarily have furnished from his own imagination. While these are a good deal gaudier than the stuff from the files, I'm afraid they are just as hard on the ear, if not more so. Reacting, perhaps, against the rigid stylistic discipline of the State Department and Time, Inc., the men disguised as Hiss and Chambers converse in a rich, lofty, and sensationally peculiar manner. Sometimes they are at least comprehensible ("To strike a shadow of my enemy I must strike a man"), but often they dissolve helplessly into gibberish ("This land where hope, like a head held high, was nightly smashed by gunshot"). On the whole, it might have been better to stick to the clips.



"ROMANOFF AND JULIET"

The magnificent, if rather oddly contorted, figure in the middle of this picture is Peter Ustinov, who is the author and star of the comedy at the Plymouth. The gentlemen on his right and left are Henry Lascoe and Fred Clark, respectively, and they are diplomats, as anyone can see.

In spite of the similar-



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ity of our occupations (I won't go into the comparative grandeur of a senior editor and a drama critic), I have never met Mr. Chambers, but I'm sure that even his worst enemies would be somewhat shattered by Ed Begley's portrayal of him. Notwithstanding the belated patriotic anxieties imputed to him, he is presented as a contemptible ruin of a man, resembling a grotesque hillbilly politician rather more than a successful journalist, however damaged. Mr. Begley's performance is impressive, but whether it conspicuously advances the purpose of Mr. Stein's play is another matter. As Hiss, Gene Raymond gives a chilly, correct rendition quite suitable to his villainous assignment, and there are thoughtful, if not outstanding, contributions by William Harrigan, Leon Janney, Mason Adams, Howard Wierum, William Zuckert, and John McGovern, as assorted outlying personalities. I have no opinion one way or the other about Daniel Petrie's direction, but Donald Oenslager's set, astoundingly capable of opening like a gigantic clamshell to disclose a whole courtroom, is a miracle of ingenuity.

"THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS," an adaptation of Aldous Huxley's novel of the same name by several small hot hands, including Mr. Huxley's, is a play about an elderly, absent-minded physicist, his pretty thirty-six-year-old wife, and a youthful scientist, whom she takes to her bed one night in a moment of stress but whom she subsequently informs that her heart and her duty still lie with her exasperating but gifted husband. A kindly observer might be prepared to say that this work, though bearing only a very slight resemblance to its source, is still a reasonably civilized and animated discussion of morality in the upper intellectual brackets, vaguely suggesting "Candida" in its portrayal of a wise, compassionate woman confronted with a difficult choice. Unfortunately, amiability is no part of my repulsive trade, and I can only report that the piece at the Henry Miller strikes me as a desperate attempt to give popular form to a book whose chief merit was the occasional intelligent perversity of its thought. This task is roughly equivalent to editing the Marquis de Sade for television, and the result is almost equally dismaying. Where Mr. Huxley wrote originally about a man of genuine mental stature who also happened to be a rather dirty adolescent sexually, we have little left now but an eccentric professor from a comic strip, whose habit of collecting obscene books is somehow regarded as another expression of his general lovableness. Where his mate was a passable reincarnation of Aphrodite, divinely amoral, she is now, as I have noted, just a sort of less vegetarian rendering of Candida, and where her admirer was, as I recall him, a young man of some personal and literary style, he is now no more than a craggy personification of youth and virility, useful only for purposes of contrast. Once or twice in the course of the evening, things rise somewhat above the glum level of soap opera. I was entertained, for instance, when the professor covered a blackboard with recondite symbols in an attempt to help his son with a problem in arithmetic, only to have his wife beat him to the answer, mainly by counting on her fingers, and, again, it was agreeable to watch how quickly and competently he could work up an attack of asthma whenever he felt that he was being neglected socially. Most of the time, however, the three principal characters simply talk, and though their range is wide (their only real resemblance to their counterparts in the book is that they are all heavily stuffed with information), the thoughts they offer are seldom very stimulating, and the phrasing they employ is never distinguished. From an interview with Mr. Huxley published somewhere recently, I got a strong impression that playwriting appealed to *him* as the most foolish and primitive of all the arts, if, indeed, a cultivated man could regard it as an art at all. It is an interesting theory, but I wish he wouldn't practice it on me.

The players in "The Genius and the Goddess" are given little chance to display their accomplishments. Nancy Kelly, whose habit of allowing her voice to rise and break and disappear has enchanted me so often in the past, performs this pretty trick and a lot of equally fascinating ones with the greatest possible generosity, and Alan Webb, asked to produce a queer, frail, wispy charm, practically coughs his head off in quest of this effect, but neither can quite conceal a bleak despair. The others—Michael Tolan, as the young scientist; Olga Fabian, as a comic maid (German); and Nina Reader and Billy Quinn, as a pair of rather attractive children—work earnestly, too, but the odds against them are prohibitive. Richard Whorf was in charge of the direction, and also designed the set, which represents a St. Louis living room in 1921. The latter is first-rate.

I learn now, after conscientiously typing out all the above, that both plays closed last Saturday.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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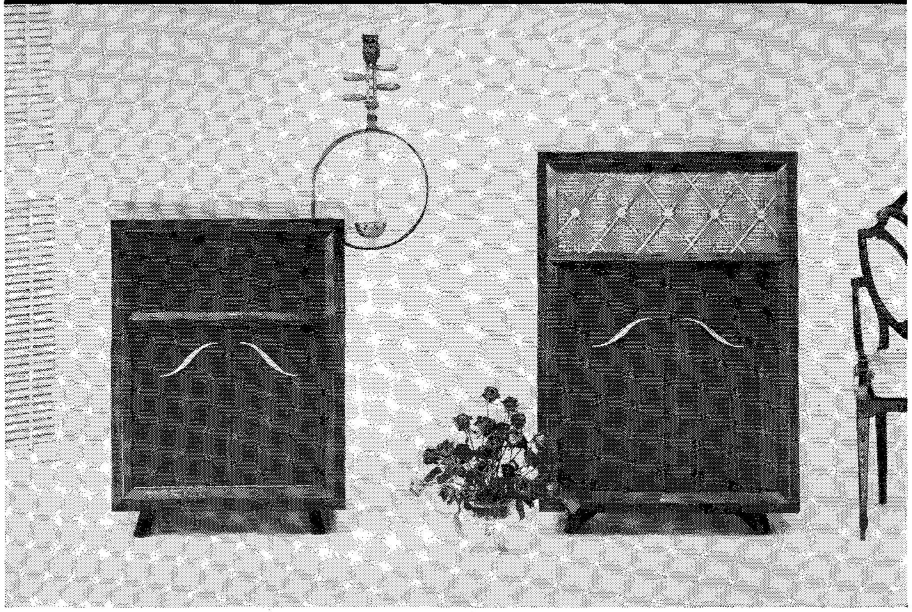

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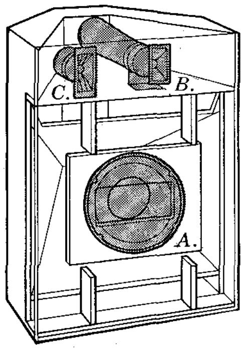

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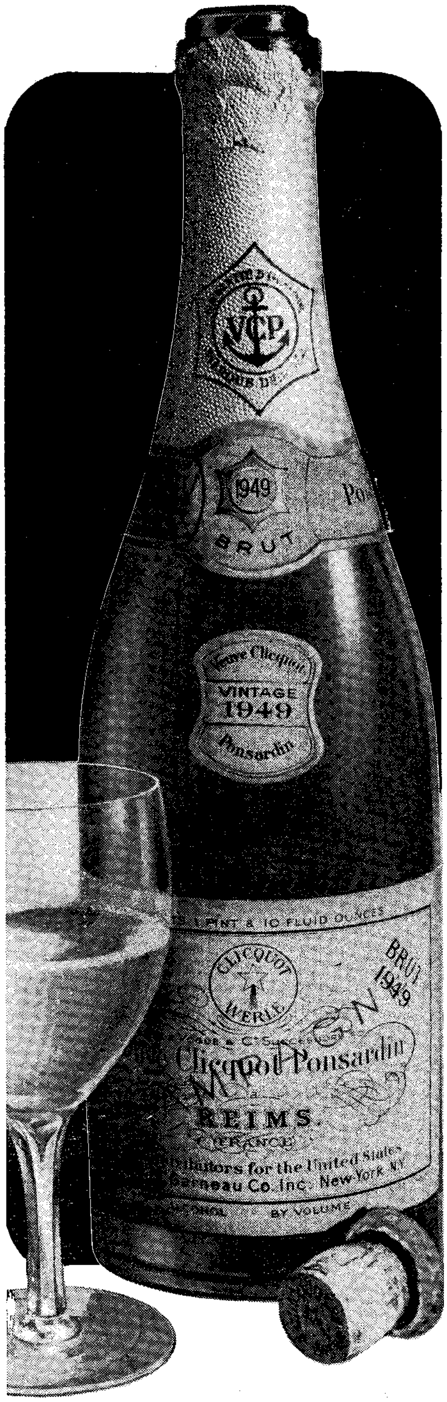

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TABLES FOR TWO

The Younger Set

WHILE night-crawling during the past few weeks, I have run across some pretty entertaining young comedians, and I wonder where they learned their trade so well. After all, my ears still seem to be ringing with the lamentations of some of our established comedians about the decay of burlesque (which a good many of them fled as soon as better opportunities came along), and their dark predictions that, in consequence, there would be nobody growing up to succeed them. Oh, well, quite a few other propositions that sounded unassailable when I first heard them have later on been shot full of holes, and, as agreeable evidence against this one, let me offer, first, the comedy team of Mike Nichols and Elaine May. I had never set eyes on, or even heard of, this pair until, taking shelter from the damp one recent night, I wandered into the Blue Angel and caught their act. I enjoyed it so much that I've been back a couple of times since. Mr. Nichols, a fair youth with an alert and friendly mien, and Miss May, a brunette with lustrous eyes and an abject air that would fool nobody, carry on little dialogues, any of which would fit nicely into a revue, and do so with something of the same delightful interplay characteristic of that splendid vaudeville team the Lunts; the bantering tones, the repeated phrases, the artful covering of each other's lines—all these devices are present, and well mastered. Among other things, Mr. Nichols and Miss May have a wonderfully diverting bit about two awkward adolescents in a parked automobile, and they conclude each of their appearances with an amusing and technically interesting invention wherein Mr. Nichols, as spokesman for the pair, calls upon members of the audience to supply the first and last lines of a sketch and dictate the theatrical style in which it is to be presented. I suspect, though this may be uncharitable, that they have situations prepared for these invited little emergencies, but I still couldn't help being impressed by the ease with which they slipped into and out of them. On one of my visits, they took off Euripides (with no props at all), and I'm sure that the Greek theatre was never more fun.

AT One Fifth Avenue, we have Igor (Paul Mazursky) and H (Herb Hartig), another youthful comedy team whose skills are too recently acquired to have been developed in burlesque and too smooth to have been worked out in somebody's parlor. Mr. Mazursky, a slight and bony-featured man who affects a ghoulish makeup, and Mr. Hartig, a reassuringly ordinary-looking fellow, have worked around town before, but not often enough or long enough to have attracted much attention. Probably for this reason, they haven't bothered to change their act greatly. Nevertheless, I found it entertaining all over again to sit through their account of a timid apartment hunter (Mr. Mazursky) being bulldozed by a loutish janitor (Mr. Hartig), and through their rapid delivery of standard approaches made by different kinds of men to a girl.

THE antic Kaye Ballard, who also skipped the burlesque kindergarten, though it might be hard to prove, is back at the cellar known as the Bon Soir, which can apparently withstand any kind of assault. A comedienne who is capable of addressing her audience in both booming and deceptively gentle tones, she dashes recklessly about the small stage in the course of her wild exhibition. At one point, she stretches out flat on her back on top of back-to-back baby grands for a moment of relaxation, only to keep up a stream of insane chatter from there. The night I dropped in, she had a fine new Christmas carol, addressed by a rich matron in her cups to Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, and wound up her recital with that devastating piece about an overly narcissistic movie star. She has been doing it for years, but it's still one of the best things in her repertoire.

Along with Miss Ballard and the other entertainers at the Bon Soir is a singer of unusual attainments—Morgana King, a large and cheerful-looking young brunette with a small, sweet lyric soprano of wide range. She has learned to adapt it to a swinging jazz background (supplied here by the Three Flames—piano, bass, and guitar), and is able to work in and around the melody of the song at hand with astonishing flexibility and an innate musicality. Her style falls somewhere in between that of modern jazz singers, most of whom she

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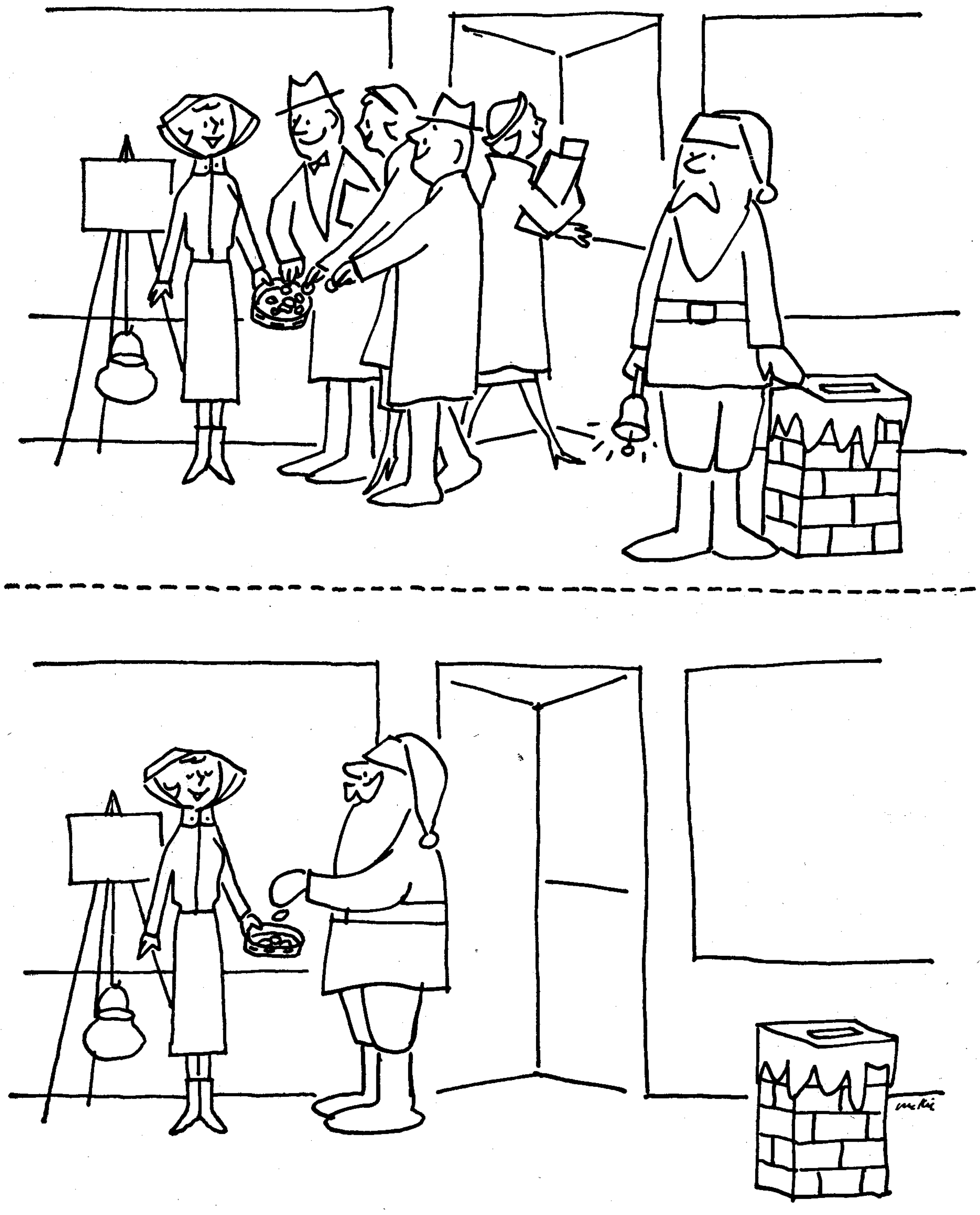

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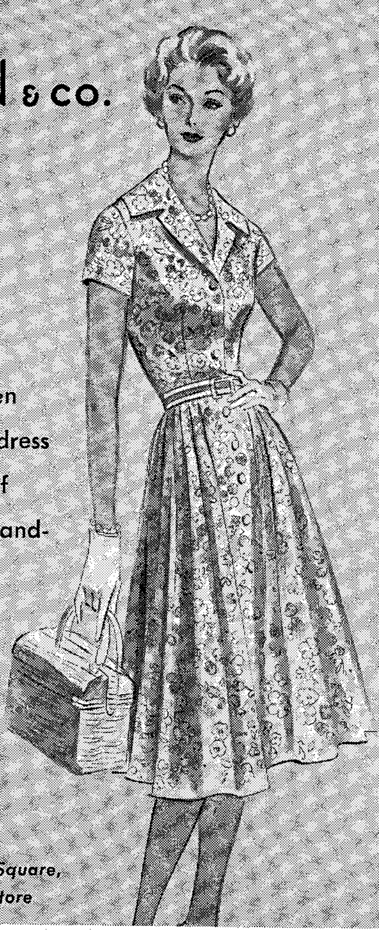

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can outdo in melodic and rhythmic invention, and popular singers, few of whom have such pretty voices. The set I heard her offer was devoted almost exclusively to show tunes; about the only exception was a pretentious movie theme, "An Affair to Remember," which she actually made rewarding to listen to, if only as an exercise for her voice. My one reservation about her singing is her repeated use, as musical punctuation marks, of harsh chest tones in the lower register. I suppose they constitute her imprimatur as a jazz singer, but they are hardly necessary, and the contrast with her natural tones is too startling for comfort.

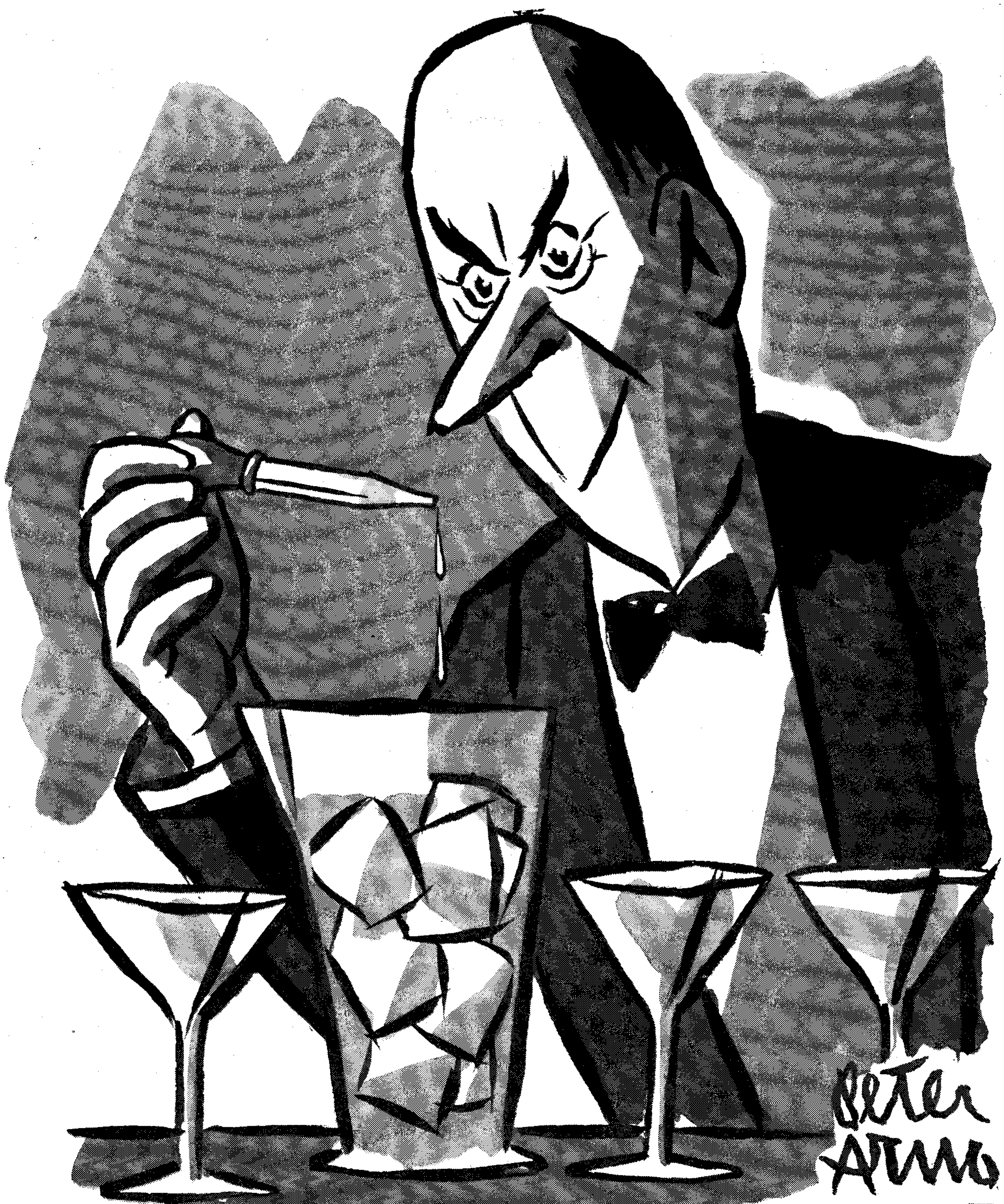
SPEAKING of jazz, the handsome little Cherry Lane Restaurant, next door to the Cherry Lane Theatre, in the elbow of Commerce Street, has lately become a jazz room. The Dick Hyman trio (piano, guitar, and bass), which is a deft combination with a lot of striking comments to make on "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," "The Song Is You," "I Cover the Waterfront," and other bonbons, plays on and off throughout the latter part of the evening, being spelled by Clyde Burke, a better-than-average pop singer, who accompanies himself on the piano. . . . Another singing pianist, Hugh Shannon, whom you probably have run into at one club or another during the past decade, has settled down at the Left Bank with his easygoing, mush-mouth vocal style and his large collection of old songs from shows and from Tin Pan Alley. . . . Alma Cogan, an English songstress, is at the Persian Room of the Plaza. A buxom young brunette with an engaging personality, Miss Cogan is primarily a jazz singer, and a good one, and although she gets off some pieces—"Autumn Leaves" among them—nicely enough without a steady beat, she is at her best while snapping her fingers and swinging a tune. Her versions of "Comes Love," "Night and Day," and that very old Cole Porter ditty "The Physician," all delivered with a steady beat and effective jazz phrasing, are first-rate. —D. W.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Osgood Caruthers in the Times*]

Crisis, complications and a whole series of vicious cycles are the fare upon which he and his revolutionary regime thrive. Unfortunately for him and for the whole Arab world it is upon these same elements that the tentacles of the Soviet Union are feeding, blossoming and bearing fruit in the Middle East.



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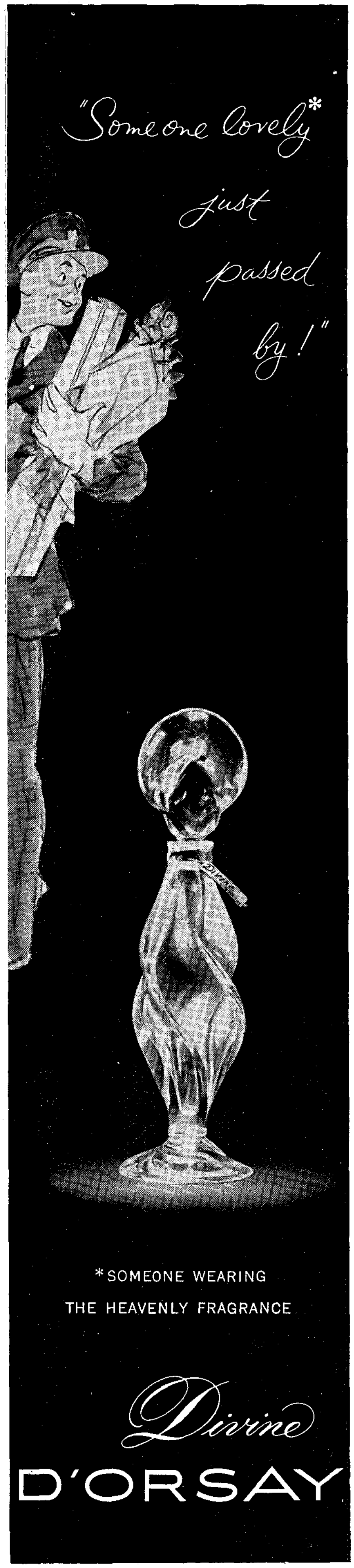

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THE ART GALLERIES

Fission

IN the nervous world of the art galleries, nothing is ever stationary for long, and now, as the trend of the uptown places is northward, from Fifty-seventh Street to the Seventies and even farther, another center is developing in the opposite direction, away down around St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie. These are smaller, younger places—the oldest, the Tanager, at 90 East Tenth Street, opened in the spring of 1952; the Camino, next door to it, and the James, at 70 East Twelfth Street, came later; the March, at 95 East Tenth, is so named because it opened in March of this year; and the Fleischman, a few blocks over, at 227, and the Brata, at 89, are also newcomers. Most are run as coöperatives by the exhibiting artists themselves, and they are located there primarily because the rents are low, and because a number of the artists have moved there for the same reason. Most, too, are up a flight or two, or down in a basement.

But though the region is somewhat dingy, the galleries are all neatly whitewashed, well lighted, and generally spick-and-span. To be sure, you have to allow for a certain easygoingness. Wives often take turns tending the gallery while the husbands paint, and in one, the girl in charge had her son along, a boy of four or five, who was in *his* turn tending a doll baby at the base of one of the sculptures. "Sh-h-h, she's sleeping," he warned me as I tiptoed by. In another, a young man in Levis, a short raincoat, and a beard poked his head in, glanced around, and was starting out when the girl who was tending the gallery asked if he was looking for someone. Yes, a friend, he said, and—since everyone seems to know everyone else down there—she asked who it was. "Oh, no one in particular," he said. "I was just looking for a friend I could borrow a few dollars from."

Still, it's odd that so many galleries should have opened so close to each other, in both time and space. For a block or two, East Tenth Street is beginning to look remarkably like the Rue de Seine, in Paris, a few decades ago, when it was becoming a homemade proving ground for youngsters who couldn't yet make the Right Bank and the Rue La Boëtie—and now, to dramatize the situation, all six of the galleries have just opened a joint group show, or round robin. I can think of few better ways to see what the youngest of the younger artists are up to.

Since this amounts to six group shows, and good-sized ones at that, I shan't try to particularize much. (The list runs to nearly four hundred exhibitors, and you get the feeling that no one was slighted.) The one at the Tanager, as befits its age, is the most conservative, the affair at the March the most wildly experimental, and those at the James and the Fleischman the best in general level of production. All, inevitably, are a bit ragged in quality. I must say, though, that pretty much all the work is honest, and there is little of the deliberately startling stuff that occasionally figures in youthful avant-garde showings. Perhaps the "wildest" pieces are in a group of sculptures at the March—among them a sheet-metal clarinettist with a moonface; a relief in painted wood with nailed-on, David Burliuk-like figures; and a construction based on a toy washboard. But the collection also includes some quite nice paintings, notably a quick, scribbly "Composition" by Lester Johnson, and another with the same title, rather Mattaesque in style, by Matsumi Kanemitsu.

The Brata has an exchange arrangement with the East-West Gallery in San Francisco, and plans to exhibit works by the younger West Coast artists, including a number of nisei. I saw none, though, in the present collection, which is a good one. I liked especially Earl Kerkam's blue, abstract "Head" and Jacob Arnold Rabinowitz's "October '57," done somewhat in the Tachiste style, in thick impasto. Mostly, however, I was interested in the tendencies and influences that were apparent, and these were more diverse than might be expected. Abstract Expressionism predominates, of course, and Hans Hofmann and Willem de Kooning are the most important individual influences. (Both figure as guest artists in one or another of the shows, and so do a number of established "uptowners," such as Rhys Caparn, Philip Guston, and George Constant.) Josef Albers seems to carry a good deal of weight, too, as evidenced by Malcolm Anderson's gray-and-black "Town House," at the Camino, for instance; other work, including Chaim Fleischman's "Painting," at the Fleischman, indicates that the school of geometric abstraction is not dead yet, either. Bud Jacobs' "Forest Stream," also at the Fleischman, is closer to the representational, and all in all a healthy amount of variety is at hand.

THERE'S plenty going on in the uptown galleries, too, but I'll focus on the exhibition called "Piet Mondrian, The Earlier Years," at the Guggenheim Museum. The range is from a small, conventional drawing, "Seated Girl," of 1904, and a flamingly Expressionist blue-and-red oil, "Tree in Landscape," done a year later, to a couple ("Red Corner" and "Composition") painted in the late nineteen-thirties, to define his late style—and, for lagniappe, the big, animated "Broadway Boogie-Woogie," the last painting he completed before his death in 1944. Mondrian's later work is well known here, but his earlier period is not, and I found the collection extremely interesting, particularly for the way it illustrates the slow, thoughtful process by which he evolved his mature style.

The tree motif appears in at least a half-dozen canvases in the years that followed this period, and the subject is treated more and more abstractly, till at last, in the "Composition No. 3, Trees," it is reduced to a maze of twiglike lines set against a dim yellowish background. For a while, too, Mondrian worked on a series of "Façades," based on the simple patterns of brick and stone walls, and leading up to his "Checkerboard" paintings, of which there are two in the show, while at the same time he was preoccupied with his wave-and-pier studies—which, abstracted, led to such pieces as "Composition 7" and the even more simplified "Composition with Lines (Plus-Minus)." As I see it, though, his main concern was with the fundamental problem of space. Unlike most artists, who regard space as merely the envelope, invisible and hence unimportant, surrounding the objects they concentrate on, Mondrian seems to have considered it an important element of the picture almost from the start. In his view, apparently, space was not simply the area that separated the images, it was the thing that held them together, establishing their balance and just relationships, and it was not till he'd evolved a geometry of his own, which first reduced space to one plane and then confined it even further, that he was able to move confidently into his final style. —ROBERT M. COATES

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THE OVEREXCITED EAST

[*Headline in the Tokyo Asahi News*]

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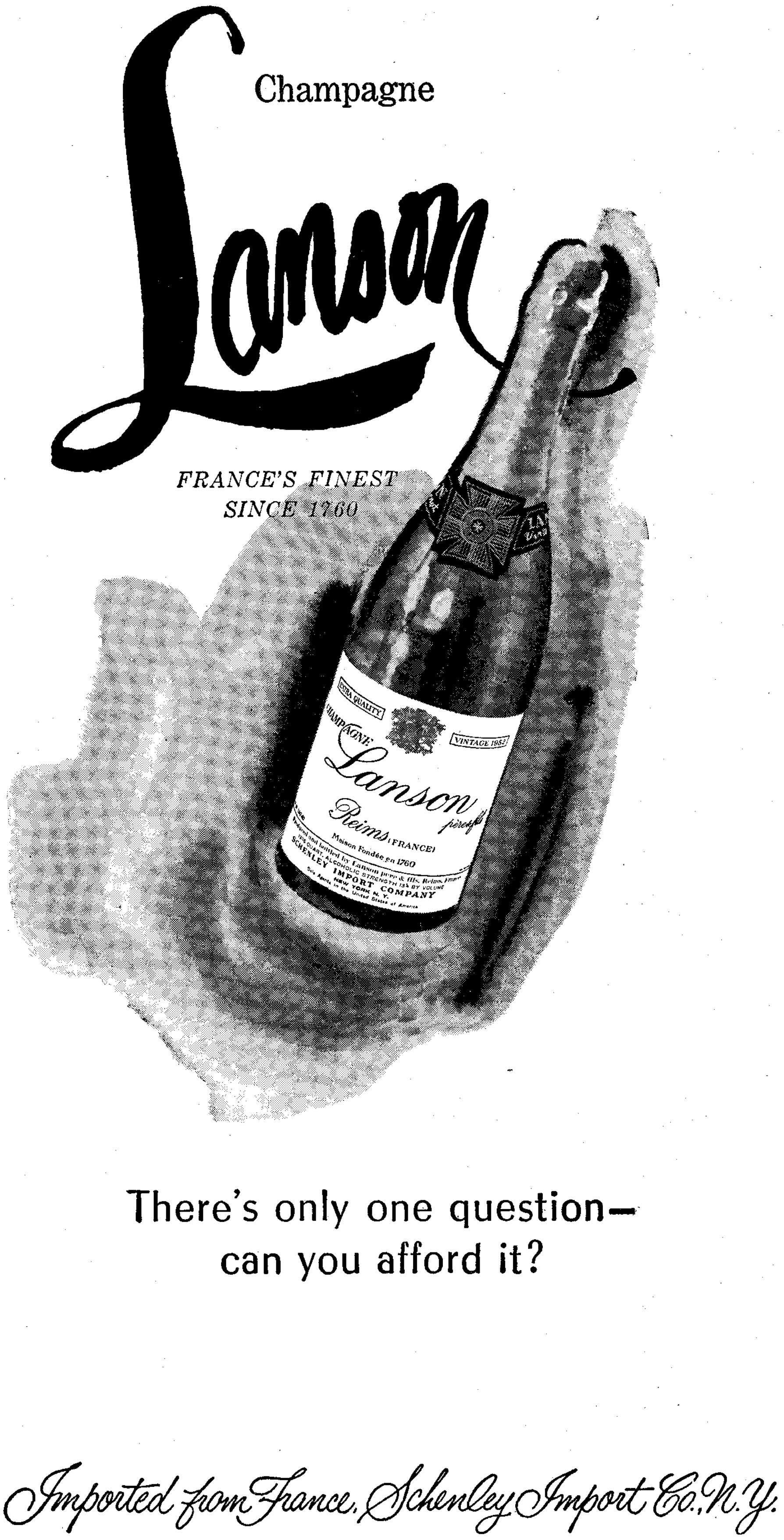

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PUERTO RICANS

IV—JOINING THE STREAM

NEW YORK is a house of many mansions, with much going on in them, and the Puerto Rican migrants are spread through it all unevenly. Few of them attend first nights on Broadway or deal on the Stock Exchange, but great numbers prepare the city's food, carry its messages, and play ball games in its parks. Great numbers of them, too, are well known to officialdom. Today, New York City has such a complex net of public services, woven to save its poor from the mishaps of our times, that it may well be the world's most thoroughgoing welfare state, and, simply by being here, the Puerto Ricans are beneficiaries of these services. They have the same rights as any other New Yorkers to the boons of the city world—public schooling, housing, doctoring, and so on—even if it is a world they did not make and may not understand.

That world has trouble understanding them, too, and trouble fitting them into its bureaucratic procedures. Even the names of Puerto Ricans can make for difficulties, since in Spanish the mother's maiden name is handed down to her children. Puerto Rico's Governor, for instance, is named Luis Muñoz Marín, "Muñoz" being his father's family name and "Marín" his mother's family name. "Marín" is attached but lightly to the rest. It isn't handed down to the next generation, and it isn't used alone; the Governor is not Señor Marín but Señor Muñoz. This custom of putting the mother's maiden name last has led to a good deal of confusion in New York City records, particularly right after the war; the migration was something new then, and mainlanders were not ready for this pitfall, so it sometimes happened that families were listed under different names with different agencies, or even the same agency. Nor is that all. The more rustic migrants are apt to change their names at will. "Our country people don't care much about names," a Puerto Rican recently told me. "On the island, a boy will move to another village, and people will start calling him something else, and he will become that. Or maybe a baby's parents will give it a name, but then stay home on the day it is christened, and in church the godparents may get what they feel is a better idea—the name of the saint whose day it is, perhaps. After that, the child has two names, and can change back and forth between them. He doesn't care. He knows he's the same person either way." He is not the same person either way, however, to the city's punch-card machines.

All in all, the task of mediating between the Puerto Ricans and government red tape is a colossal one. During the past few months, I have met scores of officials and social workers who deal with the Puerto Ricans here, and almost all of them, I have found, spend a good part of their time explaining administrative procedures to the migrants. The more illiterate ones, it seems, just do not get the point of official paperwork; they see no significance or use in it, and in the circumstances this is often understandable. "Some of the forms the migrants have to fill out in order to get help are ridiculous," a Puerto Rican social worker has told me. "They ask a man all kinds of crazy things. To list all the assets he owns—or has ever owned. To list everything he derives income from—or has ever derived it from. Those questions are meaningless if a man has never owned anything but a hut he built himself from old boards. He finds that if he starts trying to answer, he is asked more and more questions that he doesn't remember the answers to—if he ever knew them—so he learns to clam up and not tell the whole story. Of course, that's likely to hurt him badly—to ruin his chances of getting into a housing project, say." In other ways, too, the migrants' habits clash with the demands of red tape; many of their marriages, for example, are of the common-law variety, and they have an informal way of adopting children. In Puerto Rico, a waif can usually count on finding a home simply through kindness. "There are lots of orphans there, but practically no orphanages," a Puerto Rican has remarked to me. But New York frowns on such free-and-easy ways, and has many legal safeguards to protect children from adults; adoption here can be a delicate operation. The Puerto Ricans tend to think the safeguards are aimed chiefly at breaking up their happy homes, and this gives them one more reason for secretiveness.

For all their trouble with paperwork, the Puerto Ricans, who make up seven per cent of the city's population, get roughly twenty per cent of the city's total outlay in relief, or welfare, and one often hears that they come here with relief as their objective. Henry L. McCarthy, the city's Commissioner of Welfare, denies this, however; he maintains that they come here for jobs, and rarely get on relief in their first year. Furthermore, he points out, only eleven per cent of the Puerto Ricans here draw relief, of one kind or another, while ten per cent of the city's mainland Negroes do. Since the Puerto Ricans who migrate to New York are usually young and able-bodied, few of them qualify for "old-age assistance" or "aid to the disabled," but because of the size and nature of their families, they do often qualify for "home relief" and "aid to dependent children," or A.D.C. Not uncommonly, a Puerto Rican household will include half a dozen little children, or more mouths than one low-wage breadwinner can feed, and then the assistance will be home relief. If there is no breadwinner at all, the household may be eligible for A.D.C., which gives mothers or other relatives the money for rearing fatherless children—an arrangement that is considered both cheaper and more humane than the orphanage system. As it happens, many women

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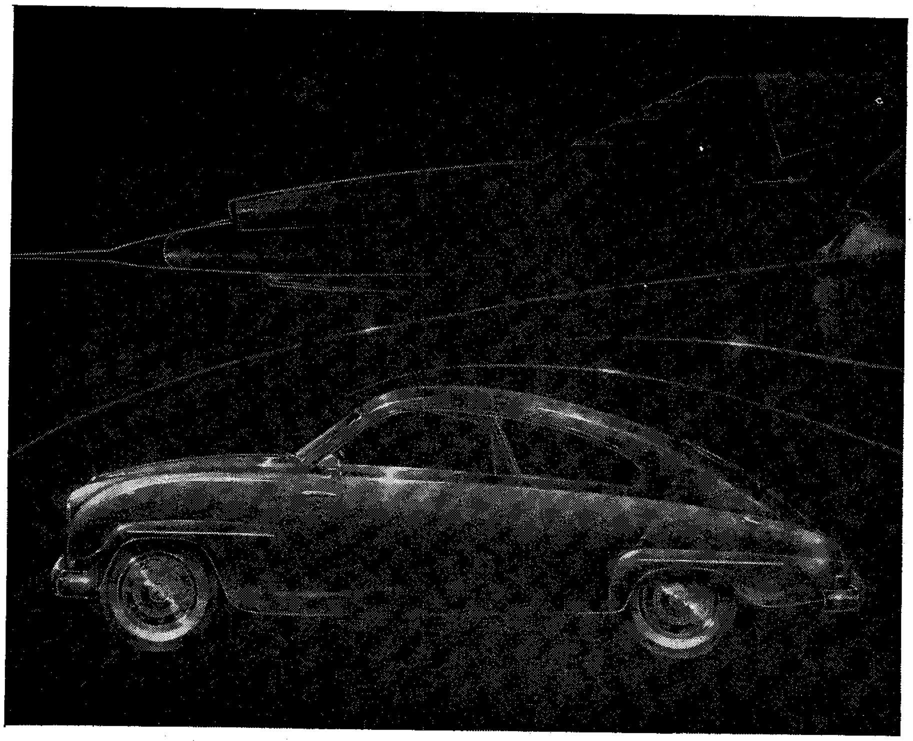
from the island are living up here without men but with broods of little children, and A.D.C. appears to be a natural for them. Moreover, there is a temptation to fake the pattern, by having the man of the house leave if he is not earning much money (in that case, desertion is the better part of chivalry) or by having him hide out when the Welfare Department's inspector is due to come around. If the Department is tipped off to such a case, it sometimes tries to check on it by staging a visit just before dawn—a practice that some New York social workers feel smacks of the Gestapo but that does help keep the welfare rolls down. In many cases, no doubt, A.D.C. can be called sheer parasitism from the city's viewpoint, and the children concerned might be better off back in Puerto Rico. Home relief is something else again; it goes to workers, by and large, and they claim it because their wages are not on a scale that the welfare state itself deems suitable in this time and place.

When it comes to public housing—another boon of the welfare state here—the Puerto Ricans don't do so well. A few months ago, the New York City Housing Authority had about ninety-three thousand families in its various projects, and forty-six per cent of them were of mainland white origin, thirty-nine per cent of mainland Negro origin, and only fifteen per cent of Puerto Rican origin. This means that the Puerto Ricans are getting only about half as much public housing per capita as the Negroes. One reason is that many Puerto Ricans haven't been here long enough to qualify; two years of residence in the city are demanded by the rules. Another is the language problem, combined with the Puerto Ricans' dislike of paper forms, and a third is the frequent informality of their marriages. (It sometimes happens that a couple who have been legally married will choose to conceal the fact so that the wife can draw A.D.C. In fact, which to choose—A.D.C. or housing—is said to be a dilemma for many Puerto Rican slum households now.) Finally, and ironically, a number of Puerto Rican families are kept out of public housing because they are too large; in accepting applicants for its quarters, the Housing Authority usually insists on a limit of two persons per bedroom, and this may prevent a big family from leaving, say, a two-room private flat for a four-room flat in a project—often, of course, to the family's great bewilderment.

Altogether, the Puerto Ricans here



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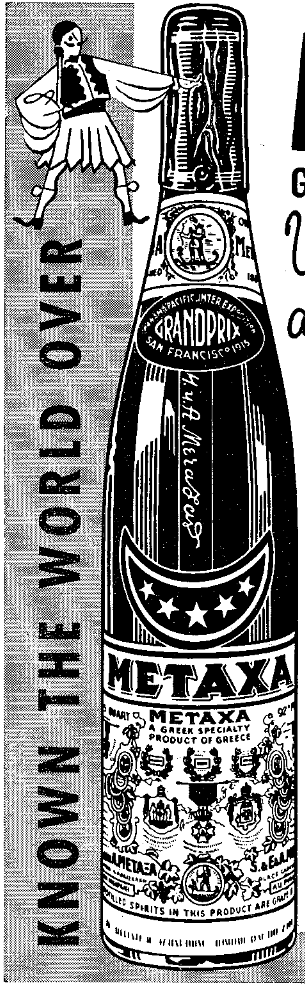
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are badly served in the matter of housing, and the business of preying on them—sometimes engaged in, regrettably, by other Puerto Ricans, who have learned their way around—is said to be very profitable. The owner of a four-story brownstone or railroad-apartment house that has been cut up into single rooms and skimpily furnished may well take in several thousand dollars a month, I have been told, with very little outlay or work on his part. Often Puerto Ricans have to "buy" their rooms, though this practice is illegal; that is, they have to make a down payment—ostensibly for some furniture—before they can move in and start paying an exorbitant rent. "They may have to hand over two hundred dollars for a plain wooden chair," a state housing official has told me. "Or several hundred for junk that the Salvation Army wouldn't touch if you tried to give it to them." And then the Puerto Rican tenant, having bought his wretched diggings, may be forced out of them a few weeks later if the landlord finds another buyer. This, too, is illegal, naturally, but there are tricks in every trade. I have heard, for instance, of one landlord who disconnected a tenant's electricity in the hope of getting him to move. That case, as it happened, went to court, and the landlord was ordered to turn the lights back on, but many another landlord has employed such tactics and got away with them.

The Temporary State Housing Rent Commission is supposed to prevent such abuses, but it keeps watch over a million eight hundred thousand family dwellings in the city, and simply cannot seek the evils out; it must wait for complaints to come in. On the whole, the Puerto Ricans are slow to complain; they often have no idea of their rights, and are easily intimidated by landlords or "supers," who may threaten them with eviction if they talk out of turn. I have heard of building superintendents who throw out mail that comes for their Puerto Rican tenants from the government housing agencies. To combat all this, a number of "rent clinics," offering free expert advice, have been established in the Puerto Rican sections of town, in settlement houses, churches, and other agencies of uplift, and much good work is being done. It is an uphill fight, though, for rent laws and regulations are changing all the time, and the migrants are, to put it mildly, poorly equipped for keeping abreast of them.

New York's low-income housing appears to be getting steadily poorer and

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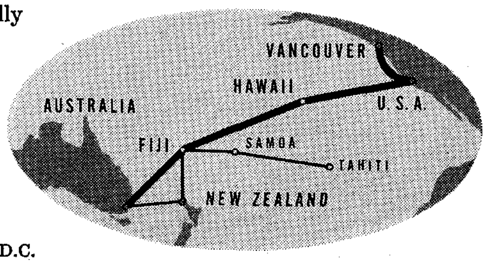

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scarcer, and some people blame its deterioration on the influx of Puerto Ricans, who are said to take over rundown housing and run it down further. Cooler heads point out that this is only part of the trouble, which, it would seem, goes far back. There was little building here during the thirties and forties, because of the depression, the war, and postwar shortages, and while there has been a good deal in the fifties, not much of it—aside from the public-housing projects, which amount to hardly more than a drop in the bucket, anyway—has been for the poor. As a matter of fact, the new construction tends to subtract from, rather than add to, the supply of low-cost housing; when a thoroughfare like Third Avenue is improved, for instance, slum dwellings are razed and expensive buildings go up in their place. On the other hand, certain middle-class districts, like parts of the West Side, have been degenerating into slums, with their former inhabitants moving off to the suburbs. To some degree, this sort of thing is happening in most of the big American urban areas now, but it is only in New York that the Puerto Ricans are blamed for it. Actually, it is hard—and perhaps impossible—to unravel the web of cause and effect.

The city service that has had the hardest time adjusting itself to the Puerto Ricans is, without much doubt, the school system. In the late forties, it was suddenly flooded with children who couldn't speak English, and it has been flooded with such children ever since. In the early years of the migration, teachers had no idea how to attack the problem. Few of them could speak Spanish, and as a result the newcomers learned nothing; they were kept in school anyway, though, since that was the law, and were often promoted. "I've seen Puerto Rican kids in the sixth grade who didn't know what two times six is," an athletic coach in the slums has said. And a slum priest has told me of a Puerto Rican boy who had been in school for years and, having been promoted steadily, was in the eighth grade and couldn't read or write. Such tales are not as common today—or so it seems—as they were several years ago, but hundreds of the city's teachers are still struggling with the dual problem of teaching Puerto Ricans and keeping the teaching of English-speaking pupils up to standard at the same time.

Last spring, there were a hundred and fourteen thousand Puerto Ricans in New York's public schools, ranging from less than five per cent of the stu-

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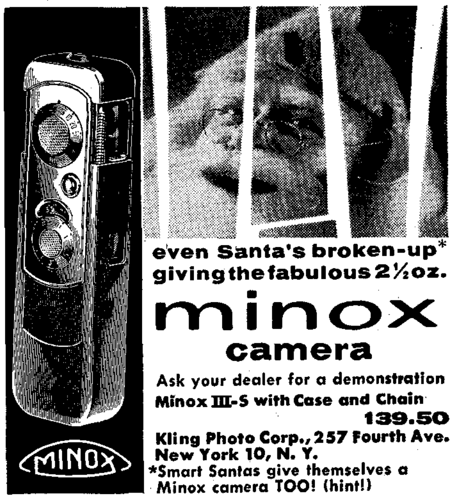

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dent bodies, in sections like Yorkville and Greenwich Village, to seventy-five per cent or more, in sections like East Harlem and the south Bronx. A teacher's job is hardest, I have been told, when Puerto Ricans make up about half of a class, because then they tend to keep to themselves and talk Spanish—live their own life, that is, independent of the teaching process that is going on in the same room. In these circumstances, they can get out of hand. If the Puerto Ricans make up no more than twenty per cent of a class, they will either learn English fast or at least keep fairly quiet, and thus can be disregarded. On the other hand, if a class loses all its English-speaking pupils, the teacher's job is simplified again, relatively speaking, for she can devote her full time to the Puerto Ricans. From a practical viewpoint, the obvious solution would be to set aside certain classes, or even whole schools, for Spanish-speaking pupils, but that seems out of the question now. Some of the more articulate Puerto Ricans here oppose any such split, arguing that the migrants would be bound to get the worst facilities, and their hand has been strengthened by the national concern with school segregation. In any case, the Board of Education has a policy that no student be put into, or kept out of, any particular school because of race or language. Some people have charged, though, that this is not always faithfully followed by local school authorities. Last winter, for instance, a settlement-house director named Maxwell Powers called attention to the fact that an old, dilapidated school in the West Nineties was being used chiefly for Puerto Ricans while a more modern one nearby was being used chiefly for mainland whites. This sort of thing, I gather, is apt to happen when local authorities give in to neighborhood pressures.

The Board's current strategy for dealing with Spanish-speaking pupils owes a great deal to a four-year project called the Puerto Rican Study, which it conducted with the help of the Ford Foundation and which ended last July. Among other things, the study indicated that teaching Puerto Ricans is a job not for just a few teachers in a few schools but for the whole school system, and that teachers need not know much Spanish in order to work with Spanish-speaking children. The idea is to get the children out of Spanish and into English as quickly as possible—by the use of pantomime, visual aids, and so on—and it is thought that if a teacher talks Spanish too much, this process is likely to be slowed

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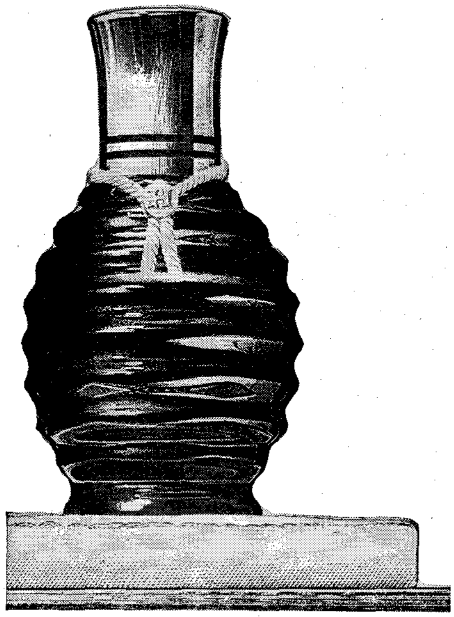

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up. The Board has, however, put out an exhaustive series of pamphlets aimed at helping teachers clear up the things that puzzle Spanish-speaking students—points of English word order, for instance—and at giving certain teachers vocabularies of key Spanish words, for the better exposition of subjects like science. Teachers have now tested most of these pamphlets, and Dr. J. Cayce Morrison, the director of the Puerto Rican Study, feels that they will prove to be of great value in the classroom.

As far as Puerto Ricans are concerned, the show school of the city is P.S. 108—a fine three-story brick building, opened only six years ago—at Madison Avenue and 108th Street, in the heart of El Barrio, or Spanish Harlem. P.S. 108 handles pupils from kindergarten through the sixth grade, and ninety-four per cent of its fifteen hundred pupils are Puerto Ricans. (Two per cent are other Spanish-Americans—Cubans, Dominicans, and so on—and four per cent are Negroes.) Because it has so many Puerto Ricans, the school has been able to work out a procedure of its own: it puts children who can't speak English well into special "orientation" classes, where much emphasis is laid on speech, and then, as soon as it can, gets them out of these and into the "regular stream." After the sixth grade, the pupils really get into the regular stream, moving on to a junior high school where there are many mainland whites and Negroes.

Few of the kindergarten children at P.S. 108 can speak any English at all when they arrive, and one of the school's three kindergarten teachers, a Puerto Rican herself, told me, when I visited her class last spring, that she talks mostly in Spanish in the fall and switches gradually to English as the year passes. While we were chatting, a little girl in a bright-red sweater came up with a half-finished picture and asked the teacher, in almost perfect English, if it was all right to color a man's hair blue. The teacher said yes, and when the child had gone back to her painting, told me that she was one of the children who hadn't known any English a few months before, and that her mother and father still didn't know any. The teacher then pointed out a boy who had come up from Puerto Rico only a few weeks earlier, and said that he didn't know a word of English—as far as she could determine, anyway—and didn't yet talk with her even in Spanish, though he had begun talking Spanish with the other children after several days of silence. She said this was the usual order of adjustment for

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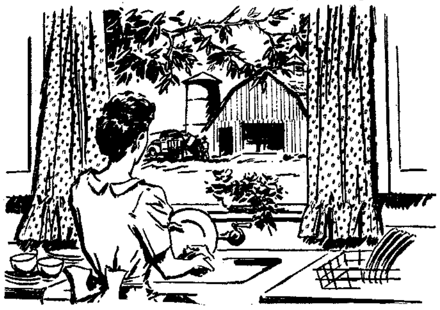
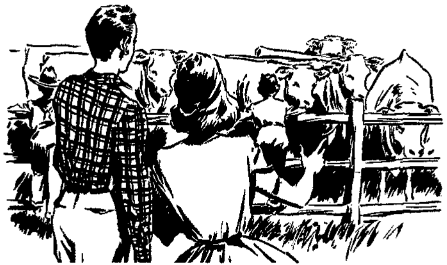


Consumer advertising benefits also, by association in the same issue with farm business advertising, gets a whole family reception that few media can offer. The priority of a tractor or a trip to Florida is usually a whole family consideration.



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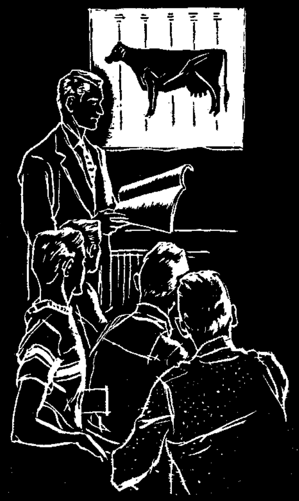

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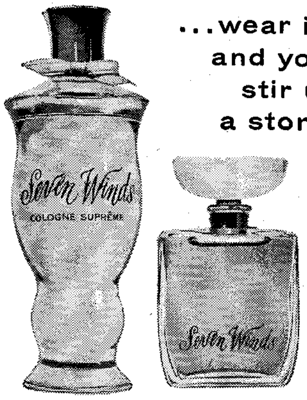

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kindergarten-age Puerto Ricans; they make friends with their fellow-pupils first and only later with the teacher, whereas the reverse is generally true of mainland children.

This teacher is one of fifty or so Puerto Ricans who now have regular jobs in the school system, and there are also about seventy "substitute auxiliary teachers," or S.A.T.s, recruited from Puerto Rico itself. These assistants don't actually teach here—their English is not considered good enough—but they do interview new pupils and their parents, and show them the ropes, and they stand by to help the regular teachers if a psychological problem comes up; in general, they try to speed the adjustment of Puerto Rican pupils, and their families as well, to New York. The adjustment of all Puerto Ricans here—parents and students alike—is, in fact, an objective of the school system, and P.S. 108 devotes a lot of effort to this. The school has suffered remarkably little vandalism, compared to many New York schools, in slum areas or not, and the reason, according to its principal, Jack August, is that it has become something of an all-round community center. It offers youth-club activities, rent clinics, and a service called the All-Day Neighborhood Program, which takes care of psychologically disturbed children, and also, after school, looks after children whose parents are both at work. Under the program, these children are taught arts and crafts and are fed snacks. Partly because of such services, the neighborhood has a proprietary feeling about P.S. 108, and helps keep it in good shape.

Of all New York's waves of immigrants, the Puerto Ricans have come in for perhaps the most care. Before they even leave home, the Migration Division of the Puerto Rican Department of Labor does its best to break them in to the ways of the mainland. Assuming that everyone is a potential migrant, it aims at keeping the whole island populace up to date on the employment situation here; if the garment industry, for instance, is laying off workers, the Migration Division gets on the radio and says so. It gives prospective migrants tips on such things as disposing of garbage in New York, and hanging laundry on lines instead of just draping it over the window sill. It directly controls the movement of about fifteen thousand contract workers to the mainland and back each year—chiefly for harvest jobs on the northeastern seaboard. The Division maintains an office here in the city, at 88 Columbus Avenue, and the place is usually teeming with migrants. It serves as an employment agency; it runs an adult-education program; and it receives and sifts complaints about things like unfair treatment by landlords and employers.

In addition, the Puerto Ricans receive a lot of aid from private charities; the gifts of other New Yorkers go out to them copiously through all kinds of channels—health funds, camp funds, clothing funds, and so on—and the total sum that must drift toward them in these ways is staggering to think about, if impossible to measure. Much of the help the migrants get is provided by settlement houses, which have stirred to new life at their coming. These institutions seem to be a specialty of the English-speaking world, having begun in the slums of London in the middle of the last century. They were transplanted here in 1886, when the University Settlement was founded, on the lower East Side; dozens of others have followed, the most famous of them being Lillian Wald's Henry Street Settlement, also on the lower East Side. The settlement houses have shared the history of our immigrant slums. In the first decades of this century, they were hard at it helping the European masses here; then for many years immigration was virtually nonexistent, and in some parts of the city, at least, they went into the doldrums, having outlived their usefulness; now, with the advent of the Puerto Ricans, they are busy as never before. There are little ones and big ones; the University Settlement currently has a staff of a hundred and twenty people and an annual budget of more than two hundred thousand dollars, and one of the typical smaller places has a full-time staff of three and a budget of twenty thousand dollars. In general, the settlement houses have lately gone in more for psychology and less for economics than they used to (the welfare services have been taking over the latter burden), and some of them now run men-

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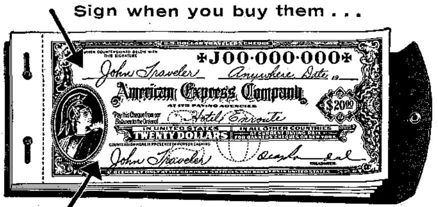

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tal-health clinics, staffed by psychologists, psychiatrists, and psychiatric social workers.

All in all, the effort to fit the Puerto Ricans into the city's life is vast. One way to sense its vastness is to take the Manhattan phone book and read the listings under "New York—City of" (three pages, mainly of welfare, educational, and law-enforcement agencies, all of which deal with the migrants), and then take the Red Book and read the listings under "Social Service Organizations" and "Social Settlements" (more than two pages between them, many of which deal with the migrants). The picture emerges of a huge welfare and eleemosynary setup—one of the hugest ever known to man. The Puerto Ricans are drawing heavily on the setup's yield, and, naturally, the question arises: What do they offer in return?

The answer seems to be one thing—their labor. Yet that one thing may more than balance the scales. New York's Welfare Department has said of the Puerto Ricans that "the taxable values created by their labor must far exceed the additional welfare tax burden." Whether or not this statement is accurate—and, of course, it takes note only of the money spent through formal government relief—it is undeniable that the Puerto Ricans in New York are doing many things that have to be done, and that would be done badly or not at all if they weren't here. All told, there are about two hundred and forty thousand Puerto Ricans in New York's labor force now. Some fifty thousand of these are in the garment industry, and people who should know say that the industry could not run without them; perhaps twenty-five thousand are employed in hotels and restaurants, and the Waldorf-Astoria, for one—so its personnel director has declared—could not run without them, either. Ten or fifteen thousand are in laundries, and innumerable others are messenger boys and construction and factory hands. Along with the Negroes, they help to fill the gap left by white American labor as its standard of living—and its taste in jobs—has risen. In the old days, European immigrants would have filled this gap, but they are now debarred. The Puerto Ricans, therefore, are needed by the city, and the drain they make on it is tolerated. This is how the question looks from the viewpoint of New York's housekeeping.

Over the last few months, I have watched Puerto Ricans at work in various places in the city, and many of them seemed to be making out

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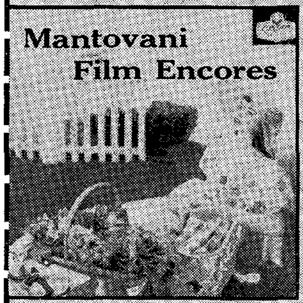

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well in fairly complicated jobs. The corrugated-box industry in New York is an old Puerto Rican stamping ground, and a Puerto Rican who has been connected with that industry for almost thirty years recently took me out to see a box factory in Queens. There were several hundred Puerto Ricans scattered over a huge expanse of concrete floor, bigger than a football field; the air was full of hums, roars, throbbings, bangs, and clickings, plus an assortment of chemical smells, among them that of printer's ink, and the Puerto Rican workers were operating all kinds of machines, some of them apparently advanced in design and exacting to run. The workers were unionized, my friend said, and some of them took home a hundred dollars a week; when he had come to the mainland, in the deep depression, he added, a job in a box factory paid only six or eight dollars a week, thanks largely to the supply of new, green Puerto Ricans coming in on boats, which the factory owners would regularly go down to meet. I have also visited an aquarium supply house, in the Bronx, where Puerto Ricans were busy assembling the gadgets—heating and thermostat devices, among others—that tropical fish in New York stand in need of, and a foam-rubber plant, in upper Manhattan, where Puerto Rican workmen tossed around thick, airy slabs of foam rubber, cut it into sheets and shapes, and put bevels and curves in it, all to prepare it for use in modern furniture. At both places, I was told that except for the language problem, the migrants make excellent workers, and that it is mainly weakness in English that prevents some of them from advancing into really skilled jobs.

The migrants, I have discovered, are rated as pretty good union members by their colleagues, although their ignorance of our ways means that they can be easily intimidated, and since they are at the bottom of the labor class structure, they are likely to be preyed on by racketeering unions. As far as legitimate unions are concerned, Puerto Ricans are most apt to be found in those with a C.I.O. background, since those with an A.F.L. background tend more toward exclusiveness. In general, Puerto Ricans are out of the longshoremen's, carpenters', painters', bricklayers', and teamsters' unions, while they are fairly well entrenched in the various garment-trade and hotel and restaurant unions, and in miscellaneous ones having to do with light manufacturing and the service trades. Some of these

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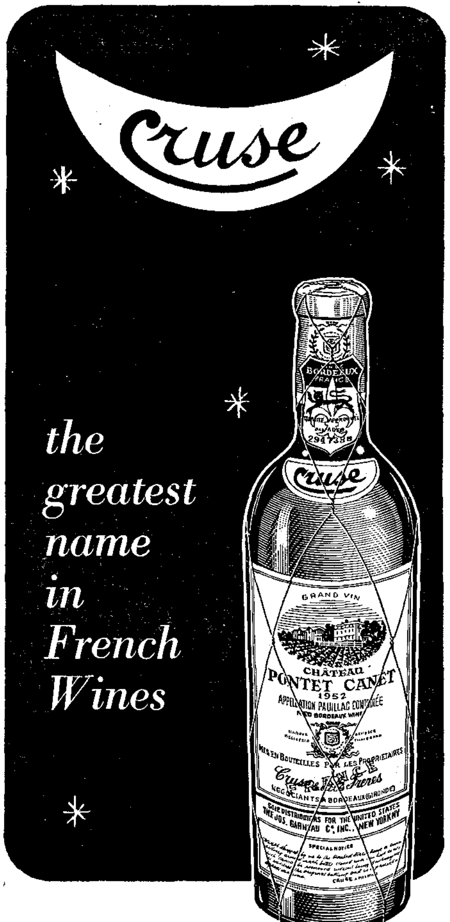
unions—or at least their New York locals—are dead against discrimination of any sort, and use their hiring halls to make employers take on Puerto Rican workers, whether they want to or not. (Many employers do not want to nowadays, for, since the passage of the minimum-wage laws, it has not been so easy to use Puerto Ricans as a source of cheap labor.) One of the outfits that have been pushing the hiring of Puerto Ricans is District 65 of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union—an omnium-gatherum that includes many workers in light-manufacturing plants as well as in department stores. "Sometimes a boss tells us he can't use workers who don't speak good English," a District 65 man told me recently. "We answer that he could use them all right when he paid them only eight dollars a week, so he's going to use them now, too."

The Puerto Ricans' capacity for further advance into modernism—as workers and as citizens—is something I have heard varying views on. In labor circles, I have been told that the migrants are often lacking in ambition, and will refuse promotion to a better job—the operation of a more complex machine, for instance—because the pay is only a dollar more a week, say, and they are happy where they are. I have also heard that many gifted Puerto Rican youths drop out of school between junior and senior high, simply because they don't know their own potentialities; they can't visualize how much higher they might climb in the end if they kept up their education. Finally, I have heard that most immigrants to the United States—from Germany, Ireland, or wherever—have at first stuck to the class from which they came in the old country; laborers have joined the laboring class here, and people from the middle class have joined our middle class. To the extent that this is true, Puerto Ricans are under a special handicap, since many of those who migrate here come from the lowest class of a still largely static peasant society. On the other hand, I have been told that the Puerto Ricans are skillful and quick to learn, that they have real manual dexterity, that many of them are aggressive, in a good sense, and that they are willing to work long and hard. Indeed, one small manufacturer has told me that they are the only laborers in New York now who are ready to do an honest day's work. So perhaps their ability to rise should not be discounted.

As for the advance of Puerto Ricans



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as citizens, this is a somewhat hazier matter, involving what might be called the texture of the American community. Time and again, I have encountered the complaint that the migrants lack leadership and organization of their own. It appears that these things are a necessity of American life now—especially in big cities. Last winter, a social worker told me about his approach to the Puerto Ricans. "We visit them in their homes and try to draw them into activities," he said. "They must have a way to express themselves, and our first effort is to develop some initiative within their own group—through settlement-house programs, P.-T.A. activities, and so on. Only when Puerto Ricans have established leadership in their own circles will they be able to take part in broader community affairs. So we feel we must get them into action—into action together, as Puerto Ricans, and then into action with others." At first, I couldn't understand the need for all this stirring up. Then some Health Department people told me that it was hard to reach individual Puerto Ricans, mainly because the migrants hadn't developed community groups, and other city officials told me that no minority group had cut much ice in New York till it had raised up its own leaders. So it finally dawned on me that most individuals can't find their true position in society here nowadays—can't "relate," as the social worker might have put it—unless they are held in place by a tissue of clubs, unions, and other groups. The Puerto Ricans, it seems, are not "joiners" by tradition; on their island, they have their family and village relationships, and these are enough to give them a sense of belonging. Here, though, they are not enough, and the Puerto Ricans must eventually find something else. This is one of the hard parts of adjusting to New York, and it is hardest, of course, on the older migrants. The Puerto Rican children, I have been told, are being fully indoctrinated in the joining idea—by the schools, the settlement houses, the Scouts, and so forth. By the time they have grown up, the problem may have solved itself.

Besides the future of the migrants, there is the question of the future of the migration itself. So far this year, perhaps sixty thousand Puerto Ricans have migrated to the States, and of these, perhaps forty thousand have settled in New York. Today, the city has almost six hundred thousand Puerto Ricans, and its planners talk of a population in 1975 of six million whites, 1,200,000 Ne-

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groes, and 1,200,000 Puerto Ricans—a five-one-one ratio. Forecasts like this are uncertain, of course, for things happen that forecasters cannot reckon on. At the start of 1950, for instance, it looked as if the migration was tapering off, but then the Korean War broke out, the demand for labor increased here, and the migration was on as never before. But certain limits can be made out. For one thing, Puerto Rico's population is only about two million, and, even with the wildest increase, the migration could hardly swamp New York in the near future. For another, unemployment in Puerto Rico is decreasing, and so is the birth rate there. Finally, more and more of the Puerto Ricans who come here have been fanning out to the suburbs and more distant places. For all these reasons, New York can expect that the influx will not get much heavier year by year. But, barring bad times, it must expect the influx to continue.

ONE Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago, having spent some time looking into the migration and its effect on the city, I went up to El Barrio to see once again the realities of life there. Taking an uptown local on the East Side I.R.T., I got out at 110th and Lexington. It was fairly warm for fall, and the sun had not yet set; it fell only on the upper stories of the buildings, though, and did not reach the sidewalks. It struck me at once that the street scene was more intimate than it had been downtown. The buildings were six stories high at most, and many of them had people on their front steps. Even the corners where street and avenue meet seemed more on a village than a metropolitan scale; the life of the facing sidewalks was somehow joined together, and not, as in midtown, parted by fierce traffic. As I walked along, I passed many couples who were already out for the evening—the girls wore vivid makeup and flaring skirts—and everywhere, on sidewalks and street corners, I passed groups of men idling and talking. Big boys were playing stickball on the side streets, and little ones were spinning tops, throwing them down hard on the pavement.

I kept walking, and after a while I came to a wasteland of rubble a couple of blocks long, where buildings had been torn down for a housing project. A few buildings were still standing there, though, in lonely silence, and in one of these I saw a fourth-floor window move mysteriously; it waggled back and forth a few times, and then disappeared inside. Somebody looting, I told myself. A mo-

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ment later, a Puerto Rican man came out the front door with the window under his arm, and walked away. He was wearing overalls, with a carpenter's rule in the hip pocket, and I guessed that he was adding the frame and its panes to his stock. Three boys were standing near the building, in the rubble, and they were throwing stones up at the windows—the windows on the third floor, for those below had already been knocked out. Near the boys was a sign that read:

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Yet litter stretched away, amid the rubble, in all directions, and the sign itself seemed the loneliest thing in the landscape.

I walked on, zigzagging through the area, more or less. I would go east for a block, then north for a block, then west, and so on. The long crosstown blocks were residential, on the whole, with people playing or loitering on the stoops and sidewalks, though there were a few tiny shops here and there; the short blocks, on the avenues, had bigger shops and sights of greater moment. There were several cops around, on the watch for trouble. As I threaded my way through the people, young and old, the marks of their Puerto Rican origin seemed to be everywhere. The pavements themselves bore them—shreds of the husks of sugar cane, which the Puerto Ricans here like to chew, as they do on the island. The whole scene had the warmth of humanity in it, and even the buildings—red brick or brownstone, as a rule—were warm and soft in texture. Above them the sky was still azure. Once, looking up, I saw an odd sight—a dummy hanging on a rope that had been stretched across the street from one cornice to another. It had a plaid shirt and old gray trousers, and it looked rigid and macabre against the blue sky. I stopped and asked some young men what it represented, and they said they didn't know, but whether they spoke the truth I could not tell.

A little later, while I was walking down Madison Avenue, I saw a wedding group in a tiny photo shop. There were eight or ten people in the party, and they filled the place. The bride wore a long satin gown with a train, and a white fur stole, and the bridesmaids, one of whom was almost blond, wore blue dresses. The flower girl could have been no more than three feet high, but she wore lipstick, along with a blue cro-

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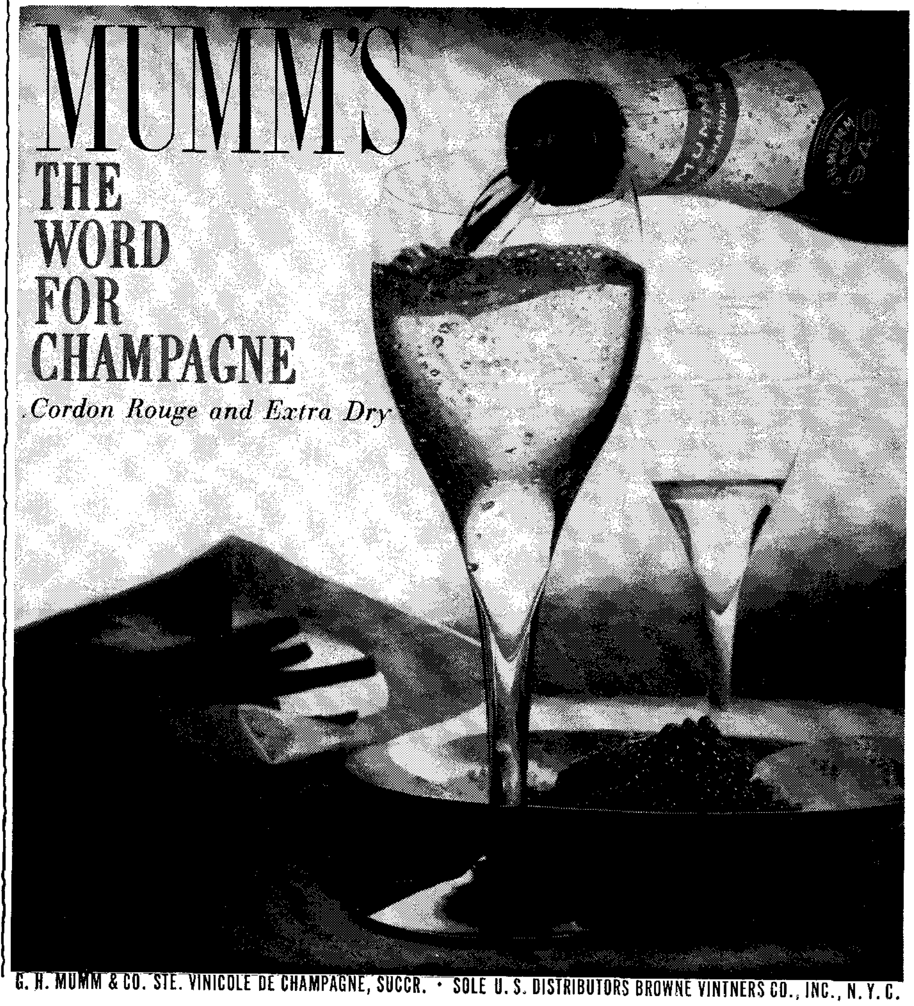

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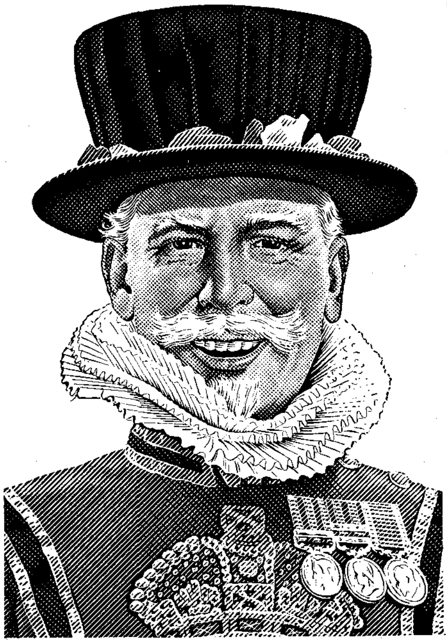

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cheted scarf, a flaring skirt, and a white halo of tulle, set back on her head. There was a page boy, too, of about the same size, and he, like the groom and the best man, was dressed in a black tie, black evening trousers, and a white jacket, the last rather zootish in cut. The party made a handsome sight, and the walls of the little shop were hung with pictures of similar wedding groups. I felt that this photo ceremony must be one of the main steps in the wedding procedure of El Barrio—coming after the church ceremony, perhaps, and before the reception. And I noticed that a sedan with pink streamers was waiting by the curb, no doubt to bear the couple onward.

I made my way to Park Avenue, and between 111th Street and 116th, under the railway tracks, there was a public market—enclosed, for the length of each block, by sheet-iron walls painted green. There were many open stalls on the sidewalks, too, especially on the west side of the street. These were selling everything—toys, Puerto Rican foodstuffs, and, with winter coming, lots of warm clothing. As I was walking along, a boy suddenly came running out of the market enclosure ahead of me, with a stocky, dark-skinned man in close pursuit, shouting at him in Spanish. The man caught the boy and punched him, knocking him down, and then turned and headed back toward the market. The boy got up and leaned against a car, holding his chin and sobbing, and two friends showed up to comfort him. As the man, who wore a white sweatshirt and looked like a welterweight boxer, drew back to the market, a woman standing nearby cried "Shame!" "Shame?" he said. "You wouldn't say that if you'd seen what he did. He was stealing." And he stalked inside. Meanwhile, the boy had pulled himself together and walked off with his two friends.

The sky bore a hint of dusk now, and I decided to call on a leading citizen of El Barrio, a certain Pedro Canino, who takes a prominent part in Puerto Rican activities there and whom I had met briefly last spring at a P.-T. A. meeting at P.S. 108, the show-place school. He lives at 20 East 109th Street, just around the corner from the school, in what turned out to be a relatively well-kept building of walkup apartments; the halls were decently plastered, and had been newly painted light blue. Canino's place was on the third floor, and luckily I found him in. He is a well-set-up, good-looking, vigorous

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man, with broad shoulders and broad hands, and his handshake was cordial and firm. He was wearing a double-breasted blue suit, a white shirt, and a dark-blue tie with white polka dots. He began talking at once. He speaks expressively in English, with very little accent, but his ideas always seem to come out in a hot torrent that is hard to follow. "I have just been out myself," he said. "I was getting a bag of food for a family of thirteen. The father is just out of the hospital, and they are going to be evicted. Oh, I am always broke." He struck his forehead with his palm. "But somebody has to feed them." He showed me to an armchair in the front room and sat down on a small sofa himself. The room was nicely furnished, with straight chairs, a radio, a television set, and a shelf of books. There was a kitchenette in one corner, and on a table near it I noticed some oranges in a tinfoil container. I didn't take all these details in immediately, though, because Mr. Canino didn't let my attention wander long enough. "You can't imagine the poverty," he said. "These factory owners and whatnot, they fasten themselves like leeches on the Puerto Ricans. Forty-five dollars a week is the average wage for Puerto Ricans, you know. Forty-five dollars. Think of it. And for some miserable little room they must pay sixteen, eighteen. How can they live?" I started to ask a question, but he eluded me, and before I knew it he was talking about "a poor woman who had to have an operation, and it was done at home." She had been cheated, apparently, but whether by the doctor, the hospital, or the union to which she had been paying benefit fees, I could not make out. Then, suddenly, Mr. Canino was telling me about a landlord. "This man made forty-five wretched pigeonholes out of five apartments," he said. "Forty-five of them—can you believe it? Renting for sixteen, eighteen, twenty-three dollars. Nine

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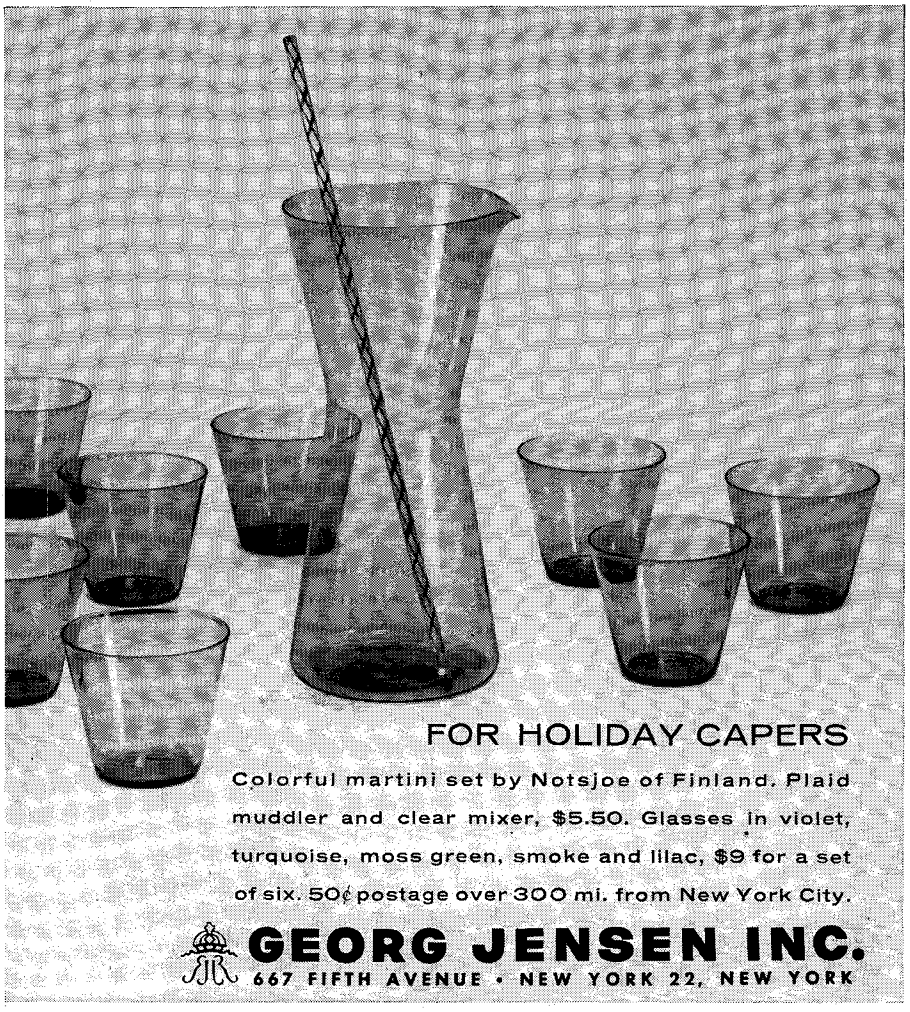

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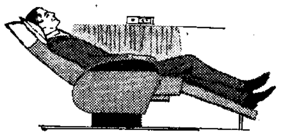

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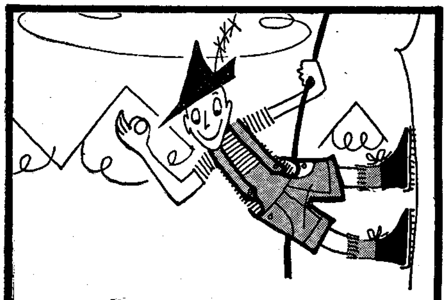
hundred dollars a week he is making. More than that. Can you imagine it? And he has put in nothing. Nothing." Mr. Canino made strong, graceful, sweeping gestures with his hands, and his eyes flashed and his white teeth gleamed. He had a handsome, well-shaped head with graying hair, and I felt that in any society he would have become a leader of some sort, with his vigor and eloquence, and his feeling for people.

There was a knock at the door, and a smallish woman came from the rear of the apartment to open it. She let in a healthy-looking boy in his early teens. Both of them came forward, and Mr. Canino introduced them to me as his wife and his son, Norman. Mrs. Canino said hello, and then withdrew again, but Norman stayed on to talk with his father. Speaking excellent English, he asked whether his father had told the landlord not to let him and some friends use a certain room in a nearby basement for club sessions. "Yes, I did tell him that," the father answered. "I want you to use the room, but not without supervision, so I told him not to let you in there till this could be arranged." He spoke tenderly, and the boy took the ruling quietly and respectfully. He was wearing a white sweatshirt with the insignia of Hunter College on it, and when I asked him about it, he told me he had got it from his sister, who was a Hunter graduate. The father added that these two were his only children. His daughter had studied in Puerto Rico for a while after graduating from Hunter, and was now teaching at P.S. 108. The son had finished at P.S. 108 in June, and was now, with the help of a scholarship, attending the City and Country School, on West Twelfth Street. Canino said thankfully that this was a great break, and I felt that it was a well-deserved one, for I had rarely seen a more prepossessing boy.

The boy headed for the rear of the apartment, and I asked Mr. Canino when he had come here from Puerto Rico. In 1925, he said. "I was a young man then," he went on, "but I could speak English. I had been teaching school down on the island. First, I went to work as a steam fitter here, but I wasn't strong enough. I couldn't take it. Then I got a job in Queens, working on a furnace, and finally I got a job in the post office. I have been there ever since. I am a timekeeper now, though I have done all kinds of things. I have done translating, interpreting—everything—but officially I



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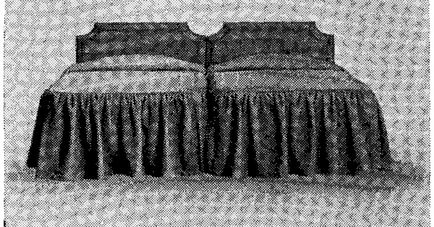

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am a timekeeper. It is hard to rise beyond that."

I had been told of a rent clinic that Mr. Canino helps run, and I asked him about this. "It is called a rent clinic, but that's a misnomer, really," he said. "We do everything. Everything. We call the place the Civic Orientation Center. It's in the next block, a miserable little basement room that we fixed up ourselves. We help with rent problems—they are the worst—but we help with welfare and other things, too. Everybody comes. They all have troubles, and they don't know what to do." He shook his head. "The thing that's closest to my heart is an office at street level," he said. "An office at street level with two stenographers. If we had that, we could do everything."

I asked Mr. Canino if I might see the Orientation Center, and he got up at once. "Certainly," he said. "It's a miserable place, and I hope you will forgive it, but you are welcome to have a look." He ushered me out the door and down the stairs, and we began a sort of royal progress along the block, continually meeting people whom Mr. Canino knew and had some business with; he would promise to arrange something, or would ask a person to do some work at the center, or would merely pass the time of day. He talked English whenever he could, partly for my benefit, I gathered, and partly from principle. "It's so important for these people to learn English, and practice it," he said during a lull. "A while ago, I made a trip to Puerto Rico, and when I was there I kept shouting it from the treetops—they *must* learn English if they are coming here."

The center was a block south, on 108th Street. We walked down a cramped flight of stairs from the sidewalk, and over a door I saw a small sign reading, "CIVIC ORIENTATION CENTER, INC." The center was closed at that late hour on Saturday, but Mr. Canino unlocked the door, switched on a light, and invited me in. The room, which was plain but neat, was furnished with two old desks, half a dozen straight chairs, a table, and an old wooden filing cabinet. I remarked on how clean the place was, and he pointed to the floor behind me. "Look," he said. I looked, and a cockroach was coming in through the crack beneath a rear door—apparently leading to some other basement room. Another cockroach followed, and then a third, and the three of them scouted around. Finally, Mr. Canino stepped on them. "You see what we are up against," he said, and began

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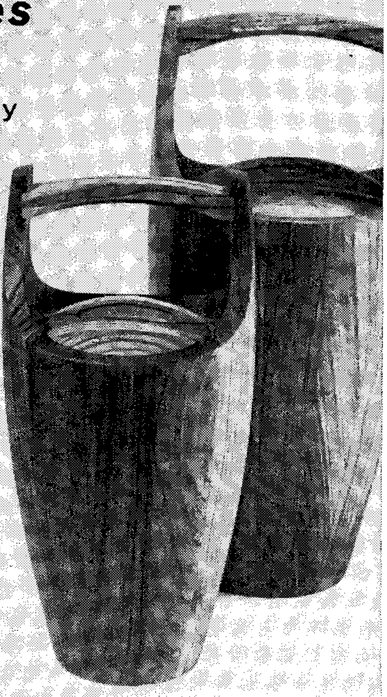
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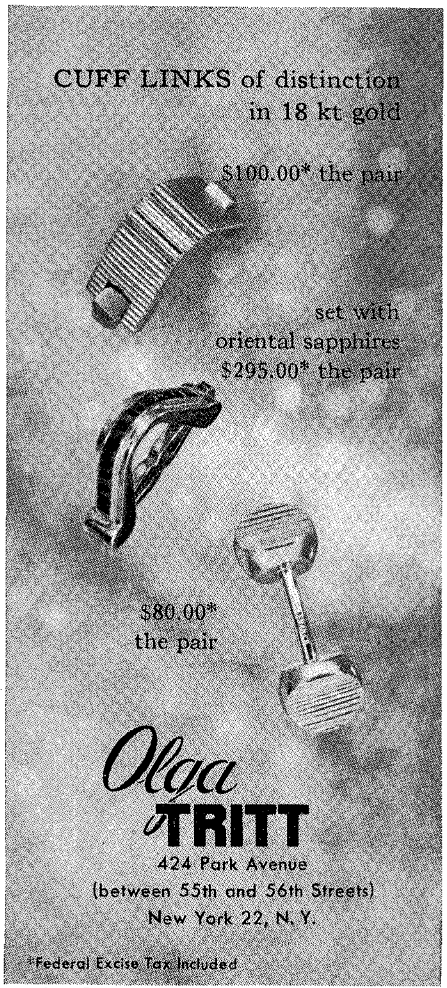
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talking again about a room at street level with two paid stenographers; he had part-time volunteers now, he explained, but they could never be counted on. They would come home tired from their jobs, and that would be the end of it. He took me over to the filing cabinet and began showing me some letters; they had to do with complicated housing cases, and I didn't study them closely. Then he pulled out some photographs of steam radiators, and these were easier to take in. Some of the radiators were only six inches wide, Canino said, and others had no valves for turning them off. "When a landlord puts central heating in, he can raise the rent a few dollars," he told me. "So this is what the landlords put in. Radiators the tenants can't control, so they will roast. And see this picture—see where the pipe comes out of the wall?" A pipe emerged from a ragged hole in the plaster. "They tore that hole open five, six months ago, and they still haven't filled it up, so the rats can walk in any time they want. Oh, you wouldn't believe how these people are exploited. And unless we get the facts, the city will do nothing."

We went out to the street again, and Mr. Canino took me on a little tour through a few nearby flats, which were much like some that I had already seen in El Barrio—overcrowded and poorly furnished, with lots of children running around, and usually with TV sets. I asked him about the family of thirteen that was about to be evicted—the family he had mentioned at the beginning of my visit—and he said he would take me to see them. Their house, he added, had one of the worst landlords in the section We set out for it, and it happened to be in the block where I had seen the dummy hanging. It was still there, against a darker sky now, and I asked Mr. Canino what it signified. "I don't know, but it ought to be that landlord," he said. "He doesn't visit his buildings here much, but he certainly squeezes them. He puts nothing into them, and he takes a fortune out, and if the tenants get behind with their rent, he throws them into the street. Even if the wife is having a baby, he throws them out."

The family of thirteen lived in a long apartment, with a kitchen in the rear, a small living room in the front, and between them a strung-out passageway that seemed to be all one room, though I suppose that, technically, it was divided into separate chambers. This passage was lined on one side by double-decker bunks, and there were

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children everywhere, nearly all of them about knee high. In the front room, two or three young men—guests, I took it—were watching a Western on a small TV set, and in the kitchen, the elders of the family were gathered, sitting there gloomily, demoralized, I felt, by New York in general, as well as by the husband's illness and the imminent eviction. The windows were shut tight, and the air was warm and close, with what seemed like the cooking smells of many days.

Mr. Canino and I stayed there only a moment. When we got out on the street, it was really dark, so I said goodbye to him, and went back to my wandering. People were still out on the sidewalks, but there were fewer of them and they were more warmly dressed, for the air was getting cold. I passed a woman carrying a baby, and the baby was cocooned in blankets beyond recognition. Then I saw a boy writhing on the sidewalk and clutching at his leg. He writhed there all alone, though people were passing, and finally managed to stand up and hobble off. Some women were sitting in a parked car right beside him, and when the boy had limped away, I went and asked them what it was all about, but they didn't answer me. A well-dressed man came up to the car, and I asked him. "Oh, it is part of that gang business," he said quietly. "Now he has gone to get some of *his* gang, and they will hurt the boys who hurt him. I wonder how it can ever end." And he got into the car and drove off.

Farther down the street, at a corner, I came upon a revivalist preacher, surrounded by perhaps fifty men, women, and children. He was a dark, wiry little gray-haired man in a black overcoat, and in his right hand he held a length of rough twine with a noose at the end. He bent over and laid the noose down on the pavement, meanwhile talking a blue streak in Spanish about the Devil's wiles, and then, with a walking motion of his fingers, pretended to let his left hand venture carelessly into it. The right hand pulled the noose tight, and the left was caught fast; the old man preached on about the entrapments of sin, and the crowd listened appreciatively.

I walked on, and now the shopwindows, lit up in the darkness, were more appealing. Some of the *bodegas*—the little grocery stores that are so common in our Puerto Rican neighborhoods—had red neon silhouettes of pigs in their windows, advertising *lechón asado*, or roast pork, which is a great delicacy to the islanders. Many shop fronts

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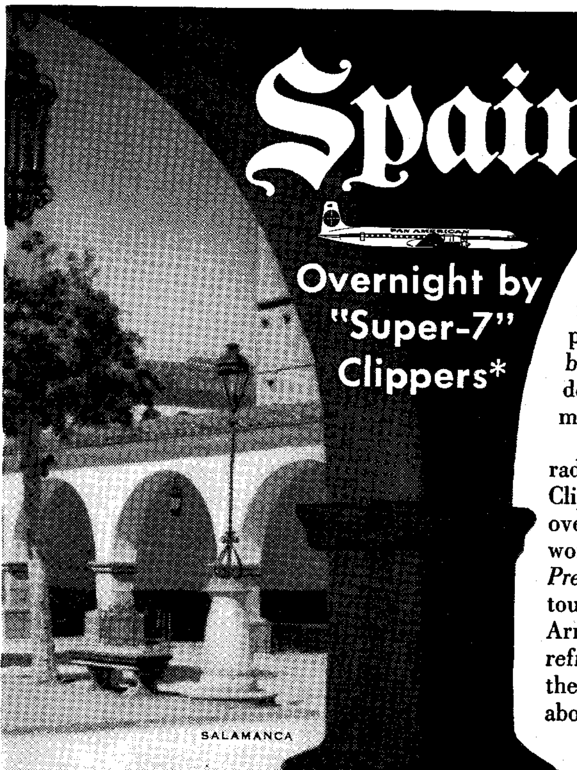

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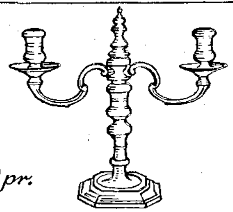

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were finished in aluminum or chromium—sometimes with red lettering—in a bright, gay style that seemed to give those modern metals a special, Puerto Rican look. The shops seemed fairly prosperous, too, and I got a vague impression that El Barrio's living standards had been rising. One shop was displaying religious objects—images of Christ and the Virgin, along with pictures of some Hindu deities, including Shiva the Destroyer and Hanuman the Monkey God, and, down at the bottom, a pamphlet entitled "Policy Pete's Mutuel Number Dream Book." This had a picture of an owl on its cover, with the admonition "Be Wise," and it was priced at twenty-five cents.

In time, I had my fill of El Barrio, but before leaving I went into a brightly lit *bodega* and bought a can each of papaya juice, guanábana juice, tamarind juice, guava shells, and mango slices, all of which had been packed in Puerto Rico. They came to a dollar forty-eight, and the man assured me they were excellent. I went out, and back to the subway, with the package under my arm—an export from El Barrio to the rest of New York. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

DANGER IN BLOWING OUT BIRTHDAY CANDLES

On television we saw Mrs. Eisenhower at her birthday party. The feature of the celebration was the birthday cake, with Mrs. Eisenhower blowing out the candles.

May I solicit your aid in a discontinuance of this blowing of candles? There are many germs lurking in our mouths. There are diseased conditions in our mouths. It is almost impossible to blow with sufficient force not to spread saliva over the cake.

A few days ago I had a birthday here in Canada where I am sojourning. My family and friends gave me a lovely dinner with the birthday cake. When time came to put out the candle lights, I fanned them out.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin has wide influence for getting things done. Through your fine medium will you start a crusade to wipe out the pernicious system of blowing on birthday cakes?

JOHN P. TURNER, M.D.
Member Board of Public
Education, Philadelphia
La Salle, Ont.

—*Letter in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

We used a gauze mask once, but we didn't get our wish.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Syracuse Herald-Journal*]

"It is time that I let my hair down," said the Commissioner, "and let the chips fall where they may."

Voilà!
THE ESCOFFIER SAUCE DIABLE

IT'LL TASTE BETTER WITH
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SAUCE!

Unquestionably the world's finest sauce—the most expensive—and worth it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.

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Available at specialty food stores or send $1.10 for your choice of a bottle of Sauce Diable or Sauce Robert to Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Dept. 12, Teterboro, N. J.

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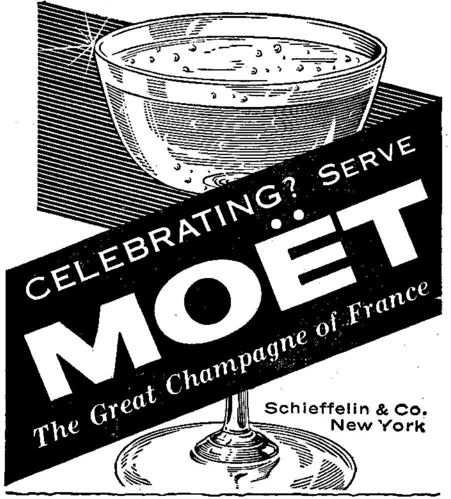
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877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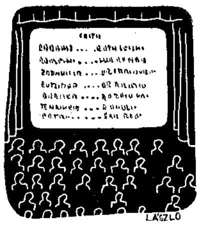
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Passion on a Sheep Ranch



Anna Magnani, who, in her middle years, can put more passion into a casual handshake than our Hollywood girls can summon up for a seduction scene, really lets herself go in "Wild Is the Wind," an enterprise that has to do with the emotional ups and downs of an Italian woman who is married to a *paisan* sheep rancher in Nevada. The downs are chiefly caused by the fact that her husband (Anthony Quinn), who was once married to her deceased sister, insists that she behave like the late lamented, a girl he dearly loved. As you might expect, Miss Magnani, though appreciative of her husband's zeal in arranging for her passage from Italy to the United States, is hardly the sort of person to resign herself to the role of being a sibling's duplicate, but whenever she shows any high-spirited independence, her spouse gets to muttering grumpily. Presently, she casts a hot and exigent eye at a young fellow who works around the ranch (Anthony Franciosa), and, by way of showing us that we're involved with a solid saga of the earth, George Cukor, the director, gives us a view of a ewe throwing a lamb and introduces a herd of wild horses that come storming out of the hills. Through all this, Miss Magnani pulls out every stop, ranging expertly from whooping hilarity to sulphurous concupiscence. But, alas, "Wild Is the Wind" isn't worth her efforts, for I'm afraid it's no more than a poor imitation of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." The three most prominent parties in the affair are spelled occasionally by Joseph Calleia, who plays Mr. Quinn's brother; Lili Valenty, who plays his sister-in-law; and Dolores Hart, who plays his daughter by his first wife. They are all quite competent.

"Peyton Place" is an interminable survey of a New England town populated by a lot of dull people. Based on the novel by Grace Metalious and directed by Mark Robson, the picture has in its favor some pleasant vistas of Camden, Maine, where it was filmed, but its story never gets into focus. Mostly it has to do with a quartet of ladies. One of them is a mill hand's ambitious daughter, who captures the son of the boss; another is the daughter of a domineering mother; the third is Mother herself, who, although strict as all getout with her daughter, eventually confesses that her offspring was born on the wrong side of the blanket; and the fourth is a girl called Selena, whose stepfather, the town drunkard, raped her once and then got his lethal comeuppance when he tried it again. This is, of course, rather unsavory stuff, but "Peyton Place" makes no attempt to exploit the sensational aspects of the tale it has to tell; on the contrary, it is woefully diffuse, and before it's over—roughly, three hours—boredom has set in like the grippe. The ladies on view include Lana Turner, Hope Lange, Diane Varsi, and Terry Moore, and among the gentlemen are Lloyd Nolan, Arthur Kennedy, and Lee Philips. They do well with what they have.

—John McCarten

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Section 381 (a) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954*]

(a) General rule.—In the case of the acquisition of assets of a corporation by another corporation—

(1) in a distribution to such other corporation to which section 332 (relating to liquidations of subsidiaries) applies, except in a case in which the basis of the assets distributed is determined under section 334 (b) (2); or

(2) in a transfer to which section 361 (relating to nonrecognition of gain or loss to corporations) applies, but only if the transfer is in connection with a reorganization described in subparagraph (A), (C), (D) (but only if the requirements of subparagraphs (A) and (B) of section 354 (b) (1) are met), or (F) of section 368 (a) (1),

the acquiring corporation shall succeed to and take into account, as of the close of the day of distribution or transfer, the items described in subsection (c) of the distributor or transferor corporation, subject to the conditions and limitations specified in subsections (b) and (c).

•

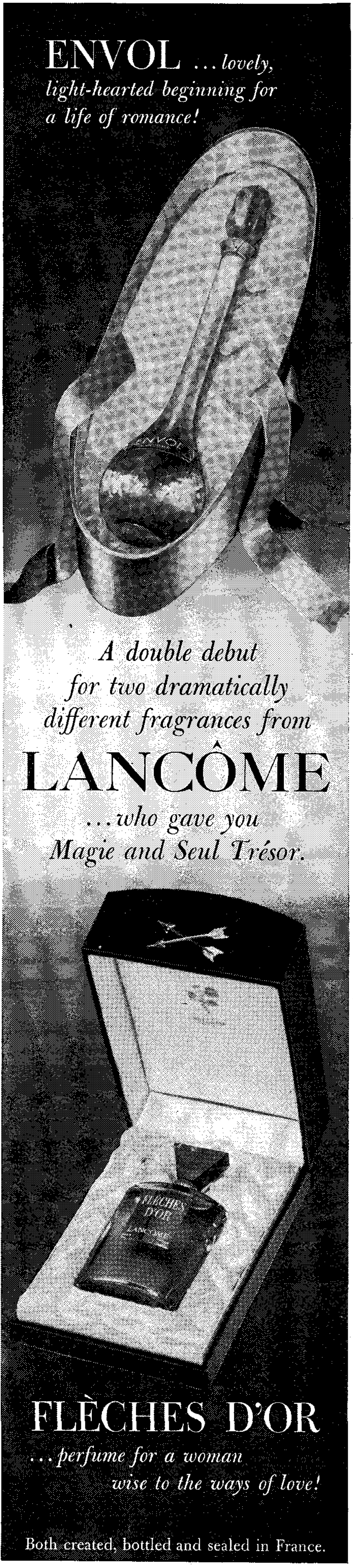
Sunderland, Eng. (INS)—Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dixon and their three children returned to their home today, hoping the ghost that has been haunting their house has gone forever.

The Dixon family reported they saw the ghost twice sitting on the living room wall, "strange and quivering like a vibrating coil of wire." They also heard odd noises in the chimney.

Police turned the job over to the Rt. Rev. John Ramsbotham, Anglican Bishop at Jarrow.

The minister spent 25 minutes exercising the ghost yesterday, with the help of a crozier.—*The Journal-American.*

And that can be quite a workout.



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Both created, bottled and sealed in France.

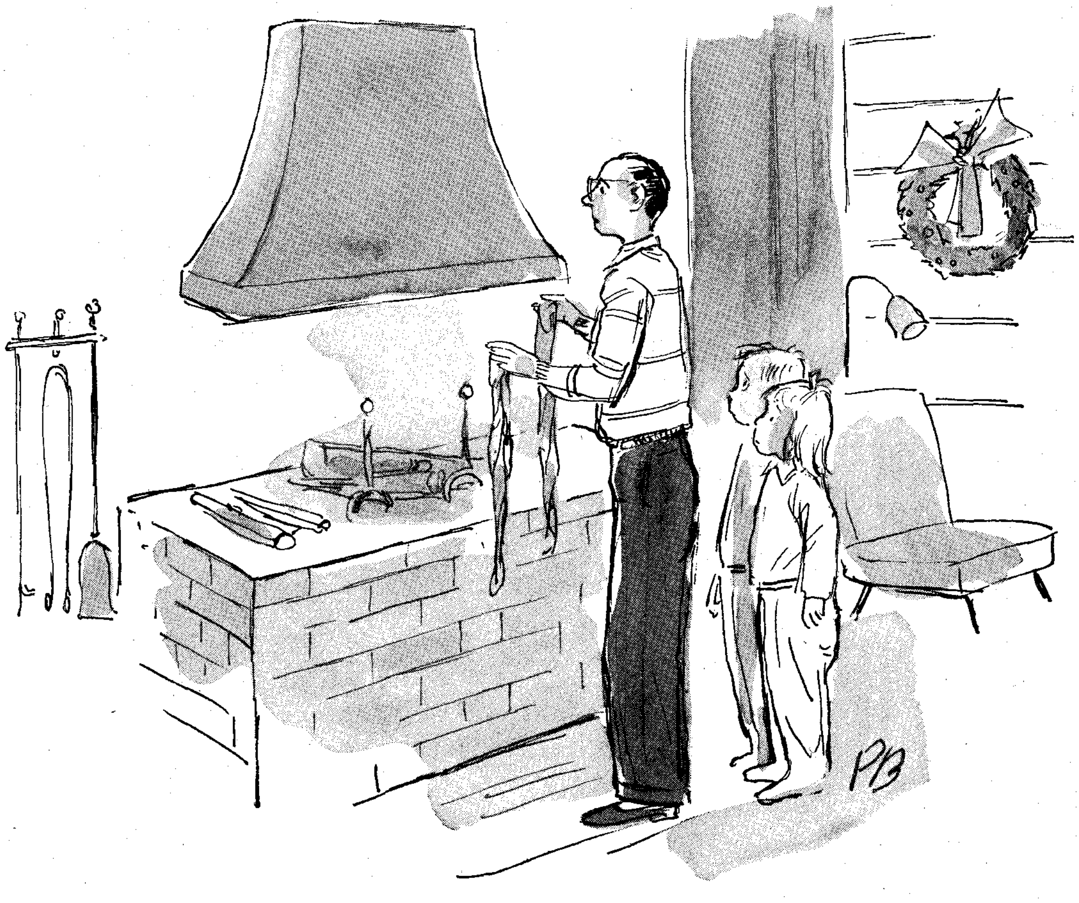
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

BY this time, the wreath and the mistletoe are up, incoming Christmas cards are taking over the house, and the children have no interest in anything except next Wednesday. The truth is that grown-ups are pretty interested in next Wednesday, too. Have you checked off every name on your list? No? Well, there are still a few days left, and we're still your strong right arm. Here is a last-minute survey of Christmas presents around town. (As usual, the prices we mention include the luxury tax, if it applies.) To wit:

LET'S deal with the children first. Unusual stocking toys from the Far East abound at Jasmine, 63 East 56th Street, among them a three-inch festival horse in colored harness, done up in full panoply, which includes bells at his head ($2), and a painted wooden crab apple that houses a quarter-inch wooden pig and three piglets (fifty cents). . . . At the United Nations Gift Center, in the basement of the United Nations Building (45th Street entrance), where representative goods from sixty nations are sold, we saw some enchanting English dolls in felt uniforms, who stand three inches tall on their own two feet—among them a Canadian Mountie in the traditional red jacket and wide-brimmed hat, a London bobby whose helmet is almost as tall as he is, and an English guardsman in his everyday black busby—for $1.20 each. . . . A young girl who is a *serious* collector of miniature furniture and china would probably be bowled over by a nest of three exquisite Sheraton tables, the largest two inches long ($15.50), or a Chippendale hanging shelf, two and a quarter inches high, with brass knobs on its two drawers ($13.50), at Eric A. Pearson, 18 West 55th Street, or by some of the miniature Derby, Spode, Staffordshire, Worcester, and Coalport ware at S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), where a handsome Staffordshire cup and saucer in a floral design, made in 1850, cost $18. . . . Macy and Gimbel, among others, have a new game called Careers, in which a player chooses one of eight careers and, equipped with a wad of fake expense money, sets out to make good on a game board; around $2. In the same places (but at $3), you'll find Name That Tune, a game built around a 33⅓-r.p.m. hi-fi record that offers excerpts from a hundred and sixty familiar melodies. The game itself works something like bingo, with boards and counters, and as many as ten can play. . . . And in the event that you know children whose interest in Christmas is almost entirely scientific, we advise you to head straight for Berkeley Enterprises, at 513 Sixth Avenue (14th). Berkeley's laboratory can provide you with, for example, a construction kit for building Brainiac, which is an electronic computer that can add, subtract, multiply, divide, and clobber anybody at ticktacktoe ($10 to $17.95, depending on how brainy you want it to be), or the plans and instructions for building a number of other electronic marvels, whose parts run into real money—from $50 on up to around $200. For instance, the blueprints for a robot squirrel with a photoelectric brain, who will track down a nut—really a wooden ball—if it's hidden for him, scoop it up, and retrace his steps to his nest, cost $4, while the tubes and relays and other parts for his innards come to $100.

NOW for the women. Among lots of gay stocking-present trifles at Nilmelior, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd), are black-and-white plastic dominoes, from France, that turn out to be cigarette lighters ($3.50), and gold-plated turtles, with green or brown enamel shells and jewelled eyes, that turn out to have a clasp under their bodies for anchoring a roll of a hundred three-cent stamps ($2.50). . . . Italy Today, 59 West 56th Street, has more gondolier hats and shirts than you've ever seen in Venice. A wide-brimmed natural straw hat with red streamers costs $4 (six sizes); a red- or blue-and-white cotton jersey shirt, horizontally striped, is $4.50, in sizes to fit small, medium, or large gondoliers; and an eight-foot red or blue sash of heavy cotton is $3.50. . . . Jean Duncan, 825 Lexington Avenue (63rd), is the source of handsome red leather writing portfolios for ladies who like to write letters in deck chairs or in bed. They're made of top-grain English cowhide trimmed with white saddle stitching, and have red moiré linings, plus a perpetual calendar, a blotter, and



ES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22
ILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC
N°5
CHANEL
OST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
HANEL

"AN OVERWHELMING HIT!"
—McClain, Jour. Amer.

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Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
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Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by
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Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Matinees Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.

WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir. 5-4878

"...A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

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Thelma Ritter
in the New Musical
New Girl in Town
WITH
GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME

Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $8.60. Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $9.20. Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Wed. Mat. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $4.80; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50; Balc. $3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat. Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $5.00; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50; Balc. $3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.

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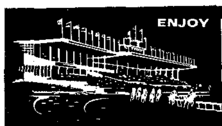
ENJOY RACING
WITH THE TRADE WINDS
3 TIMES A WEEK
ALL YEAR 'ROUND
AT SAN JUAN'S
El Comandante
PUERTO RICO'S PRIDE

From Eleven on . . .
Hugh Shannon
at The Left Bank, 309 W. 50 St., N. Y. C.
CI 7-3470

compartments for stationery and postcards; $8.95. . . . At Knoud's Saddlery, 716 Madison Avenue (63rd), is an excellent ditty bag, which will probably also find many uses outside a stable. It's made of cotton printed to look like a racing form, with bright-colored spurs, stopwatches, and the like printed on top of that. Lined with plastic, a sixteen-by-seventeen-inch size is $7.50, and a slightly larger size is $11.50.

SOMETHING for the house or its owner, maybe? A rather murderous-looking set of tools at Audrey Jocelyn, 223 East 58th Street, turns out to be intended for nothing more dangerous than flower-arranging. There's a small hatchet, a saw, a whittling knife, a pair of scissors, and a syringe spray for force-feeding flowers through their stems or spraying them with all sorts of nutritious, packed-in goodness. The tools, which come from Japan, are housed in a box covered with a pretty cotton brocade and lined with harmonizing cotton; $16.50. . . . Among some other niceties at Hammacher Schlemmer, we noted a checked gingham pouch bag, with a drawstring at the top, which turns out to be an electric bun warmer, for goodness' sake. It's lined with plastic, can accommodate a dozen small buns, and works on A.C. or D.C., and the heating unit can be removed so that the rest of the bag can be washed; $7.95. . . . An English shooting stick fitted with a pigskin seat has been additionally fitted with a detachable English cotton umbrella by the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street. The umbrella has a whangee crook handle and is forty inches across when open; everything for $15. . . . A quantity of extremely sturdy rush hassocks, eighteen inches high and eighteen inches in diameter at the base, have made their way from Portugal to LAR, 1034 Lexington Avenue (74th). They are more or less in the shape of a beehive, and have sides three inches thick, solidly woven in a locked pattern. Upside down, they would make splendid planters for, say, small Christmas trees; $11. . . . Loise, 1168 Lexington Avenue (80th), has Italian wooden standup picture frames, hand-carved and gilded, and backed with heavy hand-blocked paper. The smallest will hold a two-by-three-inch picture ($3) and the largest a nine-by-eleven-inch picture ($14). . . . Argosy Bookstores, 114 East 59th Street, makes a specialty of antique maps. A 1777 map of the New York area, showing such places as the Manor of Livingston and the Manor of Cortland,

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD JULIE
MULHARE · ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"GORGEOUS THEATRE!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times

HELEN RICHARD SUSAN
HAYES BURTON STRASBERG
TIME REMEMBERED
MOROSCO, West 45. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"ONE OF THE GREAT DRAMAS OF ANY TIME!" —Chapman, News
PULITZER PRIZE & DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
in EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Long Day's Journey Into Night
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES Theatre, 210 West 46 Street, N. Y. C.

"Funnier than 'The Moon is Blue'. Should run for 3 years."—WARD MOREHOUSE, N.A.N.A.
SAM LEVENE in
FAIR GAME
with ELLEN McRAE, ROBERT WEBBER
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LONGACRE, W. 48 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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and identifying Fire Island as Sand Banks, costs $75, but that's one of the more expensive ones. There are multitudes of others, from $2 up. . . . A ten-inch Christmas wreath at Fraser-Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st), is composed entirely of cellophane-wrapped hard candies—a self-liquidating Christmas wreath, as you can see. The price is $4.50. . . . At Japan Folk Craft, 167 West 4th Street, you'll find a realistic *langouste* made of jointed dark-brown tin, including the feelers; $15, and it arrives in a nice wooden box. (While you're in the neighborhood, you might step across the street to the Folk Craft's sister store, at No. 172, to inspect a red velveteen kimono for a little girl, cut in the classic manner, with its sash stitched to the back for safe-keeping; $5.95 for size 6, as an example.) . . . Stained-glass butterflies with a fifteen-inch wingspread have alighted at Stark-Valla, 1 West 8th Street. They have lead-bound panes and come in many colors (one combining two shades of blue caught our eye particularly); $15 each. . . . Liftolite, a desk lighter that bursts into flame when it's picked up and goes out when it's put down, holds about half a can of lighter fluid and will work for three months without refuelling. At Tiffany, it appears in engine-turned silver, for $50, and at Parker & Battersby, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, it is on hand in nickel silver, or engine-turned gold plate, for $15. . . . A majestic tool chest, fifteen inches high, a foot wide, and nine inches deep, is made of polished walnut and lined with brown suède, and practically brims over with wrenches, saws, hammers, and so on (thirty-five pieces in all), each of princely quality. The handles of these impeccable tools are either teakwood or ivory. Now comes the jolt—$550.

DOES somebody on your list like to cook? Then you may be interested in the good-looking Limoges cooking utensils at Mayhew, 603 Madison Avenue (59th). They're made of white porcelain that is both ovenproof and flameproof, and are decorated in four patterns—songbirds, game birds, balloons, and a turquoise crisscross design. Saucepans are priced between $12, for a one-pint size, and $24, for a two-quart size, and the lids are from $2.50 to $4.50 extra. Soufflé dishes rise from $4.50 (one-third of a quart) to $15 (two quarts). . . . George Kovacs, 872 Madison Avenue (72nd), has imported from Sweden some sturdy frying pans of high-fired dark-brown stoneware. One ten inches across costs $6. . . . For winebibbers, Soupçon, 203

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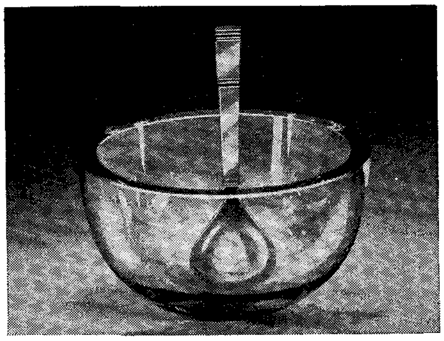

Heavy Swedish crystal bowl (10 oz.) with sterling dressing spoon, $13.50. Also available: Pair of salt dishes with spoons, $10.50; dessert bowl (1 qt.) with spoon, $29.50, and large bowl (2 qts.) with all-silver serving set, $59.00. Fed. Tax and shipping included.

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East 61st Street, has some non-drip wine pourers, copied from an antique model, that fit into a bottle like a stopper and have pelican-beaked tops of fluted silver metal; $4. . . . For someone who likes to cook with wine, Hanlan's, 51 Greenwich Avenue, provides handsome white porcelain bottles from Japan, each a slender twelve-inch cone with a cork at the top and a leather thong around the neck to hang it up by. There are six of them, each marked in black script with what's supposed to go inside—white wine, red wine, sherry, brandy, rum, and burgundy—and they cost $3.95 apiece. . . . Yamata, 862 Madison Avenue (70th), offers a Japanese version of the French shopping *filet*. Small segments of fine bamboo alternate with wooden beads in a diamond weave, and an opening in the weave serves as a handle; $2.50. . . . H. Nils, 573 Madison Avenue (57th), is showing some brand-new and very heavy Danish silver flatware, each piece of which has a small diamond-shaped decoration of sapphire-blue enamel. A six-piece place setting comes to $43.50; serving spoons and forks are $15 apiece. . . . Exceptional poultry shears—steel blades, staghorn handles, silver fittings—for a surgical job on the Christmas bird are $37.40 at Knize, 24 East 56th Street. . . . Coming to the rescue of people who have trouble opening sardine cans (as people are likely to be doing in the days after Christmas), East House, 1075 First Avenue (59th), purveys a solid-brass key with a knob at one end and a large ring at the other, to hang it up by. Works like a charm; $3. . . . From Austria come steel demitasses—honestly, *steel*—enamelled a vivid cobalt blue outside, and white with a pattern of cobalt-blue birds inside. The handles are bound with raffia; $6 apiece, at Black, Starr, & Gorham.

We almost forgot Rover. Mildred Pell Canine Creations, 301 East 56th Street, is ready to provide him with a dog-size butterfly chair. It's a scaled-down version of the human-size variety, and is a cinch for a dog to slope in and out of. A model suitable for, say, a cocker, has a red, green, yellow, or black canvas sling, piped with black, and costs $7.95. . . . That just about wraps it up. Out of that chair, Rover, and let's go stir up an eggnog. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

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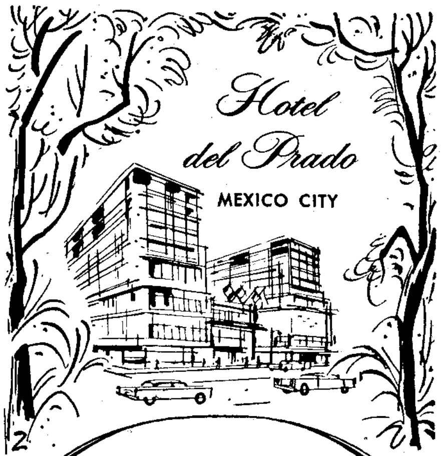
OBSERVATION ON SKIERS

Though agile as lemurs,
They still break their femurs.
—Louise Darcy



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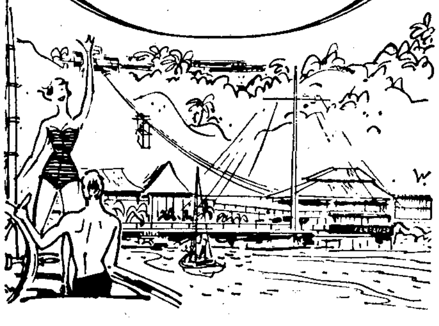

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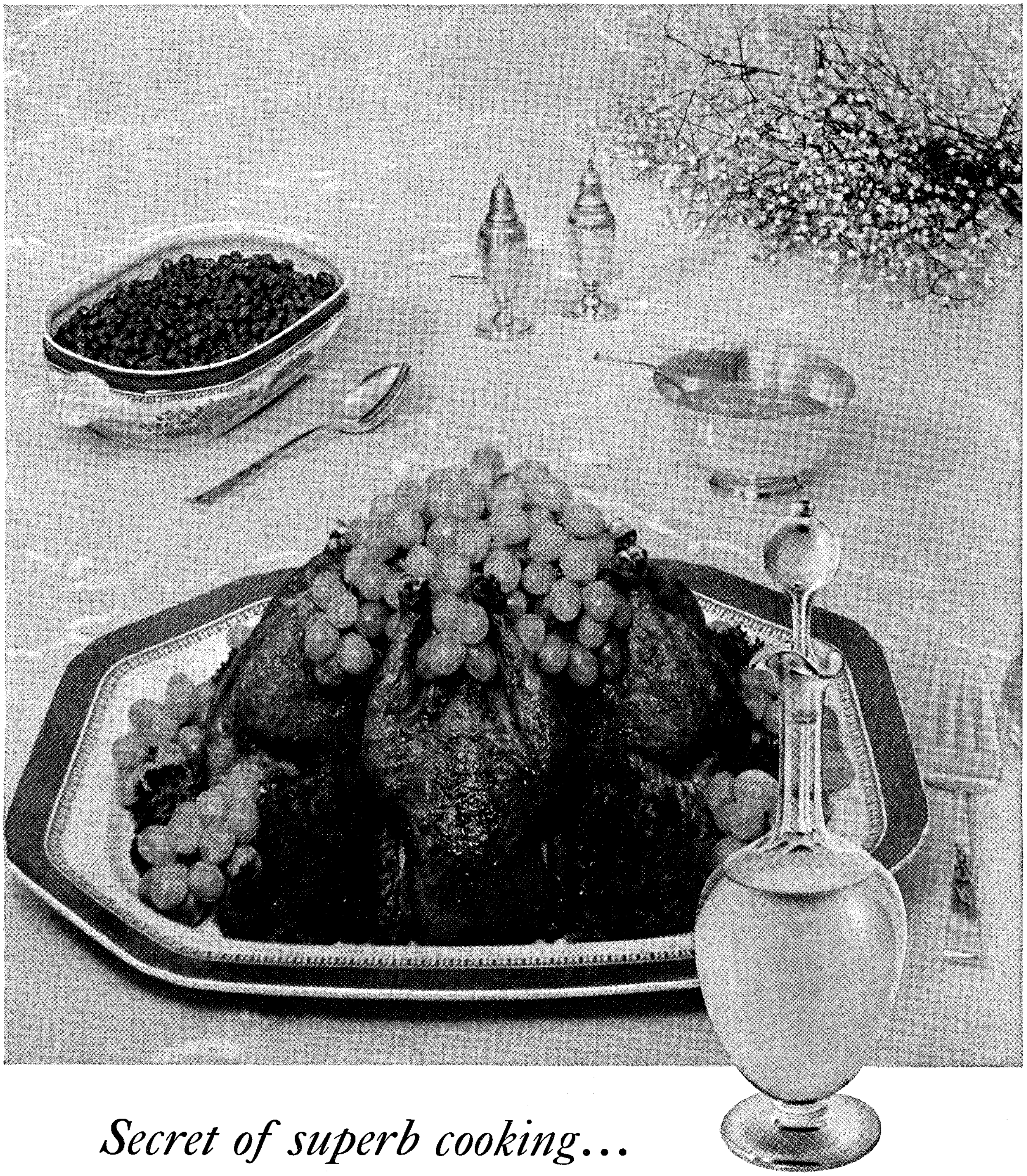

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THE RACE TRACK

Frozen Out

FATE wasn't kind to Pimlico this year. First off, a snowstorm blotted out two days of racing, and then, in the middle of last week, a cold wave hit Baltimore and froze the track. It was a perfect one-two punch, and it caused the cancellation of the meeting five days early. Hours before post time on Thursday, with the temperature in the twenties, Joseph Flanagan, the steward representing the Maryland Racing Commission (he was once a first-class amateur rider), recommended that the program be called off, because, as everyone knows, horses can't race on frozen ground; the jarring they get puts too dangerous a strain on their tendons and ankles. Nevertheless, the management went right on with its preparations for the day's racing, and it wasn't until the trainers began showering down scratches and the jockeys refused to ride that the Maryland Jockey Club shut up shop. When it did, there were about a thousand men and women on the grounds, waiting to bet on the first race. Horseplayers are a hardy lot, and there are none more hardy than those in Baltimore. They just wrap themselves up in newspapers and don't care how the wind blows.

It was the first time in the annals of the track, which go back to 1870, that a meeting has been cancelled, but I venture to say, without looking it up, that Pimlico had never before tried to run so late in the season. At the moment, the major concern of the Maryland Racing Commission is how to fit the five days Pimlico lost into the 1958 schedule. One solution might be for Bowie, already booked to begin on February 12th, to open five days earlier. (Brrr.) By the way, after the price of admission had been refunded to all the people who were at the track when the racing was called off, it was discovered that there had been three hundred more refunds than paid admissions. Oh, well, the management's favorite slogan this year was "Nearly Everybody Wins at Pimlico."

It had been Colonel Martingale's intention to go down to the track by bus last weekend (four hundred horseplayers made the trip from New York the previous Saturday), and he has it on his list of things to do in 1958. Now he wishes he had done it the day the meeting was called off. It would have been fun. As a matter of fact, eighty adventurers rolled down to Baltimore that day in two buses operated by Bingler Tours, and arrived at Pimlico shortly after the cancellation was announced. So they climbed into the buses again and rolled right back to New York. And on their arrival Bingler Tours returned to each passenger the $10.50 he'd paid that morning for a round-trip fare and a ticket to the track. Try telling that to the railroads.

MY carrier pigeon reports that it was pretty cold at Tropical Park, too. (If anybody cares, I've never felt the cold anywhere as much as I did in Miami the winter of 1934. Even the flamingos were blue that year.) And who do you suppose won the best race of the afternoon last Thursday? A three-year-old named Thin Ice. On Saturday, Gray Phantom, who had won the Ponce de Leon Handicap earlier in the meeting (he's a half brother of Misty Flight), made it two in a row by beating St. Amour II in a photo finish for the Coral Gables Handicap.

AND if you want to curl up with a good horse book during the coming holidays, this department recommends "American Race Horses of 1956," edited by J. A. Estes and published by the American Thoroughbred Breeders Association. This year's edition covers a wider cross-section of horses and races than ever. It's a fine job.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

The Carriage Club was setting Nov. 14 for a cocktail supper given by Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Ruble. The attractive hostess chose a black sheath, its neckline banded in blush velvet—with a large nose in the same lush shade as focal point of the effective frock.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Independent.*

Yeah, but who has a carriage any more?

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From Book III of "The Complete Works of Rabelais," Modern Library Giant*]

Grim she was, indeed: of sinister aspect, ill-clad, emaciated, toothless . . .
—*Page 354.*

For a while, the hag maintained a thoughtful silence, grinding her teeth sulkily.
—*Same page.*

Suddenly she screamed, muttering, between clenched teeth . . . —*Page 355.*

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WHO
GOT
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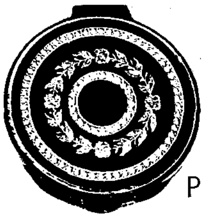

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Really Atonal, and Otherwise

IN a program note written by Roger Sessions for his Third Symphony, which was given its first New York performance, by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony, in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening a week ago, he remarks that "actually there is no such thing as really 'atonal' music." I cannot fathom Mr. Sessions' motive in making this rather whimsical statement, unless it is a sudden desire to avoid being identified with a category of musical composition that he has long been furthering. The fact of the matter is, of course, that the terms "tonal" and "atonal" have quite precise definitions, recognized by all educated musicians; that "actually" there *is* such a thing as "really" atonal music; and that Mr. Sessions' new symphony is an admirable example of it. Beyond that, I am afraid I can't say much for this latest effort of his. It certainly cannot be regarded as a progressive or revolutionary work, for the formulas used in its construction were all perfectly familiar a generation ago and have by now congealed into academic clichés. Its general effect might be described as homogenized cacophony, and since it lasts about twenty-five minutes, during which nothing in the way of musical meaning is conveyed to the listener, I, for one, found it a distinctly tedious affair. Mingled with the polite and tepid applause that greeted it, there was, I am happy to report, a certain amount of valiant hissing. Personally, however, I took Mr. Sessions' onslaught lying down, and, I might add, half asleep.

On the following evening, in the same auditorium, Fernando Previtali and the New York Philharmonic presented the American première of a very different sort of composition—a work entitled "Variations on a Jovian Theme," by the Italian composer Nino Rota. This turned out to be an unpretentious effort, somewhat trivial, perhaps, but sparkling with wit and gaiety—a tour de force whose purpose, obviously, was simply to entertain. What impressed me about it was Mr. Rota's technical mastery of the orchestra and of the complex ingredients of chromatic harmony, which he employs with a virtuosity reminiscent of Richard Strauss. These ingredients are not only more pleasant to listen to but infinitely subtler than the arbitrary system of composition used by the atonalists, and, in Mr. Rota's hands, they are as rich in musical meaning as the latter is devoid of it. But no doubt I am boring you with this rather technical discussion. What it adds up to is that I have long since lost all interest in atonality, even considered as an intellectual game, and that I found Mr. Rota's little piece quite enjoyable and decidedly adroit. I learn from Irving Kolodin's program notes that Mr. Rota is also responsible for half a dozen operas and several symphonies. I should like very much to hear them.

The two programs I have been discussing had other aspects worth considering, too. Mr. Munch brought along the French cellist Pierre Fournier, a neat and scrupulous artist, who played Schumann's dreadfully taxing concerto for that instrument with commendable suavity, managing the rapid passages of the last movement with real finesse and a minimum of the scrambling and scrubbing that usually fall to their lot. Mr. Previtali had Yehudi Menuhin as soloist in Ernest Bloch's Violin Concerto, a work that is a little diffuse and rhapsodic for my taste but one that evidently brings out the gypsy in Mr. Menuhin, who, despite some scratching here and there, performed it with a great deal of fervor.

AS for the rest of the week, I can only give you some scattered impressions of various events that I attended briefly. On Tuesday evening, in Town Hall, the American Opera Society revived its very worth-while production of Rossini's "Otello," an opera that has been thrown into unwarranted neglect by Verdi's later and much greater work on the same subject. The production had Eileen Farrell in the role of Desdemona, a circumstance that in itself would make it an event of considerable consequence, since Miss Farrell is certainly one of the outstanding dramatic sopranos of our time. She sang the part with her customary assurance, negotiating Rossini's somewhat florid coloratura phrases with magnificent aplomb and polish. The remainder of the cast, which included Thomas Hayward, Martha Lipton, Hugh Thompson, Loren Driscoll, and Chester Watson, deserves praise for effort and good intentions, though it was not quite up to the enormous brilliance this old opera requires if it is to be fully effective. The orchestra and chorus performed, under Arnold Gamson's baton, with commendable energy and a reasonable amount of care.

Before this performance was over, I made my way to Carnegie Hall, where I arrived in time to hear Aase Nordmo Loevberg, a new Norwegian soprano, sing "Dich, teure Halle," from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," to the accompaniment of the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy. Miss Loevberg, who was reported to be suffering from a fever that night, and was therefore undoubtedly not at her best, proved nevertheless to be an exceedingly handsome and vocally serviceable Wagnerian singer, and I hope before long to hear her under more favorable conditions.

On Thursday evening, I got to the Metropolitan Opera House in time to hear the third act of "Carmen," with Jean Madeira in the title role and Thomas Schippers on the podium. Perhaps it was an off night for everybody; at any rate, I found the act rather disappointing. Miss Madeira, whose voice is somewhat small for the part, and who has continual trouble with her French enunciation, evidently tried to make up for these shortcomings by forcing, and the result was by no means equal to the admirable Azucenas and Erdas that I have heard her do in the past. Mr. Schippers drove things hard with his baton, allowing the singers very little leeway, and frequently marring the elegance of Bizet's melodic line. Hilde Gueden, who sang Micaela, seemed in extremely bad voice, and tackled her soaring aria without her usual fine sense of musical emphasis. The only element of the act that I found entirely pleasing was the singing of that superlative artist Richard Tucker, as Don José, and even he appeared to be hurried and harassed at times by Mr. Schippers' peremptory conducting.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Despite stories that such emotional goings on are frowned on now, it was refreshing to see once more the type of rejoicing that made football an American spectacle.

These people cheered, sang and waved banners. They rushed the goal posts and raised toasts. They married off their victorious players.—*Boston Globe.*

To flushed and eager girls?

•

About one third of all passengers flying between London and Paris travel by air.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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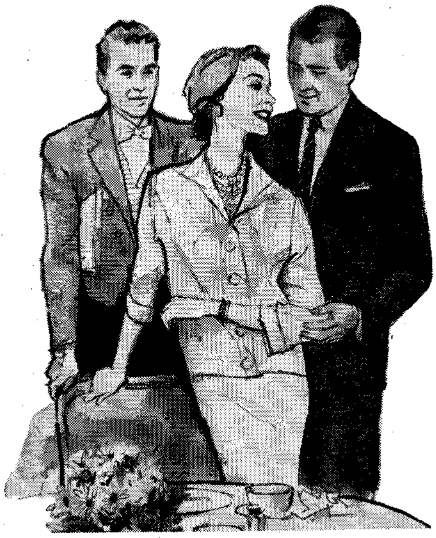

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ALECTURA LATHAMI

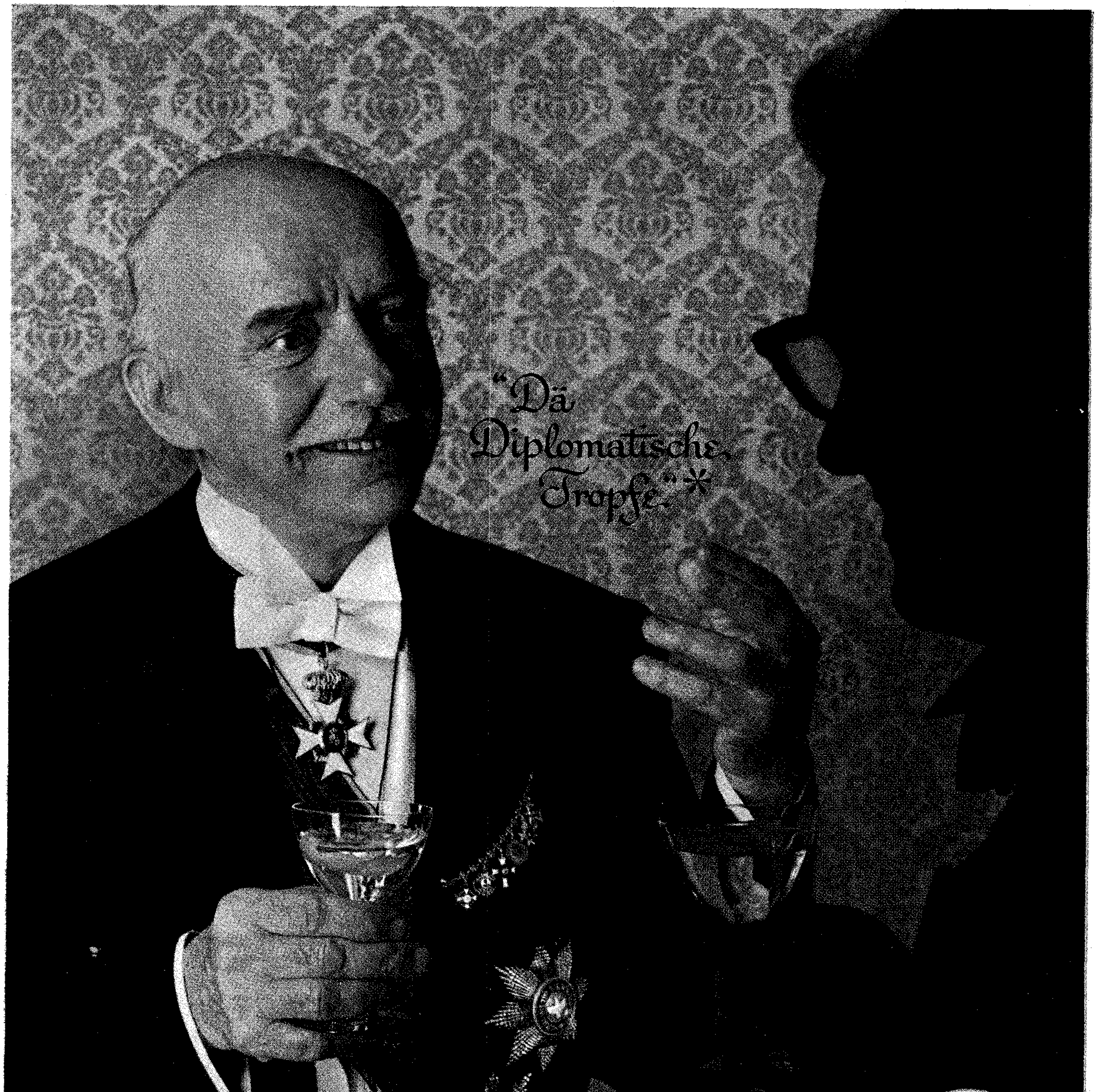
ABOUT three years ago, in the course of a more or less casual visit to a zoo, I made the acquaintance of a talented and self-sufficient bird, and the sight of him still sticks in my memory. Perhaps I remember him so well because he resembled to some extent the peafowl my mother used to raise when I was a child in Derbyshire, but I think I recall him chiefly because, although a male bird, he seemed so astonishingly like a housewife—a pottering, busy, fussy housewife, never still for a minute, always emptying the ashtrays and plumping the cushions just to be doing something.

I had gone with my husband, who is an American and a geologist, to the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in Oxford, and, to fill a day during which he was attending meetings, I got myself a ticket for a tour of Whipsnade Zoological Park. Whipsnade occupies some five hundred acres of forest, meadow, and downland in the Chiltern Hills, northwest of London. (According to the Whipsnade guidebook, its name derives from Wibba's Sneade—Wibba having been a ruler of the ancient Kingdom of Mercia, whose "sneade," or cleared land, this lovely tract once was. However, British authorities in this country say that the ruler's name was really Pibba, which was turned into Wibba somewhere along the line by mistake. Probably, therefore, there is no connection between Whipsnade and Wibba, or Pibba, which seems a pity.) The animals at Whipsnade are not caged; those that are harmless roam loose, and the rest live in large paddocks, in conditions as like their own habitats as possible.

The morning of the tour was rainy, but by the time our busload of excursionists, all wearing raincoats and stout walking shoes, had reached Whipsnade and eaten an early lunch, the rain had stopped and the sun was out. We were conducted through the park by an official. He was a tall man with a quiet voice, who spoke loudly only when, calling some of the animals, he uttered a sound like "Hip!" We saw lions and tigers, a giraffe and a puma, ostriches and monkeys. (Some of the monkeys were in trouble with the zoo authorities for dropping out of trees onto visitors' shoulders solely for the pleasure of hearing them scream.) We came to a female hippopotamus swimming about in a pool with what looked to me like a small, well-filled Gladstone bag in the water beside her. She kept a covert eye on it, in much the way a woman will keep an eye on her bag in church, as if to say, "It ought to be safe here—but *is* it?" The official uttered his sound, and presently the hippopotamus obligingly shepherded her calf ashore. And later we found a rhinoceros, his back pressed against the wire fence of his paddock. At first, he gave no response at all to the man's call. Then we could see a slight rocking motion begin in his back legs, and when this had reached the momentum he was working up to, he began evenly and steadily to revolve. By the time he was fully facing us, the rain had started again. Cozy and dry beneath his own sheltering eaves, he looked jocundly out of his small eyes.

EVENTUALLY, we came to the bird sanctuary—a part of the park not ordinarily open to visitors—and here our guide said we must keep silent. He led us in single file through a gate in a picket fence and into a small wood. The rain had stopped again, but the path was dark; the trees grew close together and the undergrowth was thick. We had walked some distance—a quarter of a mile, perhaps—when we came on a little clearing, at one side of which stood a mound of leaves, sticks, and humus some five or six feet high. The builder of this mound, a bird that looked quite small beside it, was scratching at the earth nearby. When we came near him, he paused, one foot raised, and looked at us, turning his head so as to see us first with one eye, then with the other. Having completed this survey, he apparently lost all interest in us, and proceeded with his scratching. He was an Australian brush turkey, *Alectura lathami*, and he caught my fancy at once.

The fully grown male brush turkey is about thirty inches long. The female is somewhat shorter. In both, the head and the upper part of the neck are almost bare red skin. The feathers that cover the back are soft black or umber brown; the breast feathers are mottled very much the way a peahen's are. For ears, the birds have large black holes that look like a second pair of eyes with the eyeballs missing. On the tops of their heads is a sparse growth of black pinfeathers, which give the effect of a brush-cut on a military man with badly thinning hair. The lower part of the male turkey's neck is covered with a wide yellow wattle, so—as in the case of peafowl—it is the male of the species who wears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ASSORTMENT

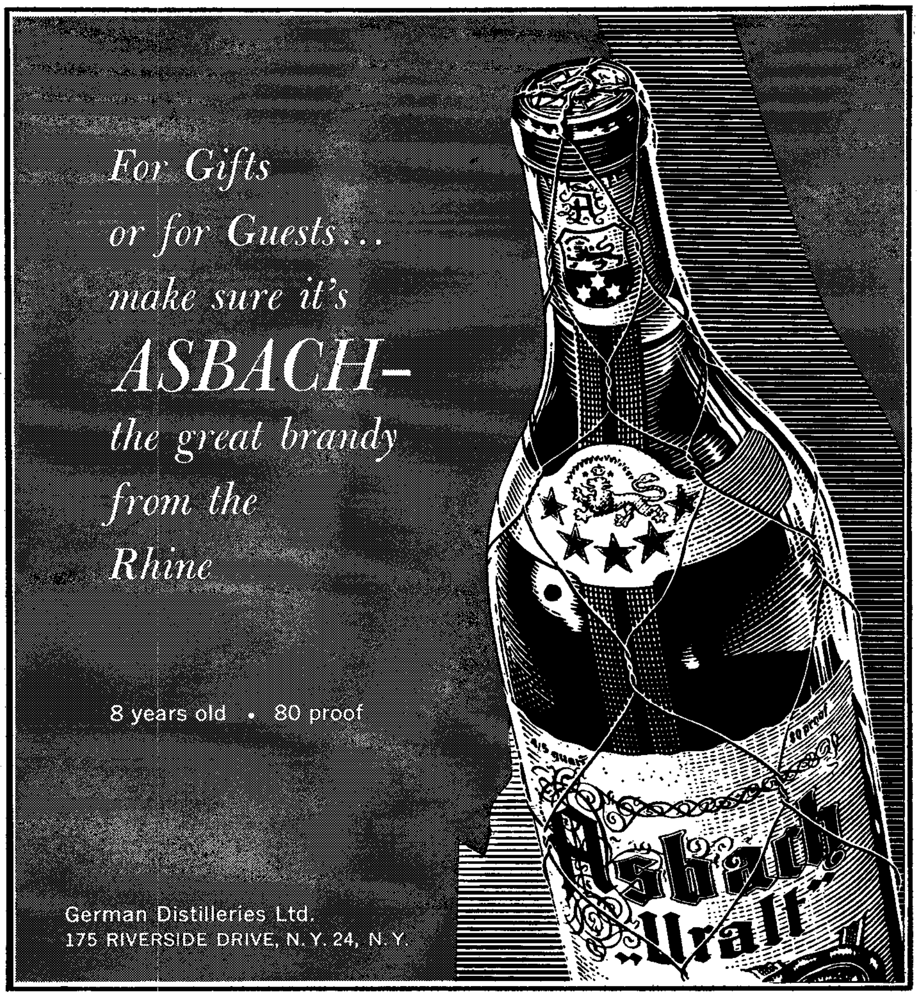
the brighter colors. The similarity between peacocks and brush turkeys does not, however, go any further than that. The elegant, indolent birds who used to strut about our garden at home did little but eat and show off, leaving the bulk of such nest-building as was done at all to their hens. In the case of *Alectura lathami*, the situation is reversed; brush-turkey nest construction is arduous, long-term labor, and it is performed almost wholly by the cock.

Alectura lathami comes from New South Wales and Queensland. Each year, the male bird provides his mate with a new nesting mound, which he starts, literally, from scratch. About March (at least, that was the season for the bird in England, our guide told us; in Australia it would presumably be about September), he selects an appropriate nesting site, on ground where leaves and sticks are plentiful. Using his large, powerful claws as rakes, he starts to gather up a heap of twigs and leaves. Standing first on one foot and then on the other, he kicks backward with his free leg until the ground is scraped clean.

By the time the turkey has worked steadily for more than two months, scarcely stopping to eat and sleep, he has accumulated quite a large compost heap. This is usually roughly conical in shape; the one I saw had an oval base, about fifteen by eighteen feet in diameter, and a flat top three or four feet across. The builder had scraped the ground clean for a distance of twenty or thirty feet on all sides of the mound. In spite of his substantial achievement, the brush turkey never seems satisfied. Even when his mound looks to an outsider as if it must be complete, he continues to fuss over it, kicking, scratching, sorting, tidying, discarding, and rearranging the humus, sticks, and leaves.

The purpose of the mound is to incubate eggs. The turkey does not hatch eggs by sitting on them; in fact, the hen's responsibilities cease once she has laid her eggs and buried them in the mound, where the heat generated by the decay of the compost pile hatches them. From twelve to fifteen eggs may be placed in a mound belonging to one pair of birds, but sometimes two or three turkeys will coöperate to build one elongated mound, which may hatch as many as three dozen eggs.

WHEN the female turkey is ready to lay, she scrambles up the mound and digs a hole about a foot wide and approximately two feet deep near the top of it, or, more rarely, in the side. She then lays an egg and rolls it into the hole, depositing it with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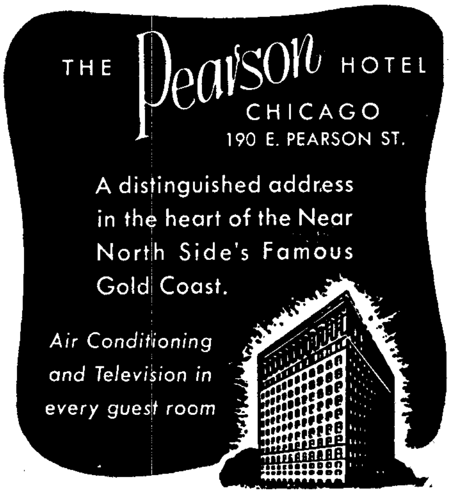
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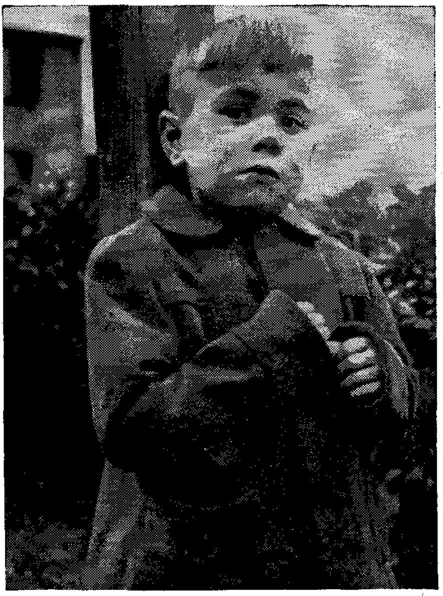

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the smaller end down. (Almost all other birds must turn their eggs frequently during incubation; the brush turkey puts her eggs down accurately in the first place, with the head of the embryo up.) The egg is always laid at daybreak. Next, the hen makes an effort to refill the hole, but the male bird—smarting, perhaps, over the mess that has been made of his handiwork—usually takes over from her and finishes tidying up. From then on, the hen returns to the mound every third day to lay. She puts the eggs about six inches apart.

During the six weeks of incubation, the male turkey, in addition to carrying on his other duties, looks after the temperature inside the mound, which has to be kept at about ninety-five degrees. He checks on it by means of his yellow wattle, which he uses as a kind of thermostat. By poking his head into the mound and seeing how long it takes his neck to swell, the turkey determines whether he must pack the mound more closely, to engender greater warmth, or loosen it up to cool it. During dry weather, he will add vegetation to the structure; in wet weather he will scrape some off.

When the time comes for the young turkeys to emerge, they have to find their way not only out of their shells but also out of the mound. The grown birds take no notice of the chicks, leaving them to find their own roosting places and food; they live on insects and berries. The young turkeys are perfectly capable of fending for themselves. They remain inside the mound for about twenty-four hours after they have left the shell, and by the time they have struggled into the open air, they are dry, feathered, and able to fly almost as well as full-grown birds. An ornithologist who hatched a brush turkey's egg in an incubator noticed that when the young bird was ready to emerge, it did not chip its way out, as a domestic chicken does; it shook itself free of the shell, which burst into small pieces. Each feather was encased in a kind of gelatinous cap, conical in shape, which fell off when it was dry, allowing the feather to expand. At this point, the ornithologist let the young turkey free to run in his yard, which it did, strongly and with its head down, as if it were already several weeks old.

Brush turkeys are shy creatures. ("I prefer a more *joky* bird myself," a keeper at Whipsnade confessed. "You should meet some of the cockatoos.") They are usually silent, although during the nesting season, and occasionally, in the evening, at other times of year, they call hoarsely to one another. They are also quite self-sufficient. Not long ago, two newly hatched birds were seen emerging together from a mound at Whipsnade. They took no notice of each other or of their parents but at once ate, drank, and roosted, each on its own.

All this, or most of it, our guide, speaking softly, told us that afternoon at Whipsnade, while, with growing respect, we watched the brush turkey, and he, in utter concentration, ignored us. Presently, we went our way, circling him and his imposing mound. If he had noticed us, after that first scrutiny, he gave no sign of it. As we passed, he simply kept on stepping here, stepping there, scratching the earth, and anxiously inspecting everything—an overconscientious housekeeper with just *too* much to do.

—JOYCE WARREN

• •

THE SURVIVORS

Quite rightly, we remained among the living;
Managed to hoard our strength; kept our five wits;
So far as possible, withheld our eyes
From sights that loosen keystones in the brain.
We suffered, where we had to, thriftily,
And wasted nothing on the hopeless causes,
Foredoomed escapes, symbolic insurrections.

So it is we, not you, who walk today
Under the rebuilt city's raw façades,
Who sit upon committees of selection
For the commemorative plaque. Your throats
Are dumb beneath the plow that must drive on
To turn the fields of wire to fields of wheat.
Our speeches turn your names like precious stone,

Yet we can pay our tax and see the sun.
What else could we, what else could you, have done?

—ADRIENNE RICH

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Last Tales, by Isak Dinesen (Random House). A collection of rambling tales in which the events and routines of human life are struck through with flights and plunges of fantasy, producing an effect that might have been simple or beautiful or profound or wise but in fact is pretentiously simple and only intermittently beautiful. Where these tales should be illuminated, they are dull, because their author has indulged her ruminative fancy willfully and at the expense of her characters, who are blanketed out by the veil of the author's mind. The language is benevolently poetic, and the background is romantic and intricate and big with massive furniture. Great castles, legendary forests, and unreachable rooms combine in the most excellent proportions and colors to overpower the mortal beings who seek in all the immensity—like Lilliputians in a world designed by a giant—for a natural place to sink their small roots and give voice to their own dreams. The atmosphere is Danish, of different periods.

GENERAL

From a Chinese City, by Gontran de Poncins, translated by Bernard Frechtman (Doubleday). The city under discussion here is a suburb of Saigon called Cholon, which until its capture by the Communists in the Vietnamese revolution of 1955 had been for nearly two hundred years a wholly Chinese community, given over largely to the business of pleasure. M. de Poncins lived in Cholon for five months just before the revolt, and he was there when the trouble broke out, but his book is only incidentally—and accidentally—concerned with politics and war. It is, rather, a portrait of a civilization—the complicated interplay of art and commerce and sensual delight that forms the traditional culture of China—as he perceived it, in miniature, in Cholon, and the result is lively, lucid, and most engaging. Drawings by the author.

A Victorian Canvas: The Memoirs of W. P. Frith, R.A., edited and with an introduction and notes by Nevile Wallis (Macmillan). An artful abridgment—three hundred thousand words reduced to about seventy thousand—of the once enor-

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"Love in a hut, with water
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cinders, ashes, dust."

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mously popular Royal Academician's "My Autobiography and Reminiscences" and "Further Reminiscences." Frith, who is now remembered, if at all, for his vast panorama "Derby Day," had plenty to reminisce about (his intimates included Dickens, Landseer, Wilkie Collins, Eastlake, George du Maurier, Constable, Ouida, Millais, Tenniel, and Trollope, and he was on familiar terms with many peers and even royalty), and his recollections, like his paintings, are warm, gently humorous, and scrupulously exact. A very pretty period piece. Illustrated with photographs and black-and-white reproductions of "Derby Day" and other examples of his art.

ASPECTS OF MODERN ART, edited by Georges and Rosamond Bernier (Reynal). The third annual collection of articles (in translation) that originally appeared in *L'Œil*, the excellent magazine of the arts that is published monthly in Paris. Like its predecessors, it's a random but always fascinating potpourri of personal reminiscence, criticism, and recent art history. In the present volume, the reminiscent pieces are the most interesting—particularly those dealing with the early days of the Cubist and Dadaist movements—but the writing is everywhere sharply alive. The illustrations range from photographs of intimate scenes like Toulouse-Lautrec fishing with his walking stick in a friend's garden pool to some rare photographs of Bonnard, Brancusi, Rouault, and others, all more or less *en famille*. There are also numerous reproductions of paintings, sculptures, and so on, forty of them in full color.

FLEMISH PAINTING: THE CENTURY OF VAN EYCK, by Jacques Lassaigne, translated by Stuart Gilbert (Skira). Another volume in the Skira "Painting—Color—History" series. As in his previous works, M. Lassaigne writes easily and well, and since his scholarship is unassailable, he has produced a book that ranges over the tremendous creative production of the period with deceptive effortlessness, and with more than usual critical acuteness. There are a hundred and twelve illustrations, all handsomely reproduced in full color. Twenty-five dollars.

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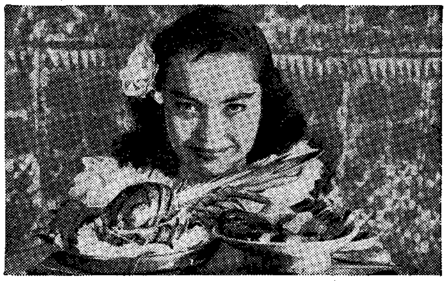

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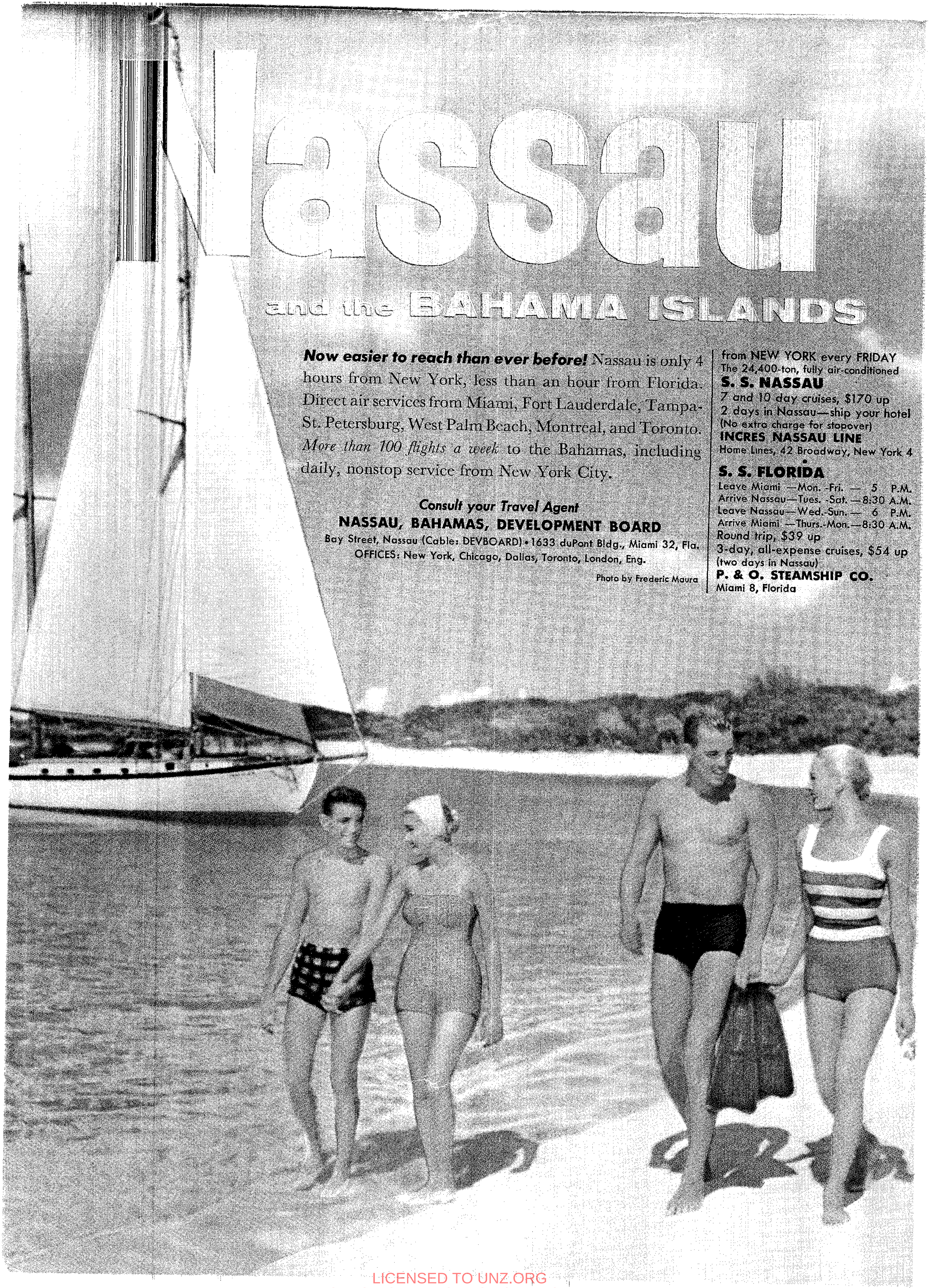

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